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PAUL PRY AND PRIVACY

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

'I just took the liberty to put my ear to the keyhole, then I put my eye . . .'
—PAUL PRY

THAT inquisitive, gossiping, meddlesome gentleman, Paul Pry, first appeared before the public at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on September 13, 1825, in a 'body coat, striped waistcoat, and full striped trowsers, tucked into high boots, double eyeglass, and white broad-brimmed hat, turned up at sides.' He climbed garden walls, listened at keyholes, entered bedrooms unannounced, carried tales, and displayed a genius for upsetting the best-laid plans of the other persons in the play; and when they reproached him he suavely replied: 'A spirit of inquiry is the great characteristic of the age we live in.'

Poor man, he lived before his time. His contemporaries treated him with ridicule and contempt. But to-day his multitudinous spiritual fry have inherited the earth. They swarm everywhere and have been exalted to power as tabloid reporters, radio gossips, Sunday-supplement writers, cameramen, wire-tapping dry agents, blackmailing shysters, and back-fence biographers, perpetuating the obnoxious qualities of their progenitor without preserving the quaintness of the costume.

'A spirit of inquiry' has indeed become the characteristic of the age *we* live in. The art of minding other people's business, which was once the harmless avocation of local busybodies, has developed into a major industry, thanks to our modern mechanical equipment. Diabolic invisible antennæ now reach out everywhere to see and hear — almost to touch, taste, and smell — everything that goes on. Even the fall of the humblest sparrow is noted; and if that sparrow happens to have killed cock robin or played the cuckoo in a 'love drama,' his whole obscure career may be unraveled on the front and succeeding pages.

Our contemporary Paul Prys have discovered a vast and inexhaustible source of profit in exploiting the public appetite for news sensations served

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red-hot and steaming. They no longer wait for news to happen; they make it happen. When times are dull, it is always possible to work up some rather commonplace murder into a drama of national importance, as in those classical instances, the Snyder-Gray and Hall-Mills trials. The latter case stands out especially for the way in which enterprising newspaper men practically disinterred a skeleton (buried for four years) and rattled its bones to make a journalistic holiday.

In the production of spectacles of this kind, it is inevitable that the reputations and sensibilities of some innocent persons, thrust upon the stage through no fault of their own, should be torn to tatters. Mrs. Hall and her brothers survived the accusations of the pig woman, but had to endure a ghastly ordeal in which their names were dragged through the mud; and in almost all such cases witnesses are pilloried as liars and scoundrels, and the close relatives of the defendants suffer an odium which they can never quite live down.

II

We probably ought not to get unduly exercised over the sacrifice of a few accidental victims in murder trials. The mills of the law must grind on. But when the grinding is done literally under the direction of such extra-legal agencies as the press, the radio, and the cinema, we are confronted by a disquieting phenomenon — the development of a technique of intensive exploitation which has proved so profitable that it has been employed upon other types of news events with the same callous disregard of private rights and feelings as in murder cases.

This was cruelly demonstrated by the nightmarish activities which followed the Lindbergh kidnapping. When word of that tragedy flashed through the world, an army of enthusiastic ghouls descended upon Colonel Lindbergh's household, prying, spying, and trespassing in a ruthless stampede for news. They tramped through his home, used his private telephone, hung around at doors and windows, and poked their noses into every nook and cranny.

'Please go away,' said Colonel Lindbergh, asking simply to be let alone at a time of all times when he should have been entitled to such consideration.

But the cameramen, columnists, and sob sisters, male and female, stood their ground until pushed back by the state troopers. They then established headquarters at the nearest telegraph station, and, since no real news was available, continued to inundate the country with rumors, surmises, and harrowing personal details, under the mawkish pretense of rendering public aid and sympathy to the stricken family. It is not improbable that if there had been at any time a chance to recover the child alive it would have been foreclosed by this unseemly ballyhoo.

Our newspaper friends will point out that the story was one of the biggest that ever fell into an editorial lap. The public demanded news — all it could get — and it was the job of every news agency to supply this, especially when it concerned a national hero, who, after all, had voluntarily dedicated himself to the public from the moment he hopped off for France. The subsequent relentless surveillance of Lindbergh's private life, the pursuit of the colonel and his wife on their honeymoon by photographers and reporters in airplanes, and the business of cashing in to the utmost on the story of their bereavement, were all fully justified from the pragmatic point of view of the purveyors of the news. They have formulated a code of ethics, I believe, but in practice most of them observe

only one canon, which is not written down — namely, that anything is properly news which will sell more papers, and no method of getting it is barred. All their left-handed gestures of decency, like the editorial condolences which followed the discovery that the Lindbergh baby was dead, could not undo the damage which the journalistic right hand had done with such utter sang-froid.

That right hand is no respecter of persons. It is occupied solely with giving the public what it wants, and in that undertaking it is unfortunately abetted by the willing exhibitionism of a large part of the public it serves. The average newspaper reader would give what passes for his soul to strut just once across the headlines in any rôle, no matter how ignominious. This was illustrated in the Lindbergh case by the yarn of the 'Norfolk shipbuilder' — pathetic in its transparent falsity, but good enough to be encouraged and subsidized in lieu of other news.

The pendulum has swung far since the hyper-reticent days of our grandmothers. We have achieved a healthy freedom of mind, body, and limb, but in that process the majority have lost all desire for privacy, either for themselves or for anyone else. They step eagerly into the range of every newspaper and movie camera, and send in their names by the thousand to have them announced over the radio. In this way, or by the more arduous means of marathon dancing or flagpole sitting, every undistinguished ego may escape anonymity for at least a few brief ecstatic moments.

Yet a minority still survive who shrink from the public exposure and exploitation of their personalities. For reasons of their own, they do not want to be dangled before the eyes of the world, or have their domestic affairs broadcast from coast to coast by glib radio gossips, or their names or pictures used to advertise candy, gum, tooth paste, or cigarettes, or their private telephone wires tapped, or to be shadowed by detectives or immortalized in waxwork or on the screen. They feel that there are matters of conduct, emotion, and personal relationship which are no concern of anyone but themselves, and they cannot subscribe to the current doctrine that the greatest good of the greatest number requires the immolation of a daily quota of private lives on the altar of publicity.

It is for the benefit of this sensitive minority that certain legal theorists have advocated the recognition by the courts of the individual's right of privacy — or rather of his right to be let alone — as a corollary of the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

III

No one, of course, who takes part in everyday affairs can isolate himself from his community. Perhaps a troglodyte, by concealing his comings and goings, might achieve a state of perfect privacy. But most of us are subject to the close scrutiny of friends and neighbors, which we reciprocate with lively interest. Our peccadillos are fair game for local gossip; and as long as such gossip remains a purely amateur sport it is relatively harmless and may even have a salutary social effect.

It is probably for this reason that the law has concerned itself so little with protecting the individual against the invasion of his privacy. The suggestion that there should be any limitation upon the activities of Paul Pry would have been hooted down by most lawyers up to the end of the nineteenth century. For many generations the more liberal legal minds had been engaged in a fight for freedom of speech and of the press. They believed that

the law of slander and libel would be a sufficient restraint upon the abuse of such freedom when it was attained; and for a time this expectation was no doubt justified. But with the advent of such inventions as the telegraph, telephone, telephoto, linotype, giant printing presses, radio, talkies, and television, the old rules of law became hopelessly inadequate to control the exuberances of the multiplying hordes of newsmongers.

The whole force of the law of slander and libel is directed toward protecting the individual's 'reputation' — a thing separate and apart from his personal feelings. His reputation is the estimate which others hold of him, and not the opinion which he has of himself. His good name, as a legal concept, has taken on an almost tangible character; and the subjective injury which may be done to him through spoken or written words, even though they shrivel his very soul, is of no particular moment in the eyes of the law. There are, therefore, many kinds of personally offensive statements which may be circulated without serious danger of incurring a penalty — especially if the statements happen to be true; for the truth is a defense in civil actions for slander and libel, except in a few states where it is a justification only when told 'with good motives.'

But even in such states there are innumerable disagreeable facts which may be freely broadcast if they do not come within the legal definition of defamation. If some unhappy person has a wart on the end of his nose, you may call attention to it in print or publish his photograph, wart and all, for circulation among a million readers, without any fear of liability for libel. The person so victimized has no recourse at all, unless it is based upon a relatively recent legal theory — a theory which has found partial expression in such legislation as the New York statute forbidding the use of a person's name or picture for advertising or trade purposes without his consent.

The only sort of privacy with which the law has really concerned itself in the past has been the privacy of property owners. They have long had relief against trespass and certain intrusions classified as nuisances. Eavesdropping was an indictable offense according to Blackstone: —

> Eavesdroppers, or such as listen under walls or windows or the eaves of a house to hearken after discourse, and thereupon to frame slanderous and mischievous tales, are a common nuisance and presentable at court-leet.

The courts have also, in a few cases, tried to protect landowners against the disturbance of their privacy by people on adjoining highways. In one instance, in England, a racing tout with field glasses marched back and forth along a road overlooking a training field for race horses and took notes which he published in a tipster sheet. He was held guilty of trespass. A similar view was taken in an old New York case where damages were awarded against a man who stood on the street in front of the plaintiff's house abusing him in vivid terms. The judge said: 'Suppose a strolling musician stops in front of a gentleman's house and plays a tune or sings an obscene song under his window, can there be a doubt that he is liable in trespass?'

This quaint pronouncement places the emphasis where the law has traditionally placed it — on the protection of the use and enjoyment of property. In both these cases the persons complaining actually owned the land across which the highways ran, subject only to the right of the public to pass over it, which was held not to include the right to stop and stare or otherwise

annoy the property owner. But if the person who does the staring owns the land on which he stands, the courts are loath to interfere. A family in an English town set up an arrangement of large mirrors in their garden by which they were able to see everything that went on in the office of a dentist next door. When he discovered this ingenious device he applied to court for an injunction against its use, but he was refused.

IV

The first important exposition of the right of the individual to be let alone, independent of property rights, was presented in the *Harvard Law Review* in 1890 by Louis D. Brandeis and Samuel D. Warren, his former law partner, in an article which has become a legal classic. The authors pointed out that the early common law had been preoccupied with safeguarding property and life against *physical* aggression. It provided remedies against trespass, thievery, and personal violence, but it was slow to take cognizance of less tangible interferences with the individual's enjoyment of life. Gradually, however, with the growth of civilization the law 'broadened its scope to a recognition of the individual's spiritual nature, his emotions and his intellect.' The right to protection against physical battery, for instance, was extended to cover the *fear* of assault. The right to the protection of property against trespass was extended to give relief against obnoxious noises, odors, vibrations, and similar nuisances. The conception of property itself was enlarged to include things which had little or no material existence, such as goodwill, trade secrets, and inventions. And in the course of time the courts came to give some protection to such other imponderables as a man's reputation and his family relationships.

Messrs. Brandeis and Warren took the view that it was not necessary to invent new rules of law in order to protect the individual against unwarranted intrusions and publicity, as the principles involved had already been recognized by the common law and could properly be extended to meet new conditions. Some such development seemed to them necessary in order to counteract the tendencies which were threatening the peace and privacy of everyone. The increasing depravity of the daily press especially alarmed them: —

> To satisfy a prurient taste the details of sexual relations are spread broadcast in the columns of the daily papers. To occupy the indolent column upon column is filled with idle gossip, which can only be procured by intrusion upon the domestic circle. The intensity and complexity of life, attendant upon advancing civilization, have rendered necessary some retreat from the world, and man, under the refining influence of culture, has become more sensitive to publicity, so that solitude and privacy have become more essential to the individual, but modern enterprise and invention have, through invasions upon his privacy, subjected him to pain and distress, far greater than could be inflicted by mere bodily injury.

This was written, it should be remembered, at a time when Queen Victoria was still a dominant influence in the world, and automobiles, airplanes, the radio, and a score of other magical devices were not yet available to newspaper men.

By an interesting turn of events, about thirty-seven years later, Justice Brandeis had an opportunity to express his views on the right of privacy as a judge when he wrote a dissenting opinion in the famous wire-tapping case (*Olmstead, et al.* v. *United States*, 277 U. S. 438). The defendants were the leaders of a gang of bootleggers in the State of Washington. They were

convicted on evidence obtained by federal prohibition agents almost entirely through the tapping of private telephone wires. By this means the government uncovered a gigantic conspiracy involving the employment of fifty persons, two seagoing vessels and many small boats, the purchase of a ranch for the underground cache of liquor, and the maintenance of executive offices with salesmen, bookkeepers, scouts, collectors, and an attorney. The sales of this syndicate amounted to over $176,000 a month and more than $2,000,000 a year.

Since wire tapping was a criminal offense in the State of Washington, the public was treated to the edifying spectacle of the government turning outlaw in order to catch other outlaws; and, as a logical consequence, the defendants (who were undoubtedly guilty) were able to carry their case to the Supreme Court of the United States upon the high moral ground that their constitutional rights had been violated. The government has no more right to listen in on private telephone conversations, they said, than it has to search our private papers and seize them without a warrant, which is a violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution; and the use of transcripts of conversations obtained in this way was practically making the defendants testify against themselves in violation of the Fifth Amendment.

The majority of the court, however, evidently believed that the ends of justice justify the means, for they affirmed the conviction, thus upholding the use of wire-tapping evidence in the prosecution of criminals, even though it be obtained through the government's own deliberate criminal acts.

Ostensibly this decision rested solely upon a point of constitutional law. But Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinion (with which Justices Holmes, Butler, and Stone concurred) indicated that the case involved questions of broader significance than the fate of the particular defendants before the court, and he reiterated his belief in the right of privacy as a *sequitur* of rights guaranteed by the Constitution:—

> The evil incident to invasion of the privacy of the telephone is far greater than that involved in tampering with the mails. Whenever a telephone line is tapped, the privacy of the persons at both ends of the line is invaded and all conversations between them upon any subject, and although proper, confidential, and privileged, may be overheard. Moreover, the tapping of one man's telephone line involves the tapping of the telephone of every other person whom he may call or who may call him. As a means of espionage, writs of assistance and general warrants are but puny instruments of tyranny and oppression when compared with wire-tapping. . . .
>
> The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man's spiritual nature, of his feelings and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasure, and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their belief, their thoughts, their emotions, and their sensations. They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone — the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men. . . .

V

The eloquence of Justice Brandeis in the wire-tapping case would seem to have been inspired by more than a concern over the violation of constitutional guarantees. He had lived to see the tendencies which he deplored in 1890 grow into mighty forces directed toward purely mercenary ends. New

mechanical contrivances had amplified the eyes and the ears and the voice of Paul Pry a thousandfold, so that every detail of anyone's private life, if it happened to have 'news value,' could be retailed at a moment's notice to an audience almost as numerous as the population of the United States.

During the interval between Justice Brandeis's first discussion of the right of privacy and his commentary as a justice of the Supreme Court, the whole business of gathering and disseminating the news had been revolutionized. As the great individualistic editors like Greeley, Dana, the elder Bennett, and Watterson passed from the scene, their dominion was preëmpted by newspaper syndicates and monstrous chains of dailies. The romantic reporters of Richard Harding Davis's tales were shouldered aside by clever, hard-boiled young men who would stop at no crime in the code and even invent a few new ones in order to get the 'story' to which they were assigned, bragging incontinently about such exploits as the one in which an old lady was smoked out of her home by placing a board over the chimney so that the reporter could run in and snatch the family chromos from the walls. The new romance of the newsroom was based upon the glorification of rascality in the holy name of Circulation. Rising generations of readers were doped with recurrent sensations until they no longer reacted sufficiently, so that it became necessary to feed them stronger medicine. This was done by reducing to a minimum such inert ingredients of the news as politics, business, and world affairs and supplying the daily dosage of murder, rape, arson, adultery, and kidnapping in concentrated tabloid form.

The handling of the Collings case was one of the finest flowerings of this new era. Here was a story of tremendous intrinsic interest — a melodrama of piracy, murder, abduction, and insane violence out-Wallacing Edgar Wallace. A bare recital of the facts, so far as they could be ascertained, would have been enough for a normal person, but not so with a public whose nerves were completely jaded. To give them any thrill at all, every possible ounce of horror had to be extracted from the case and dished up hour by hour, even to the exhibition of scores of close-ups of the body of the murdered man showing every brutal detail.

Observe the inexorably thorough way in which the inquest alone was covered. The stage was set in the town hall at Huntington, Long Island. The pale, distraught widow, who had been badgered and examined till she was reduced to hysteria, was placed on exhibit in the centre of a goggle-eyed crowd of townsfolk, with reporters climbing over one another, and cameramen on chairs and in the windows bombarding her with flash lamps. The inevitable microphone was set close to the witness stand ready to catch each faltering word of the widow's story; and, to complete the scene, a movie-sound machine was brought into the courtroom. But this was a little too much for one of the town selectmen, who ordered it removed.

VI

When we turn from such exploitations of personal tragedy to a consideration of the abuses of privacy complained of in most of the cases that have come before the courts, we are startled by the triviality of the latter. Apparently the greater the injury, the less chance there is that the victim will care to revive it by bringing suit. People like the Lindberghs, Mrs. Collings, and hundreds of others, who have suffered inordinately from the processes of

publicity, usually maintain a discreet silence. There have been plenty of occasions for a *cause célèbre* on the subject of privacy, but no such *cause*.

Instead, we have a number of suits brought for the violation of the right of privacy, based upon the comparatively innocuous, though unauthorized, use of photographs and names, like the Missouri case in which the parents of a five-year-old girl sued a merchandising firm for using their child's photograph without consent in an advertisement reading: —

> Papa is going to buy Mama a —— watch for a present, someone (I must n't tell who) is going to buy my big sister a diamond ring. So don't you think you ought to buy me something? The payments are so easy you'll never miss the money, if you get it at the X-Y-Z Co.

This was held to be a violation of the right of privacy. But in Rhode Island the courts have not taken such things so seriously. A clothing merchant, who used the picture of a fellow citizen seated in a motor car to advertise 'auto coats' (this was in 1909), with the words beneath it 'Only $10.50,' was held not to have violated any legal rights.

The leading case in support of the right of privacy involved an offense even less flagrant. A life insurance company ran a man's picture in its newspaper advertisements without his permission, stating that he had bought insurance from the company and was receiving dividends from paid-up policies. He brought suit on the ground that his privacy had been violated. He had never held a policy in that particular company, he said, and his friends, knowing this, would believe that he had accepted payment for conniving at a lie. Few people would feel that the offense in this instance was very heinous, but it furnished the occasion for an able and interesting thirty-page discourse by Judge Cobb of the Supreme Court of Georgia, in which he emphatically disapproved of commercialized invasions of privacy. He held the publication of a person's portrait for advertising purposes without his consent to be unlawful, pointing out with horror that if it could be so used it might even 'ornament the bar of the saloon keeper or decorate the walls of a brothel.'

A few years earlier the New York Court of Appeals had refused relief to a young woman whose portrait had been used by a milling company, without her consent, to advertise its products in connection with the words 'Flour of the Family.' But this decision aroused enough protest to lead to the passage of the New York statute, which has been copied in some other states, forbidding the unauthorized use of a person's picture or name for 'advertising purposes or purposes of trade.' This statute is good as far as it goes, but it does not go very far. The courts have consistently held that it does not apply to the use of names and photographs in connection with stories purporting to be news, no matter how offensive such use may be. This distinction between news and trade purposes has been made in the interest of freedom of the press, and it may be desirable, but it has given unlimited license to processes of exploitation which could not otherwise be condoned.

Where there are no statutory regulations, the courts seem to have been guided chiefly by temperament in their attitude toward 'the right to be let alone.' Some judges regard the doctrine of privacy as the illegitimate offspring of trespass and defamation, and will have none of it. Others have welcomed it as a convenient theory for effecting justice where other rules do not clearly apply. This seems to have

been true in certain cases arising out of the 'placarding' of debtors — a practice which, creditors should be warned, especially in these days, may have the homing qualities of a boomerang. An irate garage keeper in Kentucky, for instance, put up a huge sign in his window: —

> NOTICE. Dr. —— owes an account here of $49.67. And if promises would pay an account, this account would have been settled long ago.

The disgruntled doctor brought suit and recovered substantial damages for the violation of his privacy. For some reason, medical men seem to incur especial resentment when they do not pay their debts. A merchant in another state exhibited a table in front of his store with the sign: —

> This was taken back from Dr. —— as he would not pay for it. For sale at a bargain. Moral: Beware of deadbeats.

The court in this case also condemned the publication of the debtor's difficulties and awarded him damages.

And in a few cases courts have recognized the right of privacy as a basis for enjoining such objectionable activities as 'rough or open' shadowing by private detectives and the exhibition in the rogues' gallery of photographs of persons who have been arrested but not convicted of any crime.

But in none of the cases involving the right of privacy which have come before the courts has there been any such outrageous disregard of personal rights and feelings as is shown a dozen times a day in almost any newspaper. Only a few persons have had the temerity to sue a newspaper publisher for the invidious use of their names or photographs, and their complaints have invariably been rejected by the courts. It must therefore be concluded that even those judges who might otherwise accept Justice Brandeis's doctrine will not apply it to newspapers for fear of interfering with the freedom of the press, even though it was precisely the misconduct of the newspapers which first inspired his defense of privacy.

VII

Perhaps the desire for privacy is morbid and we ought to live and bathe in full public view like the Doukhobors and other nudists. Certainly there are gregarious millions who have never experienced any personal privacy and never will. They neither understand nor desire it. In fact, if our social evolution lies in the direction of standardization and a general leveling, it is likely that the desire as well as the opportunity for privacy will altogether disappear. The communities of the remote future may choose to live in the honeycomb cells of glass houses and to exhibit themselves and their lives to their neighbors with the indifference of ants or bees.

But evolution to that extreme will necessarily be slow. We shall probably retain a few vestiges of modesty, even though false, for many generations to come. In the meantime, those who cherish the integrity of their personalities will have to consider how to protect themselves against unwarranted invasions of their privacy.

We may develop a certain immunity to physical disturbances — a power to shut off or insulate our nervous systems against noise, odors, vibrations, and all the assaults of a mechanized life. Defenses, however, against the exploitation of the individual's personal affairs and thoughts and emotions cannot be so easily raised. The courts have the power, if they will use it, of putting the fear of pecuniary damages

into the worldly heart of Paul Pry. This might operate as a restraint upon occasional offenders, but it would have little effect upon the activities of the press, which are so profitable that the expense of litigation and the settlement of claims would be considered only a minor item of overhead. Recourse to law alone cannot assure to the individual that solitude and privacy which Justice Brandeis so fervently extolled.

It has been suggested that effective control of unwelcome publicity could come through the exercise of public opinion. But it is precisely against the curiosity and pruriency of that ravening monster — the public — that protection is needed. In the matter of privacy, the desires of the individual and of the public are almost always opposed. We are each a culpable part of the public when someone else's affairs are concerned and not our own. Nor is it likely that any substantial number of us will stop buying newspapers because we may disapprove of their methods of gathering and reporting news.

VIII

Must we move backward, then, toward some form of official censorship? Shall we give up our cherished freedom of speech and put a representative of the state in every newspaper office to revise all copy before it goes to the composing room? The danger of such a consummation may seem remote, but we already have many repressive statutes upon the books and there are plenty of zealots at large ready to seize upon any abuse of freedom as an excuse for abolishing such freedom altogether.

In Italy and Russia, political censorship has laid the newspapers by the heels; and something similar was tried in Minnesota. We may yet see in this country a strong organized movement toward a censorship of the press which would be much more vicious in its effect than the occasional misguided prosecutions we now have under existing obscenity statutes. Censorship, if it comes, will unfortunately be administered upon moralistic grounds, and not with any particular regard for the privacy of the individual.

The obvious alternative to any superimposed control of the press would be the development of a professional spirit among the news agencies themselves. But such a spirit could only find root in a voluntary alliance between the owners of all the larger dailies, tabloids, syndicates, and news services. They could, if they chose, place definite limitations upon the methods to be used in getting and exploiting stories. Reporters could be trained to respect the human material with which they deal and to live up to certain agreed standards of conduct. Those who might persist in violating such a code could be barred from their profession in somewhat the same manner as wayward doctors and lawyers are excluded from theirs.

Old newspaper war horses will rear and snort at any suggestion for the exercise of restraint in the battle for news. They look upon their business as a fighting game, in which there should be no restrictions upon the use of poison gas, flame, bacteria, or the bombing of civilians. Perhaps it is just such a dirty affair, and will continue to be so. Yet a reasonable restraint voluntarily imposed would not necessarily take all the glory out of the reporter's job. The blood and thunder of life could still be reflected in the news without the indiscriminate betrayal and destruction of private lives and sensibilities.

MOJAVE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

My unfinished researches for the New York Zoölogical Society, my preparations, all my keenest enthusiasms, pointed eastward toward Bermuda, deep-sea fish, and a half-mile dive. But three Acts of God, as the steamship tickets put it, interfered — a sinus and two physicians. Westward the latter pointed toward the desert, which, as any dictionary will tell you, is a place which is very hot and dry.

I chose the good old Pullman route instead of going by airplane, because I waste too much time as it is to have two more days thrown on my hands; and, just as I prefer my underseascape from a diving helmet instead of a glass-bottomed boat, I had nothing but sheer joy in seeing the states unroll horizontally before me — mountains, prairies, desert, and mountains again. From my train window I was able to observe the marvelous corresponding shift in plants, from maple to wheat, cactus, and pine, as well as the change from daisies to poppies, crows to ravens, woodchucks to prairie dogs, cuckoos to road-runners, skyscrapers to 'dobe huts. There were also shifting percentages of Americans, from the 25 per cent smoking-room drummers with suspicious accents to 50 per cent Mexicans and 100 per cent Indians. All these and notes filling twenty pages I recorded before I stepped off the train on the first day of June into glorious warmth at the flag station of Victorville, California, which, I was to learn, had been hard hit by the depression, though no one talked about it.

Here the B. H. (pronounced 'best host') in the world met me, and we went into a spotless lunchroom where I hung up my anachronistic winter overcoat beside a pair of 'chaps' and sat down across from a slender young fellow with high heels — who was neither a gigolo nor a film cowboy. There were placed before us such eggs, cream, strawberries, cantaloupe, hot cakes, bacon, and coffee as I supposed had passed from existence with our grandmothers, and the glimpse I had of the check made it seem to my New York eyes like the tip to the waitress or an amusement tax.

My host had to leave shortly for Hollywood for several days' motion-picture work, but he insisted on driving with me the fifty miles to his cabin in the heart of the Mojave Desert, to do the honors for five minutes before he retraced his steps.

From the very first I found myself constantly water-conscious in these strange surroundings. I kept seeing the barren buttes on every side as merely the tips of lofty mountains, as indeed they were, and I kept thinking that, if only all this débris could be swept away, there would be exposed the old lake bottom, and I might find shells and fossil fishes resting there. I also had a feeling of familiarity with

the whole desert, and only when a hot wind sprang up and brought me the indefinable, unforgettable desert smell did I recall that over a quarter of a century ago I had written my first book on the arroyos and barrancas of western Mexico.

In every respect I found this first day in my new house typical of those that followed — hot and dry, dry and hot. A few hours later I was huddled close to a blazing fire of gnarled roots and welcoming the suggestion of a fourth blanket on my bed. I stepped outside and could scarcely stand before the bitter wind which howled around the cactus. The next morning I sat up and thawed out and remarked that at least the desert was dry. By noon, rain was falling in torrents, and after a cloud-burst the creosote and cactus dripped streams. Again a morning of sun, and the third day there came a downpour of great hailstones heavy enough to break the glass of windshields, and the distant foothills were white with two inches of the icy pellets. This was the last effect put on for my special benefit, and from then on the Mojave was all that my doctors and I had expected.

II

I was supposed to be convalescent and not to tear about, as is my wont. So I invented 'Low Gearing' for specimens. Don, my Universal Factotum, and I would start off in the car with open doors, and crawl like a dusty turtle for miles over and through the desert, leaping out with net or snake stick or binoculars when anything demanded it.

With the dashing away of the first lizard from our path, problems arose to plague me, unexpected adaptations to aridity and heat, inexplicable habits and structures. As with fish and birds, differences in psychology were instantly apparent. The jolly little horned toads fled headlong, raised high on all four legs, carrying a conspicuous shadow beneath them. Then they flattened, wriggled for a moment, and vanished. If one had marked them down carefully, it was the simplest thing in the world to walk up and lift them unresistingly from the sand. But with the whip and the gridiron-tailed lizards, flight was like the instantaneous passing of a shadow.

The nights were too chilly and windy to go about much, so I chose an indirect method of studying nocturnal life — a method reminiscent of my ways with deep-sea fish. I noosed what rattlers crossed my path or tapped their fragile cervical vertebræ, and later investigated their penult and antepenultimate meals, finding many interesting and quite recent kangaroo rats and pocket mice. In every rattler I examined there were traces of lizards as well as mammalian food, and all the sidewinding rattlers had been feasting on unfortunate horned toads, lizards whose girth and spines would seem to render them almost unswallowable. In fact, more than one of these rattlesnakes was found dead, with the sharp spines of the lizard projecting through the skin.

The sand-colored sidewinders were extremely difficult to see, and did not rattle readily. When the snakes were teased, the vibrations would begin — a high, fine, incredibly ventriloquial sound, exactly like the distant call of a desert cicada. The warnings of the several species of larger rattlers were lower and direct. I had never before had an opportunity to watch the strange method of progression of the sidewinder. When in soft sand or in a hurry, its motion seemed to be a real slithering or lateral pushing, its track being a series of isolated, S-shaped

marks; but when on harder ground it was a distinct sideways stepping, the focal points being the neck and the posterior part of the body — neck, hips, neck, hips, we might say — in succession, all of the intermediate extent of body being held well above the ground.

This is, of course, an adaptation to swifter progress than would otherwise be possible over soft deep sand, and to the eye of the evolutionist it would seem almost a restriving for legs at certain definite points of the body. But evolution never repeats itself, and the limbs of this and all other rattlers are lost forever in the mist of far-distant ancestry.

Failing to find insects under flat stones at midday, I reverted to old habits, and to my companion's astonishment produced many rare species from beneath the dried carcasses of turtles, jack rabbits, and other creatures which had fallen victims to automobiles at night. The exceptions to this diurnal dearth of insect life were black beetles of large size and belonging to diverse families, which crept slowly and unconcernedly about. The terrific disgust showed by my captive horned toads at the taste of these was unmistakable proof of their inedibility.

Another unexhausting method of studying desert life was to watch quietly at the few springs and wells. Our cabin lay at the very base of the great, rugged, barren mountain of Ord — a name suggesting at one and the same time one of the lesser gods of Pegana and a place where metals abound. A still better meaning was furnished by a well-founded rumor that it was the adopted name of a family descended from some early king of England — the acrostic, *Of Royal Descent*. At any rate, minerals did abound in its heart, and at the entrance to a gold mine which faced us was a tank constantly filled with water; here, if one was patient, one might see all the water-loving desert folk from humming birds to mountain sheep come to quench their thirst.

III

On my way West I had read four standard books on deserts, — two of them excellent, two very poor, — and each day I realized how little we really know, with the exception of the names and external structure, of this hard-bitten flora and fauna.

The jungle with its birds and climbing creatures, and the sea with its fish, seem to me places of three dimensions, whereas a being of the desert may wander here and there, back and forth, but hardly upward. Amid concealing foliage a creature must sing or call or scream to its mate or flock, but here the view is open on all sides, so the desert folk are silent, compelled to search and look. In the sea the problem is to get enough oxygen from the all-surrounding water, while here life itself depends on a meagre drop of dew, or the moisture within seed or insect.

All about me were hosts of unsolved problems awaiting patient observation. I had time on this trip only to recognize their existence. As an example of one solution of the water problem in a waterless desert, let us recall the ingenuity of the sand grouse of the Sahara. These birds often nest many miles from water, yet the nestlings are absolutely dependent upon an ample supply. The male parent flies daily to water, no matter how distant, and systematically rubs the feathers of his breast back and forth upon the sand until they are all awry and mussed up. He then wades into shallow water and thoroughly saturates the disturbed plumage of the under

parts, and when this is accomplished he flies swiftly back, mile after mile, to the nest and at once stands over his offspring. They reach up eager beaks and suck the dripping feathers until they are quite dry. It reminds one of the mammalian feeding of milk to the young, and especially of the duck-billed platypus, whose lacteal fluid flows down a cluster of hairs into the mouth of the offspring.

At the other extreme from the sand grouse are creatures like certain antelopes, ground squirrels, and lizards, which probably never take a drink of water throughout their lives.

A hundred similes between this life and that of the tropical jungle and the undersea came to mind, and I saw how necessary to the intelligent study of each of the others was knowledge of this life amid the dryness and the heat.

I remembered the hoatzin and the peripatus of the jungle, and the amphioxus of the Bermuda shallows, and I wondered what the desert had to offer in the way of so-called missing links or living anachronisms. Then one morning Grant Mitchell called out to come and catch a strange beast in the garbage pile, and I rushed with joy upon a vinegaroon at bay between a tin can and a grapefruit. I had not seen one since, in long-past ages at the university, they were doled out of preservative for dissection to students of Biology III. We knew them as solpugids — sinister-looking, but exceedingly important scientifically as living links of sorts between scorpions and spiders. The creature has four unpleasant horizontal jaws, its head and thorax are united, as in spiders, but a long jointed abdomen recalls the scorpions, and it walks on ten legs, which no spider can possibly do. Most remarkable of all, its breathing apparatus is built on a sheer insect plan. I fed it flies, which it leaped upon and then sucked dry, and it survived to reach New York.

Jabim would love the desert because he would never have to lament the losing of things. Next to the great difficulty of finding something in the desert is the impossibility of losing anything which one wishes to throw away. Unless, at the expense of herculean efforts, tin cans, papers, and garbage are buried, they soon become the most conspicuous part of the landscape. A tiny fluff of cotton I had used to chloroform some insect and thrown out of the window became the cynosure of all eyes, and was commented upon until I buried it beneath a stone; the stone was displaced by a casual step after dark, and next morning there was the cotton gathering all the combined white rays of the sun until I brought it in and burned it.

Remembering that the desert was a place of spines and spikes and thorns, I went to the door on the first evening and hurled a used safety-razor blade as far as I could. The following morning, next to the sun itself, the most compelling thing in the desert was a brilliant spark of light, as from a giant diamond or a mirror. I could not imagine what it might be, so I stalked it, and far off, at the base of a yucca, I found my razor blade, ablaze in sunlight, advertising its whereabouts to an astonishingly wide arc of the horizon.

IV

On the last afternoon of my stay I climbed to the top of the butte behind the cabin, and sat on the topmost boulder. As far as the eye and ear could penetrate in every direction, nothing moved or broke the silence.

Far down beneath me the cabin rested comfortably among the creosote bushes and cactus. Across the long

level stretch to the north rose glorious Ord, with a nick halfway up — a gopher hole from here, a deep gold mine from its rim. Distant desert mountains bounded the horizon in other directions, east and west, while from mid-desert rose a series of jagged rocky ridges known as the Hackletooth or Pickaninny Buttes. Behind me the imposing wall of the San Bernardino Range stood high and dark, fading into the horizon at either end. Still higher, like an embryonic Himalaya, rose the cone of Sugarloaf, and San Gorgonio, more than two miles above the sea, reared its snowy crest clear of the pines, and drew and held the eye both from the sky and from the lesser ridges.

Five minutes passed, and at last a minute dark speck, like one of the Mojave ground beetles, appeared in mid-desert, sending up a tiny wake of dust exactly like a bombardier beetle. My glass resolved the object into a less interesting organism — a dusty Ford ploughing along the trail, conveying some desert rat of a miner into the open and to town for food or water, quite like the lizards and turtles in the surrounding desert. The car vanished, and again the Mojave became a death valley.

After a long wait I pushed idly with my foot at part of the boulder which formed my seat. It was smooth and rounded, sandpapered and varnished by the endless millions of seasons since it had first been exposed. Suddenly I realized that frosts had driven wedges into its very heart, and the high explosives of heat and cold had let off charges deep down. The age-old foundations of the strength and cohesion of solid rock had been so weakened that my puny muscles were the deciding feather's weight, the thistledown unit of energy which was to change for me the whole aspect of the Mojave Desert.

At the pressure of my heel a crack opened across the face of the boulder, a crack into which slipped all ten fingers of my resting hands. I relaxed my muscles, and the great weight of stone slowly swiveled back, pressing gently on my knuckles. Then I pushed with all my force and the quarter ton of rock turned slowly upon its base, like the proverbial stone entrance to an Aladdin's cave, but gaining impetus like a great tree beginning to fall.

So slow was its first quarter turn that I could distinguish every detail of a patch of sage-green lichen as it came into view, clinging close, with crinkled surface, and, as I knew, almost as hard as the rock itself. The lichen on this revolving rock must be like the forests — if such there be — on the fifteen-mile-diametered moon of Jupiter.

As the last push of my foot spent itself, I saw a change come over the whole aspect of the great desert. It was no longer a sleeping, lifeless, inert thing, but a place of vital, incipient, latent energy. Gravitation took over from what I saw now was a perfect kick-off, seized with joy upon my football, and rushed it down the sloping field, overcoming with crash after crash every upjutting rock of opposition until, suddenly, after a sheer drop of thirty feet, all similes ceased. My boulder struck fairly upon a solid expanse of dark porphyry dike, and exploded into a thousand pieces. A few of these continued on their visible orbits, like asteroid débris following the obliteration of a star. Then silence closed down. But I had set in motion more than I knew, and there had barely been a split second of desert calm when a soft, pasteled aftermath of the echo of the final crash came back from the opposite wall of the arroyo.

V

Only a tenuous mist of dust remained to mark the whole catastrophe, and this was settling into invisibility when suddenly up the farther slope there rushed toward me a whole herd of animals — or so it seemed. The steep perspective massed the scattering desert plants into a solid growth of dusty green, and the stems and leaves were thrown into violent agitation along a swath about ten feet wide. If I had been in low, scrubby, tropical jungle, a small herd of peccaries would have been a perfectly rational explanation, but here my approaching herd swerved toward the cloud of dust, into open territory, and although bush after bush was trampled and violently shaken, no visible cause ran along the path of the disturbance. As far as appearance went, it might have been some gigantic mole ploughing along through roots and rocks, or an irresponsible, diminutive earthquake on the loose. If animals, they must have belonged to the sinister breed of Dunsany's dogs of the Castle of Oneleigh. I hoped that, unlike those invisible hounds, these were not my past sins come at last to seek me out, and, reassured by the apparent small size of the herd, I waited and watched.

Straight for the scene of the explosion went the line of shaking foliage, and when it was reached the mystery was solved. I might wax ultrapoetic and say that the soul of the shattered boulder became at once visible, and was wafted up and away to some geological bliss in a Heaven of Hematite, or Nirvana of Gneiss! But all that happened was that the atmosphere and its energy were made visible by proxy; the enigma was merely a dustless Dust Devil, a cyclone in miniature, the desert's substitute for a waterspout; and when it reached my boulder's cloud of dust it seized upon it as a cloak of visibility — an inversion of the fairy tale — and climbed cheerfully up toward my seat on the top of the butte. Not a grain of dust was left behind — the air was swept clean, and the materialization advanced as a sharply outlined twist of brown, astonishingly opaque and fading out overhead into desert clarity.

I soon learned that, as in the case of many other desert phenomena, Dust Devils are far other than merely ocularly resolvable. When the dust cloud was still well down the slope, a faint breath of air came to my cheek, and this increased considerably, long before the actual *cœur de poudre* reached me. And now a strange thing happened, or rather the first of several. I had hoped to renew on a diminutive, safe scale my experience with full-sized hurricanes, and looked first for a breeze in one direction (clock-wise, as I was north of the equator), then a period of dead calm, and lastly a breeze from the left. But there was only a jumble of indeterminate winds, which soon died down, and to my amazement the dust settled all about me. Never before, I venture to say, has any human being, after hurling a bit of a boulder down a mountain slope, seen an appreciable part of it returned to its age-old bed by invisible agents. By the time the Wind Devil had expired I was covered with a gritty brown film, which doubtless, to small enough organisms, would seem in turn a collection of boulders to be sat upon or kicked down correspondingly Lilliputian slopes.

VI

But I had no time for futuristic philosophizings, for I had been semi-aware for some time of the presence of co-sharers of my pinnacle. Several times I had felt a fly or some insect on

my neck, and had unthinkingly brushed it off as I watched the approach of the Dust Devil. But, while the break-up of the little whirlwind had laid the boulder's dust, it aroused and brought to my consciousness a new miracle.

I looked down and saw a dozen winged ants on my clothing, and then a glance at the bed of the vanished boulder showed the mockery of my fancied isolation. Simeon Stylites in a swarm of bees would be a fitting parallel, for the cracks and crevices were alive with the annual flight of a huge nest of desert ants.

The sudden deluge of sunlight had been the spark which exploded this greatest of all events — the marriage flight. These were large ants, and the sexes very distinct — the males pale golden brown and the females black; and they were pouring out in myriads from dozens of underground cracks and crevices. With them were a host of small workers, apparently giving their winged brothers and sisters a last polish and lick. Usually a swarm like this takes to wing at once, both sexes pouring up into the sky like a column of smoke, and the union taking place wherever a pair meets in mid-air.

Here only a few were climbing up the boulder and taking off from its summit or from my person. The majority were rolling and tumbling about at my feet in a frenzy of mating. Everywhere I looked were little balls of ants composed of half a dozen or more males at the heart of which was one of the black females. Some of these myrmicine masses grew until they were two or three inches in diameter. Roughly scraping up a score into a glass vial caused not a moment's diminution or hesitation in their frenzy.

I looked out at the desert, calm and apparently as lifeless as it had seemed when I first took my seat. But I now distrusted all superficial appearances; beneath the hot stillness I knew there must be a constant search for food, an equally ceaseless watch for and escape from enemies, both administering to the third vital need of all life, the finding and winning of a mate.

I had to leave before I could learn whether this precocious, terrestrial mating resulted in the immediate loss of wings. If so, the chance of adequate wide distribution in the formation of new nests must be considerably curtailed. But if this is a rule and not an exception with these desert ants, it must somehow be correlated with the corresponding need for swift blossoming, fertilization, and fruition of the tiny, water-loving ground plants. However that may be, this final phase of the early morning's happening had worked magic for me. As I looked back at the summit of the butte I saw the rocks, not as an abode of death, but as marking the scene of an outburst of frantic, intense energy such as I never remember having seen in the heart of any luxuriant jungle.

VII

On my way down to the cabin I stumbled among the sage and saw the ground littered with small pieces of my vanished boulder. I pocketed one of the newly fractured red-brown bits, and later in the day I imitated an exciting process which my friend Carl, the miner, had demonstrated for me — I panned for gold. Having none of the official implements, I had to use substitutes. I searched about until I found a large steel chisel with a flat, splayed head, and in the distant garbage pile, where I disturbed several lizards and a cluster of lovely orange butterflies, I secured an empty tomato can. With these as pestle and mortar, I proceeded to pound up the specimen of rock, and in a surprisingly short time I had several ounces of olive-black powder,

so fine that at each blow a cloud of dust blew out of the can.

Then, with a shallow salad dish, I began washing. I tried all sorts of twists and turns, and at last found that by sending the water in a circular stream the larger bits of rock were sluiced off by themselves and could be scraped out. Finer and finer became the residue, and when, more by luck than skill, I had the whole strewn out across the bottom of the dish, I examined with a high-powered hand lens the rear guard of the mass, and found that I had in view thirty or forty beautiful specks of real gold. They shone forth brilliantly from among the dark particles, and the episode of the fallen boulder ended worthily.

VIII

My ten days passed at last, and I felt that the old ultra-violets had done their work, and that my body was fit and ready again to do my will. I had been impressed by the complexity of life and the interrelations of life around me. Now, on the last evening, it was a great simplicity which seemed most real. After a week of identical evenings I could almost prophesy every change, every alteration of color.

Ever since a week ago, when the last cloud had disappeared over the great range of pines and snow along the southern horizon, the sunsets had been identical with the sunrises — except reversed. As the sun sank lower, the shadow of Ord crept in a mighty blue-black swath across the desert toward us, and the violet and purple deeps of the surrounding canyons and gorges brought out in ringing contrasts the reds and rich yellows and browns of the buttes in every direction. The steady, all-day blue of the sky would turn slightly greenish, after the sun had dipped — then a pale straw, then yellow, and finally a glorious orange, dying out with no afterglow. Very soon a pair of planets took the plunge, following the sun behind Ord, and the crescent moon, kindling its ashes, blazed with symbolic gold, and, before vanishing, rested gently a moment upon a jagged pinnacle on the mountain's profile.

In the evening old Ord became more and more dusky and mysterious; creatures far other than mountain sheep or coyotes seemed to creep out from the black arroyos, and then suddenly it became a mountain of pasteboard, compressing to a flat profile — every rock, gully, and boulder cut out sharply against the glowing orange of the sky beyond. It looked like the conventional wave forms of Japanese artists, using up every imaginable angle and jagged crag; and then abruptly, as a final crashing chord of music lapses into silence, the rough profile shifted into the long, perfectly smooth slope of its weathered talus, — a long-drawn-out, exquisitely delicate curve, out and down and across the desert, — a talus made of a myriad myriad parts of itself, weathered and frozen and heated and blown off throughout all the ages of Mother Earth. Surely Ord deserved its own acrostic — legitimate and personal.

The most unexpected and the most wonderful thing about the desert was its silence. After the continual crash of breakers and howling of winds near the sea, and the uproar of beast and bird and insect life in the jungle, the silence of the desert seemed to me its most healing, potent power. This last night I listened with all my might. Far off behind me came a slight, timid echo of a song, the last sleepy phrase of a desert sparrow, and, from the very heart of jet-black Ord, the low, double-noted coo of a dove. It seemed as if I had imagined them both. The silence of the Mojave had not been broken.

Have you so much leisure from your own business that you care for other people's affairs, and nothing about those which affect yourself? — TERENCE

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

BY LOUIS E. KIRSTEIN

I

ONE thing that is wrong with business is that business men do not attend to it. What I really mean is that they do not attend to their own business. This may offer a clue to an important factor underlying our present crisis.

Practical demonstration that a man can do one thing well does not by any means constitute evidence that he can do everything well. And yet, because of the possible prestige of their names, it has been the fate — or shall I say the temptation? — of many business men to take on so many responsibilities one after another outside of their own offices that they have ended up by doing nothing permanently well or thoroughly good; and, what is more serious, by having neglected their own immediate jobs in factory, store, bank, or whatever the business unit may happen to be.

Take the example of a certain executive — general manager of a large business with several thousand employees and an annual turnover of many millions of dollars. Through his job he became known some years ago as an efficient organizer. He won the respect of the leading citizens of his community. No sooner had he gained this business recognition than he was asked to become member or chairman of one board and committee after another, until today he finds himself involved in so many different responsibilities that he cannot possibly find the time or energy — to say nothing of the varied knowledge and skill required — for the satisfactory fulfillment of any of them. Naturally — and most significant — the problems of his own business can hardly receive the sustained and concentrated attention which these trying times demand.

Look at his calendar for a typical day.

He comes to his office to read his mail; but how can the pressing needs, say, of the large philanthropic federation of which he is president be put aside? To take them up, however, as he feels he must, means to deal with the operations and finances of a large social work organization comprising some twenty separate agencies spending nearly a million dollars a year, coping with complicated problems of child care, family welfare, health, character building, and, in these depression days particularly, the very serious problem of finding money to meet the tremendously increased relief load.

Or the Port Authority, of which he is chairman, may be confronted with a knotty situation that must be handled without delay. Let a strike of longshoremen arise to threaten our ship-

ping, as happened last year, or let questions of freight differentials, adequate docking and other port facilities, relationships with transatlantic and coastwise companies, appear on the calendar, and who will say they shall not occupy first place there? After all, the promotion and administration of one of America's metropolitan harbors *are* matters of prime importance.

Then surely the emergency unemployment fund of his city can put forth its demands upon his time with all the overwhelming force of immediate urgency. There is no gainsaying a committee appointed to dispense three million dollars raised by his city this year for unemployment relief, and for subsidizing the various social agencies staggering under the heavy burdens of the depression.

Even his lunch periods cannot be set aside with any assurance for conferences with business associates. As likely as not the Mayor or the Governor may have arranged a luncheon for a distinguished visitor, or for the discussion of some vital civic matter. Should he attempt to be excused from attending, the responsibility of a so-called 'leading citizen' is a not too easily refuted argument. Nor are the calls of such a deliberating body as that appointed by the Governor to study the relationship of railway trunk lines to his district easily set aside. For the economic life of his community depends, to a large extent, on adequate and equitable railroad facilities. Accordingly he finds himself considering with his committee colleagues whether they shall have one or more trunk lines enter his city. Shall they approve the attempt of one railroad to buy into another? Shall they endorse the merger of several lines?

There may be one or another directors' meeting called for that day by any of the several corporations on the boards of which he serves. In some instances, the corporation will be operating in the same field as his own business; in others, it may be an entirely different field. But in all he appears at meetings as board member to consider closely the reports of officers, to help formulate decisions upon important matters of general efficiency, of expansion or contraction, of wage rates, prices, and dividends.

And certainly the continuing demands of education cannot be denied their place on a civic calendar, crowded as it may already be. He is a member of the board of trustees of the public-library system. He attends its meetings. Here he enters an academic field — to consider budgets for the purchase of books, curriculum, the ratio of fiction to non-fiction, the scope of lectures and recitals in these days when municipal budgets must of necessity be cut.

Thus does he spend his days — busy days which take him from one activity to another, each important in itself, yet seldom related to the next, and almost never directly related to his own job.

A few years ago, in the heyday of prosperity, such a range of activities would have made a man look like a very successful business man. To-day candor compels one to describe it as a confession of impotence and incompetence.

I make no argument that such activities do not constitute an eminently important programme for any man. I offer it for consideration here only because I feel that it suggests a clue to a vital failure in our present social organization. For it seems to me self-evident that no one human being can do all these things, or even a fraction of them, and do them well. In my own opinion, if such an executive carried

full-time responsibility to his business job, he would be rendering an adequate public service. Instead, he tries to divide himself among a score of organizations. For even if physical working time is entirely incapable of such subdivision, one knows that the problems which lie before him for decision can absorb his mind and heart, even when meetings cannot be attended.

The results are inevitable; he does not perform his duties in his business with any approach to his own standard of performance for them; nor can he feel that he is as good an administrator of social work, transportation, or education as he would want to be even if he had the talent and the training for these specialized fields.

II

This whole individual experience symbolizes in my opinion a general policy which the American public has carried to dangerous excess. We are tending more and more to draft for important public responsibilities a few business men who already carry upon their shoulders the heavy burdens of their own office.

Consider as an outstanding, yet none the less typical, example of what happens straight down the line the case of Mr. Owen D. Young, who has rightly earned the distinction of being one of our most useful citizens. His regular job, and the one from which, I assume, he draws his chief income, is the chairmanship of the Board of the General Electric Company. Obviously his position involves tremendous responsibility. Here is one of the largest corporations in the world, transacting each year hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of business, not only in this country, but in all parts of the globe. To direct the administration of this huge industrial empire would seem job enough for even a man with the calibre of Mr. Young.

Now let us see what has happened to him. There is hardly a problem that comes up in this country, whether it be commercial, industrial, financial, educational, or international, that is not put to Mr. Young for solution. He is asked not only to formulate a programme, but to give his time and effort to carry it through. He has been obliged to spend weeks and months away from his own desk on public matters. He is summoned here, there, and everywhere.

Knowing some of the requests put to him, I am amazed how little respect people have for his time. I very much question whether anyone could do what Mr. Young is expected to do. Only God could do it.

Mr. Albert H. Wiggin furnishes another striking example of this same extraordinary American practice. Mr. Wiggin started as a modest banker in my own home town, Boston. By arduous devotion to the problems of banking, he has advanced to the head of the Chase National Bank, the largest in the world, with resources of about two billion dollars. (I wonder how many of us realize what two billions mean!) Yet just when he holds down this job, involving, it would seem, enough responsibility, often detailed responsibility, to absorb every working moment of even such an able man as Mr. Wiggin — just at the time when he is needed most in his own institution, the public summons him to multiple service in national and international realms.

I cannot help feeling that if it is necessary for the Chase National to have Mr. Wiggin as its chief executive officer it cannot at the same time spare him for these absorbing excursions into affairs of state. True, the ultimate di-

rection of economic life may hinge upon our disposition of war debts and other international problems; but thousands of depositors, stockholders, merchants, and business men depend for the security and continuity of their economic life upon the management of the Chase National. I only mention this bank as an example. There are others like it.

I do not say, of course, that we must not formulate — and so on — some settlement of the problem of war debts, reparations, and tariffs; that we must not handle our communal task of civic and social responsibility. All I ask is: Why must we do these things predominantly through the same men whom we hold responsible for American industry and finance?

III

In short, the American public has built its leadership upon exactly that model which it is now criticizing so sharply in finance. We have not only 'pyramided' our financial structure, we have also 'pyramided' our leadership; and, in my opinion, 'pyramided' leadership is the more serious danger.

It is not hard to understand, of course, why leadership tends toward pyramiding; indeed, to be named to one committee leads to membership on the next just as naturally as one holding company can generate a pyramid. For our American model of leadership, like our financial pyramids and the house that Jack built, grows by its own momentum.

Let Mr. A be named to one committee, and the chain is started. When the second, in process of formation, looks about for an impressive membership list, it cannot help noting that Mr. A has already been in the public prints and the public eye through his connection with committee number one. If Mr. A is also known as a prominent and respected business man (and it is the reputable and successful business men of our communities who are still the best known of our citizens), the 'leadership' chain is not only started, but tightly linked about his leg.

Before Mr. A knows it, he will find himself, in the name of his civic responsibilities and his business position, a conscripted member of ten important, though perhaps unrelated, committees, with the urgent invitation to join the eleventh upon his desk. He has become a symbol of business and public service; he has been in the public eye and is generally known. He has become, in addition to a useful committeeman, just plain, good 'window dressing.'

But if Mr. A is conscientious, he is continuously harried by the well-known problem of how to get along with only twenty-four hours in a day, when an exacting business job and various civic, educational, industrial, philanthropic, national, and perhaps even international duties compete for each one of them.

If the very natural development of pyramided leadership is easy to understand, its dangers are equally obvious. No man, however great his native ability (and we must remember that 'genius' is a very rare quality), can carry several major, complex responsibilities at the same time. A general knowledge of many related fields every specialist in practical affairs should have. But the mastery of the complicated data required for responsible decision in such various matters as reparations, public finance, banking, social work, transportation, industrial relations, no one man can have, not only as long as he wishes also to carry his own business job effectively, but, indeed, as long as

he remains a mere man. He ends by doing nothing as well as it can or should be done.

But even this is not all. By pyramiding its leadership, America does more than fail to obtain the best available talent for each job that needs to be done. It continues to expect miracles from men who have already made a proved mess of things. Perhaps the historian of the future will decide from his long view upon the whole of society that no particular group of men can be held responsible for the collapse which we call the present depression. But he will find again and again, in the rolls of our day, certain names rising from the nameless mass. These men were as much the leaders of the business world as an individualistic economy can be said to have leaders. These are the men who spurred on the 'new era' of speculation, even when the judgment day they never suspected was around a much nearer corner than the prosperity they ever hail. Yet it is to these men that we too often look for guidance out of the morass into which they at least let us blunder.

Let a group of New York bankers and industrialists form a corporation to purchase bonds in the open market, and we expect the 'barometers of confidence' in Wall Street to register a feverish rise. Yet should we so soon forget how the tardy attempt of the Federal Reserve Bank to raise the discount rate just a few weeks before the deluge was openly defied by certain powerful individuals? Have our business and financial leaders shown such unerring vision and competence in their own field that we should rush to place the public business in their hands? Might we not more safely say, 'Here, Mr. Business Man, let us see how much better than this you can do by minding your own business. Perhaps if we let you do just that, the public business, too, will be better tended. For *you* may find the way to save us from such business disasters, and *we* may find trained experts for specialized communal jobs.'

IV

The point I am trying to make seems to me to bear directly on the extensive discussion of central or coördinated planning during the past three years. For one thing, it should be clearly recognized that careful, precise planning within individual industrial and commercial concerns is a primary prerequisite for successful coördination. Could anyone say now, with the evidence of the past three years before us, that even the most intelligently led of our business corporations had really achieved the security that is derived from scientific planning? Yet the most efficient welding together of inefficient parts can hardly produce an efficient whole! Moreover, careful planning within individual plants leads inevitably to a consideration of broader-ranged problems.

If Mr. Owen D. Young, for instance, had been permitted to apply himself to studying his own pay rolls and personnel problems as profoundly as he studied the agenda of the President's Second Conference on Industrial Relations, it is at least possible to wonder whether the General Electric Company might not have built up unemployment reserves before the depression. And if the General Electric Company and a score or more of our larger concerns had applied themselves to the task of establishing unemployment reserves, the whole question of stabilized employment would soon have come to the fore. More secure employment, plus the high-wage policy which was already winning a steadily widening endorsement, could have promised the

continuing effective demand so essential to mass production, and therefore, necessarily, to mass distribution. The ultimate conclusion of such a chain of reasoning needs hardly to be pointed.

I am not saying, of course, that these things would have saved us from the present depression; it is, I fear, a more complex matter than that. But I do feel that they might have mitigated its severity and the suffering it has brought. I am sure that without them we can gain no insurance against other depressions after this.

V

To hold every business man socially responsible for his own business, however, is but one aspect of the total problem. For we are discovering that in our modern world, as in so much else, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. When every business is responsibly and expertly managed, there will still remain problems of industry as a whole. And even when industry as a whole is running smoothly, we shall still have to deal with the no less important community interests of education, recreation, social organization, and the like, before we shall have covered the whole of the public business.

All I am urging is that, like business, 'coördination' — or social work, or public health, or any of the multiple concerns essential to modern community life — is a specialty, a technical job, that requires the full, concentrated time and energy of the most talented of men. Just as we cannot have an efficient industrial world unless each industrial plant is well managed, just so no single plant can be completely efficient until the industrial world is organized as a whole. Similarly, no people can be completely secure until its humblest citizen is safeguarded from physical, mental, and moral injury.

The important thing to remember, and the one I am urging, is that each function — whether it be 'coördinating activities,' individual industrial management, or public affairs in their manifold ramifications — is a specialty with its own techniques and skills. No man can handle more than one of them in a truly responsible fashion. To pyramid leadership is to dissipate responsibility.

Our real task is to find for each socially necessary job the man best fitted to do it. If I, through natural bent, training, and experience, am a good banker, or manufacturer, or merchandise man, will it not serve the public interest best to let me devote full time to that job? Are there not other men who can be better than I the librarian, social worker, transportation expert, city planner, public-health administrator, and the dozen and one other functionaries that our present way of doing things may ask me also to be?

For we must recognize — and soon — that these public and civic functions are every bit as important as those which enter into the conduct of business and industrial enterprise. Men of ability and talent must be developed to give to their direction, as to business, their energy and intelligence on a full-time basis.

But to achieve this all-important end in American life the American public must acquire an entirely new attitude toward its public servants, whether they be engaged under private or under governmental auspices. We must train and develop professional men for these functions, technicians often of rare talent and ability, who will be responsible to the proper public bodies for their efficient conduct. We must hold

them to their posts by paying them adequately, and by giving them that status and prestige which the public business deserves. When we remember the niggardly compensation we offer our educators, our government officials, our social workers, in comparison with what corresponding posts of responsibility draw in business, it seems to me to augur well for the professional spirit on which we must ultimately depend for high-grade public service that we obtain as fine communal officials as we do. When we finally give these posts the status of adequate pay and community respect, we can expect much in a field which exerts so important an influence upon our ultimate public welfare.

In these respects European countries have already progressed further than we. I need only mention the tradition in the civil service of England, which attracts the best of that country's university men. You will not find the great industrialists of Great Britain constantly called away from their onerous duties to give weeks and months to public enterprise. The work is carried on by trained civil servants, operating behind elected officials responsible for public policy. There are, of course, negotiations which can best be carried on by non-official bodies and their representatives; there are others in which the advice and consent of such bodies will be desired. But just as, to cite only one instance, Mr. Montagu Norman, of the Bank of England, is constantly in contact with central banks of other countries, so we in this country should have that personnel in our Federal Reserve system which will enable this country to obtain expert representation in financial discussion and negotiations without our constantly calling big business men or bankers from their own responsibilities.

From time to time, of course, men may appear in the business world with talent so rare that other fields as well as their own can profit from their presence in them. Perhaps such men should be asked to serve the nation as a whole rather than individual business enterprise. Even for them, however, I should think it better if they actually left their business to devote full time to public affairs while someone else took hold of the responsibility they formerly carried. In this way private business will not suffer and the nation will be able to place responsibility squarely upon the men whom it honors with leadership.

I have always thought that the late Dwight W. Morrow well illustrated the advantages of such a procedure. He was a man of rare imagination and talent for public work. When the public call came, he divorced himself from his bank and other business affiliations. He devoted himself whole-heartedly to his public duties. The contribution he made in Mexico, and the contribution to the national welfare which we should have expected of him had he lived, are a measure of our loss through pyramided leadership.

VI

Our pathetic confidence in the business man which underlies our pyramided American leadership has its roots deep in human history. It is indeed a tendency in humankind to manufacture medicine men out of its own imagination, plus the magic of a success which may often arise from multiple external causes as much as from the power of the 'magician.' The attitude of the American public toward its business men during the past three decades has taken on something of this characteristic.

And too often, I am afraid, this

natural tendency has been fed by clever 'public relations experts.' They, with the help of our press, have often created the legends, labels, and 'leads' that transform a good business man into a 'master mind.' 'Shirt-stuffing' carries its own measure of intoxication. But, as with all heady mixtures, the morning after inevitably dawns. If the public cannot yet recognize the truth, let us see ourselves truly for what we are — a group of men whom the depression reveals as failures in our own major responsibility. Let us ask leave to stick to our desks and see what we can do to retrieve business, while we relinquish gladly to other specialist hands major responsibility for the various communal tasks which, like business, demand full-time and expert attention.

However much we business men may participate in these community affairs as lay advisers, only when we succeed again in making industry profitable shall we be giving our best to society. Such a revival of successful business enterprise may, of course, demand in the coming years conditions different from those of the past. We may require a diversion of funds which formerly went into capital investments to higher wages and salaries, so that the productive capacity of existing capital equipment may be continuously absorbed. We may require coördination and control for industry as a whole. We may have to formulate new international relationships and programmes, new monetary policies. But we shall also need, as always, profitable business units capably and efficiently managed.

These units, basic to the whole of modern economic functioning, would seem to demand business men assiduously and devotedly 'minding their own business.'

MRS. PENLUST ON THE DAMASCUS ROAD

BY MARY ELLEN CHASE

I

ALTHOUGH my memory of Mrs. Amelia Penlust will never cease while I am here to cherish it, my actual acquaintance with her began and ended during a few brief weeks, tense and trying to us both. We met, forbore, and parted while we were studying the art, or technique, of short-story writing in an Extension Course offered by one of our largest universities, I as teacher, Mrs. Penlust as my aspiring and indefatigable pupil. She parted from me with unconcealed feelings of relief and triumph; I from her with — shall we say — mingled emotions.

No one in the least familiar with the ways and means by which our universities yearly 'extend' their blessings to the people at large would have called Mrs. Penlust herself extraordinary. She might, indeed, even have been termed fairly typical of those scores, yea hundreds, of middle-aged persons who long to recapture and renew a lost and fruitless youth; who perceive in themselves gifts thus far undiscovered by others; who, having accepted life for nearly half a century with a kind of negative patience, now yearn, paradoxically enough, to give back to life the power and the glory they have never been able to wrest from it. Encouraged by bulletins and radio announcements which skillfully remind them of neglected potentialities within themselves, they come at the beginning of the term or semester, each with Stevenson's lantern gleaming dully at his belt, each looking for oil and wine — oil for unused lamps, new wine for old bottles.

Mrs. Penlust's lantern was a desire — a passion, rather — to write short stories. In this likewise she was in no sense unique. Like many of her fellow extension students, the bookkeepers, the shoe clerks, the stenographers, the grade-school teachers, the nurses, she did not want to sit docilely in a lecture room and absorb dull facts concerning Greek civilization or Europe since the Congress of Vienna. She did not want to learn the rudiments of a language she would never use. What she wanted, what all of her sort wanted, was not absorption but expression, not the chance to ruminate on the causes of the World War, but the more thrilling chance to give birth to the experiences they *might* have had under other circumstances. What she dreamed of, what they all dreamed of, on their way to and from class after a hard day in the shop or office or kitchen or schoolroom, was seeing their own names in print — on a gay magazine cover — 'Journeys End in Lovers' Meetings' by Nellie Thompson, or John Dodge, Henry Staples, or Amelia Penlust.

And, like them all, Mrs. Penlust had, or honestly thought she had, every reason to believe in the early fulfillment of her dream. For the advertising sections of dozens of magazines assured

her she *could* write if she only would, and one really aristocratic periodical, to whose pages she hardly dared aspire, had repeatedly shown her the face of a middle-aged woman, surprisingly like herself, who had earned fifty dollars in a single evening by her pen!

No. Mrs. Amelia Penlust did not stand out from among her fellows because of her appearance, or her background, or her dreams. Not because of these things has she become an ineradicable portion of my mental and emotional life. Her individuality lay, first of all, either in her supreme obtuseness or in her superb power of resiliency; I was never able to determine which. Long after her companions of like inability had returned, sadder but wiser, to their ledgers and their shops, she remained. It was impossible to discourage her. The *insanabile scribendi cacoethes* of Juvenal was with her *insanabilissime*, and would brook no affronts. That she had hitched her wagon to an impossibly distant star, that her reach far exceeded her grasp, this she would not for a moment admit. Calmly she looked upon the tempests of my criticism and was never shaken.

No comfort for Mrs. Penlust in what she aspired to be but was not! No exaltation for her in what man *would* do! Like the prophet Isaiah, she set her face like a flint, and like him she was not confounded. She might have cried with Saint Paul, 'This *one* thing I do,' and, indeed, she did, for the major experience of his life, as you shall later hear, she deemed analogous to her own. And although his 'prize' was of a more exalted nature than hers, hers had one advantage over his in that its consummation was quite within the bounds of this world. Mrs. Penlust's 'one thing' was to write a short story, to publish it, and to receive payment therefrom; this she never for a moment relinquished; and this in spite of my biting criticisms, in the face of my cruel prophesying, she accomplished.

And yet not alone by her own tenacity. Of that I must be positive. There was a curious Divinity that shaped Mrs. Penlust's rough-hewn end; there was a fickle Destiny that guided her to her final triumph; there was a goddess — Hap or Chance or Fortune — that arranged those circumstances by which she was exalted and I was abased. This it was that raised her in interest above her fellows; this it was that probably explained her assurance which I had mistaken for stubbornness. Perhaps she had been born under a capricious star; perhaps some mischievous fallen angel did his one good deed with his tongue in his cheek.

Mrs. Penlust wrote her story alone and unaided, as every word bore witness. But in the marketing of it strange Powers were at work. Like Saint Paul on the Damascus road, Amelia Penlust had a vision to which, like him, she was not disobedient.

II

She registered as Amelia May Penlust, and, as the blue card further demanded, she gave her occupation. She was, she inscribed, a 'homemaker.' The term was like Mrs. Penlust: deliberate, yet with a touch of elegance — a flare, so to speak. Her avocations, 'those occupations bringing zest and pleasure to your life,' she put down as, first, Sunday-school teaching, and, second, the raising of flowers.

She was obviously restive during the first few sessions of the class. We seemed to her to be getting nowhere and she was impatient to begin. She scorned alike the few brief rules I expounded and attempted to explain and

the models I so carefully read from masters in the art. Now and then she looked quizzically at me as though wondering just when I was to be done with this nonsense, get down to business, be willing to share my own secret. For, in common with more than one of her companions, Mrs. Penlust cherished an odd notion: namely, that I, all undeserving, possessed a trick, a talisman, a magic charm, so to speak, by means of which I had succeeded where others had failed; and that, if I only wanted to sufficiently, I could invest them all with this Open Sesame.

Although she was disappointed in my lack of magnanimity, in my selfish determination to keep the key to the best things of this life, she was immensely gratified when we at last actually began to write. It was characteristic of her that she invariably attempted more than was required. If I assigned, let us say, the beginning of a mystery story, or an exercise in dialogue, or a certain sort of initial incident, Mrs. Penlust, apparently whetted beyond her power of control by her ambition, always wrote the complete story, or at least some narrative which in her mind approximated a complete story and in mine approximated nothing at all. For the world, since its children began to write, whether in the sand or on bits of stone or on rolls of papyrus or by pen and paper, has produced few worse narrators than Mrs. Amelia Penlust!

There are persons who create stories naturally, with plots well framed and motivated, and yet who, ironically enough, have no power over language, no sense of words or of form. There are others who know how to write and yet have nothing to say, whose minds are not keen to action or complication of any sort, whose imaginations seem untouched. In a class such as mine the students, roughly speaking and making all allowances for the deficiencies common to each group, belonged to one type or the other. Not so Mrs. Penlust, however; therein lay her distinction from the group. She had nothing to say, nor did she know how to say it. To her a story had no beginning, no middle, no end. She was fond of plunging into some strange *media res* of her own; but since, once in, she knew not how to go forward or backward, the result was chaos indescribable.

Not a whit daunted, nevertheless, by the slings and arrows of my constant criticism, still secure in some odd citadel of her tenacious mind, Mrs. Penlust essayed subject after subject. Her themes far exceeded in their diversity those of Herrick in the Argument to his *Hesperides*, and as to relative excitement there was no comparison. She wrote of aged and penniless mothers, wandering boys, and deathbed reconciliations; of jealous sweethearts, termagant wives, broken homes, and drunken husbands. Although she knew not the ways of war, she pictured battle fields, barrages, gas masks, and chaplains; although she knew not law or law courts, she created benevolent judges, impertinent lawyers, and nonchalant criminals, cynically smiling at the very jaws of death. She penetrated monasteries, Hudson Bay fur stations, prisons, and, with delicacy, houses of ill repute. Geography and topography meant nothing to her; she wrote of breadfruit trees in the South Sea Islands in as familiar a vein as she mishandled a Massachusetts snowstorm.

Hardly a week passed that Mrs. Penlust did not bring me at least three stories for my private delectation, in addition to the prescribed class assignment. And when they were returned to her with terse and curt comments, she remained, at least outwardly, as im-

perturbable, as determined, as assured as ever.

Before the semester was over, I became convinced that an understanding between Mrs. Penlust and me was inevitable. My conscience spurred on my befuddled and exasperated mind. Mrs. Penlust, in common with the other members of the class, was paying ten dollars for my instruction, and verily she was profiting nothing therefrom. Her shabby red hat which sat too high on her head either for the season or for her especial face, her taupe coat of worn broadcloth with its dowdy shawl collar, her frayed cotton gloves — these things touched my heart as well as my head. Reason and emotion together prompted me to have it out with Mrs. Penlust, and one November evening after class was dismissed I summoned her with dreadful embarrassment to my office.

But I might have spared myself the forebodings that had been gnawing at my peace. Mrs. Penlust was clothed in impregnable calm and remained so during the interview.

'I'm just trying to make you see, Mrs. Penlust,' said I for the tenth time at least, 'that in my opinion you are wasting your money. It's hard for me to say this, and I'm sure it's hard for you to hear it, but — well, I fear you will never learn to write a story; in fact, I know it's impossible.'

'I don't,' she returned. 'I just lay down what you've said to a difference of opinion, and it don't hurt me one mite. As I see it, I could n't spend ten dollars better. I'm getting all kinds of practice by the lessons I assign myself, and even if I don't agree with your remarks on my papers, I'm sure they're interesting. And it's got so now I just *see* stories in everything I do and everywhere I go. So don't you worry over me. The fact is, I've got one now that I'm sure you can't help liking. It's called "Bleeding Hearts." It came to me in a queer way,' — she hesitated, — 'but there! I'm going to surprise you with it. What I'd like to ask now is what you mean by this comment on "His Dark-Skinned Bride." It probably has some sense to it, but I can't make it out.'

III

'Bleeding Hearts' brought matters to a head between Mrs. Penlust and me, caused our temporary alienation, and finally brought us again together, she triumphant, I in an emotional state perhaps best characterized as 'a wild surmise.' She wrote her story, if such it could be called, in time to present it to me at the meeting of the class immediately preceding the Christmas recess. It was presumably intended as a seasonal remembrance, since it was magnanimously, if not truthfully, dedicated 'To One Who Makes My Pathway Brighter.'

Under those circumstances it seems ungracious of me to state that 'Bleeding Hearts' was, if anything, worse than its many predecessors. But I must be candid if there is to be any point in this presentation of Mrs. Penlust. I have read many bad stories in my time, written by myself and by others; I have read as a teacher, as a judge in contests, as the member of an editorial staff. I know too well how this lust for writing attacks and slays its thousands and its tens of thousands. But never in my varied experience have I read before or since so extraordinarily bad a story as 'Bleeding Hearts' by Mrs. Amelia Penlust.

Like most of its author's work, it had no plan, no form, no beginning, and no end; it boasted of no point of view, it maintained no unity; in fact, had Mrs. Penlust set herself to break every canon of short-story construction, she

could not have done better. And its would-be æsthetic qualities were worse than its technical. Mrs. Penlust had here given rein to her feelings, and her story in all respects fulfilled its mellow title.

It is impossible to give any adequate synopsis of 'Bleeding Hearts,' and yet an attempt is necessary if the reader is to appreciate fully its author's triumph in marketing it. It was a brief narrative, Mrs. Penlust possessing an irritating penchant for the short-short-story genre. Its hero was called Norman Van Rensaellar; its heroine, his wife, Ruby. It opened on a morning in May, blithe, sun-kissed. Norman is glimpsed at the outset running down the white marble steps of a palatial suburban home. From his distraught manner, sleepless eyes, and disarranged attire we are to imagine him in a perturbed state of mind. He carries a suitcase, the articles in which Mrs. Penlust carefully enumerates and from which we are to gather that he contemplates an extended absence from home. Norman's progress is just here somewhat arbitrarily interrupted by Mrs. Penlust's careful explanation that Ruby is bathed in tears in the room upstairs, that room which has housed and nourished their happy married life. There has been, in the succinct words of the author, 'some trouble between them.'

But — and here we sense an early if unprepared-for climax — as he nears the gate of his expensive and perfectly appointed house, Norman is halted by the ravishing sight of bleeding hearts in full flower. There they stand, glistening with dew and sunlight, the very emblem to Mrs. Penlust as to Norman of perfect married love. Norman drops his suitcase, careless of its contents, and pauses with bared head beside them. And as he gazes, a passage from the Scriptures leaps into his distressed mind, a passage chronicling another and weightier Revelation: 'And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.'

A bit over-fetched? Perhaps. But it satisfied Mrs. Penlust's inherent piety, and it worked a miracle upon Norman. For, leaving his suitcase by the bleeding hearts, he rushes, still with bared head, up the broad driveway, up the marble steps, up the curved stairs, and — is reunited in new and deeper understanding with Ruby.

This, in brief, was 'Bleeding Hearts,' the consummation of Mrs. Penlust's art, and, alas! the representation of the sum-total of my patient instruction.

IV

I well knew that a second and more final conference was imminent between Mrs. Penlust and me, and I steeled myself for it. It came on a cold January evening immediately following the reopening of the term. As Mrs. Penlust entered my office and I saw the increased shabbiness of her winter coat and hat, my heart smote my harassed mind and begged for leniency. But, I told myself, I must be firm, as kind as might be, but *firm*.

'And now,' she began, drawing a chair to my side, 'am I right? Is n't "Bleeding Hearts" out and away my best work to date?'

I stalled for time and courage.

'Where,' said I to Mrs. Penlust, 'did you get the idea for this story?'

She visibly brightened through her gold-rimmed spectacles, and I cursed myself for cowardice.

'It *is* original, is n't it? Well, if you ask me that, all I can say is that it came to me as — well, as kind of a vision. That's all I can call it. I was sitting one day — just doing nothing — in a kind of waiting state, I should say, when suddenly it came. Don't ask me how. It's one of those things one can't

explain. A light sort of broke in upon me — I declare it made me think of Paul on the road to Damascus — and, like him, I asked no questions. I just went and wrote as I was told to do.'

I summoned my fast-fleeing strength of mind and purpose.

'I'm afraid, Mrs. Penlust,' I said, trying vainly to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, 'that — that, as a story, it's pretty bad.'

She stared at me all uncomprehending, half angry, half careless of my judgment, obviously suspicious of my reverence for visions.

'But,' she cried, 'poor stories don't come that way — in a flash. It seems like you were almost doubting — well, God, if I must speak plainly.'

'I'm sorry, Mrs. Penlust,' I began again. 'I know I seem very hard to you. God, I'm sure, moves in mysterious ways; in fact, I've never been so sure as at this moment. But, if you'll forgive me, I must think that in this matter my judgment is more to be depended on than your — vision, as you call it. Now I don't know that I can tell you everything that is wrong with this story, but I'll do my best.'

Then Mrs. Penlust gathered together her gloves, her dog-eared old notebook, her fountain pen, before she rose with superlative dignity and calm.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I won't trouble you. It would only be uncomfortable for us both, you see, since we're both so sure we're right. I'm going to sell "Bleeding Hearts." I'm as sure of it as I'm sure I am standing here in this office. And you're sure I'm not. Is n't that so?'

'Yes,' I said. 'I'm sorry to say it, but I never was more sure of anything in all my life.'

Mrs. Penlust smiled, a benign, irritating smile which held within itself unmistakable pity.

'I think I'll go,' she said. 'I see I'm — on your nerves, so to speak. I've enjoyed your course. The only thing I wish is that you had more faith in what we might call inspiration. That's what I've missed in you all along.'

I rose and extended my hand.

'Is it good-bye for good, Mrs. Penlust? You've been very patient. I'm sorry I have n't been able to do more for you.'

Again I was conscious of a patronage which diffused itself into every corner, of a self-confidence impervious to any kind of insult.

'I will return,' quoth Mrs. Penlust like an avenging Spirit in some ancient tale, 'when I have sold "Bleeding Hearts." So it's not good-bye for good. It's — I know — what the Germans say when they are to meet again. A friend told me. *Auf Wiedersehen.* I'm bound to see you again, so that's what I'll say. *Auf Wiedersehen.*'

V

I had not counted Mrs. Penlust's return among the unpredictable things in my experience. In fact, I was so certain and so glad that she had gone for good that, beyond placing her in my mind as one of those incredible offerings of life and telling of her with glee to several congenial companions, I had quite ceased to think of her at all. Hence, when one evening just as the spring term was closing I saw through the opaque glass of my office door the unmistakable outline of her red hat, I was as one who attempts to recall an uncomfortable and chaotic dream. She entered in response to my dazed summons, holding in her hand a pink slip of paper and in her eyes a triumphant gleam.

'I told you I should come,' she said simply, and yet with what eloquence! 'I have sold "Bleeding Hearts."'

Then it was that I became conscious of strange Powers in my office, capricious forces that played havoc with all rules of the game, mischievous servants of Chance which, setting at naught her just deserts, had chosen in an odd moment to exalt Mrs. Penlust at my expense, sly spinners of the tangled web of Destiny. What chance had my sober judgments against their machinations? Mechanically I took the check which she handed to me. It was unmistakably made to her order. The amount was three dollars and fifty cents.

'Where,' I asked weakly, 'did you sell it?'

'To a seed catalogue,' said Mrs. Penlust.

Then once again I knew that laws, moral and ethical, had been somehow set aside for the squat figure of Mrs. Amelia May Penlust in her red hat. It became suddenly necessary to believe in visions. For what else could possibly explain the inspiration of a seed catalogue as a market for 'Bleeding Hearts'?

'I did not know,' I said more weakly, 'that seed catalogues published fiction.'

'Nor did I,' said Mrs. Penlust. 'I think it's very unusual. But they are using it to accompany their colored illustration of bleeding hearts. And they're very enthusiastic about it; in fact, they're giving it the place of honor.'

'And how,' I asked, 'did you ever think of sending it there?'

There were both dignity and reproach in Mrs. Penlust's voice and manner as she looked upon me sadly, for the last time.

'I did n't,' she said. 'I did n't think at all. The trouble with you is, if you'll excuse me, that you *think* too much. The seed catalogue was part of the vision, and, like Paul, I obeyed it.'

CREED OF A SCHOOLMASTER

BY CLAUDE M. FUESS

I

WHAT we call education is to-day in a state of transition and confusion — not, however, because of a lack of prophets. Experts rush hither and thither to conferences, elucidating theories which, if applied to existing problems, would, according to their proponents, rehabilitate our chaotic society. Questionnaires are solemnly prepared and as solemnly filled out. Statistics are requested, collected, codified, and correlated with a perseverance which would be encouraging if it were not so monotonous. Meanwhile bewildered parents have their choice among widely advertised panaceas, each of which is advocated by a sponsor who looks with only faintly disguised hostility upon all his rival theorists. One intelligent gentleman assures me on Monday that the study of Latin is the foundation of all genuine culture. Another, equally dogmatic, informs me on Tuesday that the attempt to master Latin grammar is a waste of precious hours because the highway to wisdom is indubitably paved by the sciences. To these doctrinaires it is fitting to reply in the spirit, if not the actual words, of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, when Boswell asked him provocatively what subject children should be taught first, answered, 'Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the meantime your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another child has learned them both.'

One trouble with the situation is that too much emphasis is being laid on systems. Many educators are ambitious to standardize methods and achieve a national uniformity by training children like privates in an immense army. Everybody recalls the story — probably apocryphal — of the French Minister of Education who boasted that, at precisely twenty-one minutes after ten o'clock on the morning of Thursday, January 17, four hundred thousand French boys and girls were answering the same question on the causes of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. If such homogeneity could be attained in the United States, conditions might temporarily be simplified; but the ultimate results would be less pleasing. Processes may be too highly extolled. Routine may be too much glorified. Our educational renaissance, when or if it comes, will not be fathered by a formula.

It would be preposterous, no doubt, to maintain that courses of study and schedules of work are not important. It makes a vast difference to a boy's future whether he majors in languages or in the sciences. Clearly it would have been criminal to drill Thomas Babington Macaulay as a mathematician or Woodrow Wilson as an elec-

trical engineer. But what is taught to a lad is not so important as who teaches it. We have been worrying too much about methods and too little about men. The right kind of teacher will triumph over any system and make the dullest subject seem significant. As for pedagogical procedure, I am certain that, to paraphrase Kipling,

> There are nine and sixty ways of teaching in these days,
> And every single one of them is right.

Headmasters are always in quest of good teachers. Unfortunately, the measuring of success in teaching by any scale of inquisitive tests is, despite some incorrigible optimists, virtually impossible. If you manufacture stockings, any would-be purchaser can examine the hosiery for appearance and durability. If you perfect a new type of razor, the public can try its efficiency. But who can accurately determine the responsibility for the product sent out by teachers? Who knows how much the pupil has contributed and how much the instructor? Some students would have done well no matter who presided in the classroom. Others could not have learned anything, anywhere, from anybody. Teachers have to be judged in part by what their pupils do on examinations, but even more by general impressions, as we estimate statesmen or musicians. After a man has taught for ten years, his acquaintances usually can tell whether he is succeeding. The real truth should be sought from those who have sat under him.

In the long run, schools and colleges win and retain prestige chiefly through their teachers. Such professors as Sumner at Yale, Perry at Williams, Garman at Amherst, and James at Harvard have been more valuable to their institutions than vast stadiums or rows of buildings. We have been living through an era when every kindergarten and university has been concentrating on brick and mortar, on libraries and dining halls and laboratories. All this is very well, and the nation is the better for it. But these luxuries are not indispensable. No matter what his surroundings may be or what facilities may be provided by generous trustees, Mr. Wackford Squeers is bound to do damage to his pupils. It is equally certain that Saunderson of Oundle will make an army barracks seem a home of learning. In education, what is needed most is men.

II

If this is true, it may be worth while trying to ascertain the qualities which make for success in teaching — not specious or ephemeral success, but enduring distinction. During many years of exposure to the instruction and friendship of teachers, I have discovered that the ablest of them are often strikingly dissimilar in personal traits. Some are rigid disciplinarians; others seem to care very little about order. Some are dreamy; others are practical, even worldly. Some are lively and talkative; others are quiet and reticent. Some are always well dressed; others are careless and slovenly in their appearance. When a group of them assemble, they represent many types and inheritances and racial backgrounds. They include radicals and conservatives, poor and rich, the humble and the proud.

Seldom, even in the army, does any mere mortal enjoy more complete domination over his fellows than does the teacher — at least in a preparatory school. His authority may be brief, but it is not little. He may, if the whim strikes him, make or mar another's career. By a decision entirely arbitrary and often not subject to appeal, he can turn a keen-minded freshman

into a sulky, resentful sophomore. On the other hand, he may, under propitious circumstances, stimulate in a few of his pupils a yearning

> To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

Wielding such power, a teacher ought never to forget his responsibility. He must be worthy of wielding the magisterial sceptre.

In no occupation, furthermore, can a bully, a bigot, or an idler do more harm than in schoolmastering. Parents will take the utmost pains to investigate the professional record of the dentist or the surgeon on whom they rely for the rectification of their child's physical defects, but are far less concerned about the specialists who are to have his mind and soul under their charge. An incompetent assistant in a hospital soon gets a letter of dismissal, but a misfit in teaching may spend his days in making the pursuit of knowledge duller and duller. It is difficult for a headmaster to get rid of an inefficient instructor, especially if the instructor has once settled down in his job. Thus it is that in many schools teachers who are notoriously incapable still draw salaries and spread evil around them.

The real victims are, of course, the pupils — who always know what is going on. If a teacher is lazy or irritable or stupid, they soon find it out. If he is a blusterer or a coward, a sneak or a sycophant, he cannot long conceal his weakness from their sharp eyes. If he could only hear the conversations which are carried on about him in fraternity houses or around the fireside, he might meditate reform — or suicide. He may deceive himself into imagining that he has avoided detection, but he is compassed about with a cloud of witnesses who may later, when the fear of an 'F' has been left behind, disclose all that they have seen. Boys, like men, can never do their best for a master whom they secretly despise.

III

But it is very easy to criticize, and correspondingly difficult to offer constructive comment. It ought to be possible to suggest certain attributes which should contribute to success in the teaching profession. Obviously it is essential that a teacher should be familiar with his subject, whether it be algebra or Spanish literature. Profound scholarship and teaching ability are not necessarily synonymous, as every college graduate is aware. There may be such a thing as knowing too much, so that one is entangled in details and unable to discern tendencies and principles. On the whole, however, the more thorough his preparation, the more extensive his research, the more effective a teacher ought to be; and he must know enough to earn and hold the respect of his students. If he slips too often on dates or has not read an important book, they become suspicious — and suspicion is the herald of contempt.

Once a teacher is caught 'bluffing,' his influence with his class is gone. If he confesses frankly that he has not read *Ethan Frome* or that he never heard of rachitis, he may still keep their regard; but not if he tells them that Edith Wharton wrote *Babbitt* or that ichthyology is concerned with flowers and trees. Always some bright, bespectacled Rollo consults the encyclopædia and transmits the results gleefully to his mates. To them ignorance is explicable, but sham is not likely to be forgiven.

Sincerity, or trustworthiness, or the gift of inspiring confidence, should be an intrinsic quality in a teacher. He starts with a great advantage over his students — he is older, more experi-

enced, and therefore presumably wiser than they, and they realize it. If they are certain that his motives are honest and that he is trying his level best, they can overlook his mistakes, provided that he does not make too many of them. One of the best classes I ever knew was conducted by a friend of mine who, unexpectedly asked by the headmaster to take over a group of boys in geometry, acknowledged to them that he had almost forgotten the subject, but would promise to keep at least two days ahead of them through the term. They liked his spirit, and everything went smoothly. He had sacrificed his reputation for omniscience, but had risen in their estimation.

Many otherwise brilliant teachers fail because they lack patience. They expect all their pupils to seize the point after the first explanation; they even somewhat resent having to repeat what seems to them a very simple postulate. It is so easy, from a position of superior knowledge or appreciation, to develop unconsciously an attitude verging on superciliousness. Sometimes we are fortunate enough to be taught a lesson ourselves. Once, when I had spent several minutes explaining to a boy the technical construction of Shelley's 'Ode to the West Wind,' I spoke to him rather caustically about his failure to apprehend what I had been trying to say. He looked a trifle discomfited, but made no reply. A few days later, I was attempting desperately on a very cold morning to start my car, and the same lad, passing the garage door and observing my futile movements, came in. 'Can I help you, sir?' he inquired courteously. Embarrassed, I grunted a noncommittal response; whereupon he lifted the radiator hood, peered into the bowels of the engine, took from his pocket a small screw driver, made one or two motions, and said, 'I think it'll go now, sir.' Sure enough, it did. Then he expounded to me, with the forbearance of a father instructing his child, some mystery of the carburetor which I could not apprehend. Observing my perplexity, he directed my attention to the mechanism itself and, without the slightest trace of annoyance, showed me what had been wrong. He was a better teacher than I had been. To this day, when a boy wrinkles his forehead over the difference between a metaphor and a synecdoche, I remember the carburetor, moderate my wrath, and start again.

Patience is largely the by-product of sympathy, and cannot be long maintained unless a teacher recalls his own boyhood and artless approaches to knowledge. If he is sensible, he will not expect that immature minds will reveal the mentality, the logic, the gift of generalization, the grasp of detail, which appear in maturity. Realizing that the intellectual qualities of adults accrue in the normal continuity of growth, he will neither pity nor disdain those whose perceptions are not so rapid as his own. If he does, he should transfer to another profession where he will be pitted against his equals in age and development. The aversion with which men of the world — bankers, lawyers, and manufacturers — often regard a teacher is due to their detection in him of a dogmatism and complacency unconsciously created in him by daily contact with inferior minds. It is easy for a first-class brain to become annoyed at sluggishness or unresponsiveness in others; but a teacher must learn to forget his own endowments and to put himself in the place of his pupils. This is one of the renunciations to which he should pledge himself when he chooses schoolmastering as a career.

With sympathy belongs tact — the instinct which directs a teacher to use

sternness or persuasion, reproof or encouragement. One of the lowest forms of human life is the professorial bully whose temper is not under control. I have known cases where a sensitive youngster, at the mere preliminary rumble of the tyrant's voice, has shivered with fear. Perhaps there are some types of boys who deserve verbal castigation, just as there are animals that can learn only through a sound beating. But the tongue, always an unruly member, is a dangerous weapon, and a cowardly one when conditions allow the victim no retaliation. If modern psychology has done nothing else, it has revealed how enduring are some of the emotional wounds received in childhood. The teacher with a gift for satirical speech should exercise it, not in his recitation room, but in his home or at his club, where his word is not invariably law.

IV

Nothing is more destructive of a teacher's influence than the belief that he plays favorites or cherishes prejudices. He must be just, with a leaning toward mercy. It is well for him to be very certain of his facts before he brings charges or inflicts punishment. 'Uncle Sam' Taylor, at Andover, a pedagogue skilled in the brutality of the mid-nineteenth century, was accustomed after morning chapel to utter the ominous announcement, 'The following individuals are requested to remain!' — terminating it with a list of those who had been guilty of the infraction of some rule. Once, when a lad appeared trembling before him, the principal roared, 'Palmer, you're reading too many novels!' The unhappy boy, who had never read a book of fiction in all his fifteen years, had strength enough to protest, but the master turned a deaf ear and sent him away with an admonition. 'Uncle Sam' had suspected the lad and had taken this way of substantiating his charges. He thought himself justified, but the boy never forgot the incident and was accustomed half a century later to denounce the despot who had treated him so inconsiderately.

An Olympian fairness is difficult for a teacher to preserve. Boys are not always prepossessing. Some are maculate, some are rude, a few are disturbing because of graceless mannerisms. In such instances, teachers are often obliged to force themselves to be even-tempered. When boys are constantly whining or objecting, when they waste precious minutes in meaningless argumentation, the provocation for a teacher to explode is almost irresistible. Yet he must, in spite of an overwhelming urge, maintain a judicial equanimity. If he does allow his marking to be affected by friendships or animosities, the school will soon know it. Possibly the highest compliment which a boy can pay a master is to say, 'Well, old Mud Puppy is a bear-cat, but he's on the square!'

A teacher without a well-regulated sense of humor is doomed ultimately to desiccation. Time is merciless to the pompous pedagogue who takes himself seriously and moves from recitation to recitation without a smile. In moments of tension a jest — not too antiquated — will dissipate the clouds and make everybody forget his worries. The only relief a teacher can be sure of in reading themes is the amusement which comes from some colossal blunder or egregious 'boner.'

It was well worth while for me to ask my boys to write heroic couplets, if only because one of them was delivered of the following authentic masterpiece: —

Her eyes were jade, her neck was like the swan;
And that's the neck I do my necking on.

It was only yesterday that another described the 'turgid superfluity' of the age of Johnson, thus adding a new phrase to literary criticism.

In the management of a class, a teacher should be able to keep his audience good-natured without resorting to buffoonery, always avoiding, of course, the sneering laugh of ridicule. He should be warned, however, by the example of the Greek professor who related the same anecdote for forty years at the same point in Lysias, with the result that those freshmen who inherited annotated textbooks were able to anticipate the rust-covered tale and begin to chuckle before the climax had been reached. The teacher who is merely a 'wise-cracker' or a punster will find his pupils laughing at him instead of with him.

A bored teacher will obviously have a bored class. On the other hand, vitality and enthusiasm are infectious and act like yeast to stir dullards into animation. To treat the 'Ode to a Nightingale' properly, a teacher must approach the immortal stanzas with reverence and warmth of emotion. Only thus can he inspire other readers with his own passion for poetry. Never except with reluctance have I assigned *Pilgrim's Progress* to my students. As a child, I felt a hatred for Christian when, ignoring the cries of his wife and family, he stuck his fingers stolidly in his ears and ran off to seek salvation. This incident, showing incredible indifference to his nearest relatives, disclosed such unmitigated selfishness that I could not for years read beyond that point in the narrative; and even now I could not teach the book with any real zest.

The normal youth of sixteen or eighteen has been hardened to resist instruction and submits to it unwillingly. But he will respond to enthusiasm when he feels it to be sincere. 'Georgie' Olds, at Amherst, used to talk about charts and graphs with a kind of lyrical devotion; and I once sat under a Latin instructor who transformed Cæsar's *Commentaries* into a living chronicle of history. An exceptionally gifted teacher once told me, in strict confidence, that if he could not get a salary for his services he would be glad to pay the school for allowing him to retain his position. This crusader would have set an example which, as a fellow practitioner, I do not wish publicly to approve; but one must admit that such a missionary spirit is as commendable as it is uncommon. Nobody is more deadening than the teacher who pursues day after day the same routine, until his pupils sit down at their desks without curiosity and get up from them with delight. No profession requires more long-continued and unfading ardor. A teacher without enthusiasm is as discouraging as a flat tire.

The young are quick to recognize and respond to the essential humanity in a teacher. He can do little if his pupils do not perceive in him a person constructed like themselves, somewhat older and more scarred, but still struggling in the toils of half-truths and doubts, and still seizing every opportunity to learn. When a boy hears his French professor swear softly over a missed putt, he is drawn to his elder by a magnetic touch of nature. There may be cases where austerity and studied aloofness make a teacher seem like a demigod, with the power which comes from unreality. But in the end he will accomplish more if he conducts himself as a man, and not as 'a very superior person.' A leading Eastern headmaster was once escorting a guest over the grounds of his institution. When they returned to the inn, the head asked, 'What impressed you most about the school?' 'Well,' re-

plied the visitor, 'I was struck by the fact that some of your staff looked as though they could earn a living in some other job.'

That's what the average undergraduate wants — a professor who could have been successful in business, in journalism, or in banking, but who preferred to teach.

The best teachers have a strong appeal to the imagination. Geometrical formulas and chemical experiments we all forget; but in our memories lingers the portrait of some picturesque figure who showed us how to work, and handed down to us the thrill of his passion and knowledge. Such a teacher achieves a kind of immortality in minds made better by his presence. Professor Garman, at Amherst, electrified whole generations of collegians, building up in them an ineradicable disposition to weigh evidence, balance motives, and face the truth. I can close my eyes now and visualize another professor, a big, rather awkward man, rough in his exterior, unpopular with his associates because of his outspokenness, who read Wordsworth's 'The Solitary Reaper' with such consummate artistry that the beautiful lines acquired an added magic from his voice.

V

In the final analysis, teaching is a fine art, akin to acting. The really skilled teacher enters his classroom in a mood of alertness, like a man entering on a new adventure. As he proceeds, he is quick to shift both tempo and manner if things are not going well. He is ready to galvanize the drowsy with a joke and to stir the indolent by Socratic interrogation. He makes explanations in language which can be understood, answering questions patiently when he believes them to be well meant. By some sixth sense, he recognizes the query aimed solely at consuming time, and he eludes the trickery to which healthy American boys resort if they find that a master can be victimized. Like the actor, the teacher must, for an hour, throw himself into his part — but he has to walk his stage alone. Rules and systems will avail him little. Only his personality can make him successful.

How is one to paint a word portrait of the ideal teacher? He should be intelligent but not pedantic, dignified but not pompous, firm but not intolerant. He should be young enough to remember his boyhood, but old enough to have put aside childish things. With all his scholarship, he should be aware that it would be a sad world if all his pupils were trained to be teachers — like himself. He should not be ashamed to possess or disclose his ideals, but should temper them with practicality. He should be able, outside his own bailiwick, to mix with other people on even terms, without self-consciousness, superciliousness, or timidity. He should maintain at all costs his patience, his sympathy, and his sense of humor. If, in addition, he has energy and optimism, he should be qualified to secure and hold a position, and leave behind him a place in the memories of alumni.

It will make little difference where such a man functions, whether in a gorgeous lecture hall or in an ancient classroom, with the desks carved by generations of undergraduates. He may never get a medal or an honorary degree, but his spirit will remain alive long after his body rests in the local cemetery.

TAMMANY HALL, INC.

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

I

TAMMANY HALL has continued to operate at a profit during the depression, and thus is unique among business institutions. Its dividend payments have probably been smaller since the golden dream of a New Economic Era vanished late in 1929. Even 'the great City of New York, the fairest and richest of cities,' as Tammany spellbinders describe the source of all profits, has been forced toward a degree of economy within recent months. Fewer bridges are being built; less land is being acquired by the lucrative condemnation process. But Tammany Hall, Inc., is still doing moderately well. Its financial position is sound.

As a business institution, Tammany operates with specific advantages. It is not precisely accurate to say that any municipal machine enjoys a monopoly. Tammany, for instance, must permit occasional, very much smaller, profits to reach beneficiaries closely allied to the rival Republican organization; otherwise unpleasant reprisals might result and salutary deals could not be made. On the other hand, the Wigwam is not required to make annual reports. Its earnings are secret. Its common stock (I speak in fanciful terms, obviously) is very narrowly held. Tammany's greatest asset, held in common with all other large political machines, is an underlying system which does not change.

In one form or another, some of them legal, Tammany grows wealthy at the expense of New York's taxpayers. The methods have been altered, to a degree, in the decades since the Tweed Ring inspired the savage artistry of Thomas Nast and lifted Samuel J. Tilden to those rarefied heights from which, in the shimmering distance, the White House may be seen. Some of the methods have changed, but the principle has not. Improved devices for extraction of profit come to light whenever a legislative investigation is directed against New York's government. The latest is the one conducted by Samuel Seabury, former Judge of the New York Court of Appeals.

A State Senator named George Washington Plunkitt, the most famous philosopher in Tammany's history, attempted to define 'honest graft' about thirty years ago. Dishonest graft, he said, consisted of tribute levied upon thieves, gamblers, and keepers of disorderly houses. Honest graft lay in the profits available to a city official as a result of special knowledge inherent in his daily labors. He could purchase land soon to be needed for a park or street. He could sell supplies to a city department and add a little to the normal price.

'Why,' asked the honest Senator, 'should the Tammany leaders go into dirty business when there is so much honest graft lying around? If my worst enemy was given the job of

writing my epitaph, he could do no more than write: "George W. Plunkitt. He Seen His Opportunities, and He Took 'Em."'

The distinction, alas, is specious. It also happens to be untrue, as we shall see. It may be assumed, I think, that no important Tammany leader profits directly to-day from commercialized vice. Nor does he, so far as the evidence shows, deflect into tin boxes or hidden vaults a share of the local speak-easy profits. But the underlings are permitted to participate. Police officers extort money from prostitutes. Slimy little lawyers reap rich harvests from the unfortunates seized by the law. Furtive bail-bond specialists haunt, like vermin, the corridors of city jails. An army of racketeers preys upon fish merchants, undertakers, poultry dealers, barbers, window cleaners, and shirt makers.

II

The people of New York have to-day a clearer picture of Tammany's operations than at any time since the Reverend Charles H. Parkhurst thundered in 1892 that bawdy houses and gambling dens 'flourish . . . almost as thick as the roses of Sharon.' The evidence against Tammany has been piling up for almost three years. It started with the judiciary scandals in October 1929. One city Magistrate was found to have accepted a loan from the notorious and recently murdered Arnold Rothstein. Another was indicted for using the mails to defraud. It soon became clear that the Magistrates' Courts, the supposed seat of justice for the poor, were in serious need of disinfection.

In August 1930, Judge Seabury was selected by the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court as a referee to pass on evidence of corruption and inefficiency in the Magistrates' Courts. This was the first of three major inquiries which Seabury was to dominate. The next was into the competency of District Attorney Thomas C. T. Crain of New York County. The third was an examination of New York's city government.

As a result of the first investigation several additional Magistrates fled or were removed, their judicial robes flying in undignified retreat. Incredible bank accounts amassed by supposedly impecunious police officers were brought to light. Judge Seabury's major indictment, however, was his presentation of 'the hideous caricature which parades as justice in these courts.' Tammany Hall, fortified by the complacent agreement of the New York Republican organization, had debauched the bench. Elevations were made as rewards for political service. The applicant for Magistrate, to quote Judge Seabury again, 'stood abjectly . . . before the political District Leader, begging his recommendation to Tammany Hall.' If the minor boss approved, the candidate was selected. So with clerks and court attendants. Civil service provisions, where they existed, were evaded. Acceptance of graft was the rule rather than the exception. The administration of the Magistrates' Court, said Seabury, is 'a part of the political spoils system.'

The Magistrate was in debt to his District Leader, who, in turn, was under obligation to the henchmen who aided him on election day. Political debts, like 'debts of honor,' are virtually always paid. When the henchmen ran afoul of the law, intercession was made for them. It did not take Seabury long to discover that a word at the political club 'is much more potent in the disposition of cases than the merits . . . or the services of the best lawyer.' Gambling flourished. District Leaders and their lieutenants had unquestioned access to judges.

'That,' explained one Tammany boss, 'is the way we make Democrats.'

The bearing of this on Tammany's ability to pay dividends is direct. Through the courts swarmed the extraordinary disciples of Blackstone known as 'district club lawyers.' They belonged to the neighborhood clubs. Their retention as counsel was suggested by clerks and attendants, and the resulting fees were shared with those worthies. This graft was wrung from the poor and bewildered. A rich source of profit lay in arrangements with bondsmen. Confused and terrified, the average defendant first seeks to obtain bail. He does not know how to effect this, and the Tammany henchman thrives on his ignorance. Again, the clerk or attendant steps in. A bondsman is suggested. An exorbitant fee is charged and part of it goes to the court officer.

Greed makes men merciless. The money which came from the ordinary flow of business was not enough; greater riches could be achieved by artificially increasing the number of arraignments in the Magistrates' Courts. The innocent as well as the guilty could be arrested — for imagined crimes. It would be unfair to accuse Tammany's inner circle or to say that they profited personally from the loathsome practices of the police Vice Squad. It is enough to point out that Tammany has, for more than ten years, been in unquestioned command of the police department. Testimony brought out by Seabury showed that officers of the Vice Squad had conspired with stool pigeons and informers to arrest girls against whom no evidence existed. In some instances the police extorted money from these girls in return for release. More frequently the girls were thrown among the vultures of the Magistrates' Courts — the lawyers and bail-bond men and fixers. In any event, the police shared. Five officers, according to an examination of their bank accounts, accumulated a total of $500,000 in a few years.

III

Such are some of the practices which Tammany Hall condones or encourages. The second Seabury inquiry, into the official acts of District Attorney Crain, cast additional light upon the phenomena of New York. In fairness to Mr. Crain, whose selection by Tammany as prosecutor had been preceded by a long and honorable judicial career, it should be noted that Judge Seabury did not recommend his removal. But it is axiomatic that a political machine which does not control the prosecutor's office is impotent; I have often thought that Tammany would sacrifice the Mayoralty, if it were necessary, to secure a victory for District Attorney.

Control can be achieved through a District Attorney who lacks vigor as well as through one who is corrupt. The City Club of New York filed charges with Governor Roosevelt which set forth that Mr. Crain's conduct had been 'incompetent, inefficient, and futile, with the result that the machinery of prosecution has failed to function properly and the administration of the criminal law . . . has been brought into disrepute.' Judge Seabury could not find merit in all the accusations of the City Club. He did find that Mr. Crain's attempts to end racketeering had resulted in 'a complete and abject surrender by the law-enforcing authorities in New York.'

The situation at the Fulton Fish Market may be cited as typical. A very high percentage of all fish sold in New York passes through this market. It is handled by union workmen who

have wage agreements with the wholesale and retail distributors. According to Judge Seabury's investigation, it has been the custom of gangsters to interfere. They have notified dealers that the wage agreements would not be renewed unless payments were forthcoming. These reached, for wholesalers, as high as several thousand dollars a year. Six hundred retailers paid from forty dollars to fifty dollars annually to ensure delivery of fish. These extortionists were not legitimate labor leaders. Their scheme was to terrorize the workers and the employers alike.

'The extortions of the racketeer,' Judge Seabury concluded, 'are, like taxes or charges enhancing cost, shifted to the consumer.'

It is hard to believe that Tammany, with its influence in the courts, did not profit from these myriad forms of racketeering.

IV

Judge Seabury, having accumulated vast stores of information in the earlier studies, was logically engaged as counsel in the legislative investigation. The committee of inquiry was known as the Hofstadter Committee because State Senator Samuel H. Hofstadter was chairman. Exhaustive preliminaries were made possible by total appropriations of $750,000. Judge Seabury gathered together a staff of able and enthusiastic young lawyers, and the work was well under way by the spring of 1931. The climax came when New York's playboy Mayor took the stand last May and denied allegations that he, too, had shared in the profits of Tammany Hall, Inc. The formal demand for his removal by Governor Roosevelt followed.

It is impossible, within the limits of this summary, to describe all of the methods by which Tammany enriches itself. It seems sensible, therefore, to focus attention first on the 1932 variants of Senator Plunkitt's 'honest graft.' A modern metropolis is vastly more complicated than the New York which Bosses Tweed, Croker, and Murphy ruled. The hazards of congestion have made necessary regulations regarding the height of buildings, the location of garages and filling stations, the division of the city into districts limited to residential houses or to business structures. A city body, the Board of Standards and Appeals, has supervision of these building and zoning regulations. It can grant favors, under the guise of legal exceptions, to builders upon whom Tammany smiles. Its members, five in number, are political appointees. Let us watch the Board of Standards and Appeals in operation.

Fred F. French, a New York builder, was ready in 1926 to start his Tudor City development east of Grand Central terminal. This was a project of magnitude; its consummation required various applications to the Board of Standards and Appeals. The boss of Tammany Hall in 1926 was George W. Olvany, a former judge of the General Sessions Court. Mr. Olvany was also engaged in the practice of law; the name of his firm was Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly. At the suggestion of the Olvany firm, according to testimony before the Hofstadter Committee, Mr. French engaged Frederick J. Flynn, an attorney, to present his case to the Board of Standards and Appeals.

Three applications were made to this board and two to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, the city's principal governing body. In all five proceedings Flynn was the attorney of record, and in each of them his petition was approved. The French interests paid $50,000, by check, to Flynn, and on two occasions Flynn

handed $20,000 in cash to Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly. The next $10,000 was delivered to the Olvany firm by check, but one of the partners promptly exchanged it at the bank for a cashier's check. The final $25,000 of an agreed $75,000 was paid after Olvany had ceased to be leader of the Wigwam. This time there was no hocus-pocus. A check was sent directly to Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly. Flynn's share of the $75,000 was $4000.

Judge Seabury declared this 'illustrative of the practice followed by the Olvany firm in the handling of its cases before the Board of Standards and Appeals and other city departments.' During the period of Olvany's leadership, according to counsel for the Hofstadter Committee, petitioners before the Board of Standards and Appeals paid fees of about $250,000 to attorneys ostensibly representing them. These same attorneys remitted some $200,000 of this amount to Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly. They made the payments in cash or in cashier's checks, and thereby hid the trail.

This was not illegal. Olvany's explanation, when he was summoned by the Hofstadter Committee, was suave, but not, in Seabury's opinion, easy to believe. The ex-boss of Tammany admitted that he had called William E. Walsh, chairman of the Board of Standards and Appeals, to the Wigwam on Union Square, the home office of Tammany Hall, Inc. Yes, he said, they had discussed cases pending before the board. But never, he added, had these included applications in which Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly were interested. On the contrary, all mention of such delicate subjects was avoided. The credibility of such testimony is properly judged, of course, with the jumble of cash payments and cashier's checks in mind. It is also significant that Olvany, although formerly a high judicial officer, declined access to the accounts of his firm.

'Your committee,' wrote Judge Seabury in his intermediate report, 'was . . . able . . . to establish numerous instances of Judge Olvany's sale of his political influence, and to show that, between the time he became Leader of Tammany Hall and November 5, 1931, his firm banked upwards of $5,280,000 and received other fees which never were deposited in the firm accounts.'

Also busy before the Board of Standards and Appeals was Dr. William F. Doyle, a one-time veterinary surgeon. Dr. Doyle demonstrated uncanny success as a practitioner on zoning and height regulations. From 1923 to 1931 Dr. Doyle deposited more than $1,000,000 in the bank. His previous experience in city affairs had been as Chief Veterinarian of the Fire Department and as a member of the Bureau of Fire Prevention. The Hofstadter Committee was able to show that Dr. Doyle often received payments in curious ways. Part of the fee for a single petition to the Board of Standards and Appeals was received in cash and the other by check. This led, not illogically, to a suspicion that Doyle's brilliance might be due to his willingness to split fees with city officials or Tammany leaders.

He may have done the latter. He denied under oath that he had bribed any member of the Board of Standards and Appeals; Judge Seabury was forced to admit partial defeat so far as the Great Doyle Mystery was concerned. The doctor was not, exactly, a cooperative witness. He languished in jail for eighteen days when he was declared in contempt for declining to say with whom the fees had been split. When the Court of Appeals ruled that he was compelled to reveal whether public officials had been bribed, he

took the stand briefly to insist that they had not.

Dr. Doyle did not submit gracefully to incarceration, either. His martyrdom brought valiant assistance from John F. Curry, Tammany's current boss, who telephoned to a Justice of the Appellate Division and asked for a stay of sentence. In due time Mr. Curry found himself facing Judge Seabury. He was asked to explain his rather striking devotion to the horse doctor. Expressing, incidentally, his extreme distaste for what he termed the 'crucification' of Tammany Hall, the Boss testified that he would have done as much for any Democrat.

'Simply because he is a Democrat?' asked Judge Seabury.

'Absolutely.'

'If he were not a Democrat, you would have no interest in him?'

Mr. Curry's face maintained its poker-game vacuity. 'I won't say that, Judge Seabury,' he answered. 'I have no feeling but good feeling toward all men and all women.'

V

Profit through condemnation of land is an ancient political trick. Tammany, if the evidence lately uncovered proves this a frequent practice, should have done rather well; between 1926 and 1930 the awards in condemnation proceedings totaled $200,000,000. Here is a case which illustrates the system. In May 1924, a tract of land in uptown New York was sold to Murray W. Garsson, Inc., for $210,000. This company disposed of the property to the Park River Holding Corporation, which it controlled, for $360,000. The Park River Holding Corporation retained Olvany, Eisner & Donnelly under an agreement whereby the firm received 2 per cent on a sale up to $360,000 and 20 per cent of any excess. The price paid by the city, for land which had cost $210,000 five months before, was ultimately $761,536.72. The fee received by Olvany's firm was about $90,000.

Another source of Tammany revenue lay in the leasing of city-owned docks. In 1922 the North German Lloyd Steamship Company applied for a pier in Manhattan. The application appeared to be dragging, and a gentleman named David Maier, who accompanied Mayor Walker on one of his frequent European jaunts, became an intermediary. He informed the company that from $2500 to $10,000 would be needed to obtain the lease. He later said that the employment of William H. Hickin, a lawyer who now is President of the National Democratic Club, would also accelerate the process. At this point the cost rose to $25,000. While bewildered North German Lloyd officials in New York and Bremen exchanged puzzled cables, the price continued to rise. One of the messages expressed apprehension of 'a further squeeze.' Ultimately $50,000 was paid to Hickin as an ostensible legal fee.

The transaction, commented Judge Seabury, 'shows too eloquently . . . how arrangements for the granting of pier leases . . . are made directly with Tammany Hall. It is also evidence of the subtle system by which graft is now extorted — to wit, the interposition of a lawyer to whom the money is passed under the guise of a legal fee.'

Almost without end are the devious methods by which money flows toward Tammany. 'In whatever direction the light of the investigation has been turned,' said Judge Seabury, 'there have been revealed conditions suggestive of extortion and graft.' It was sometimes easier for the Hofstadter Committee to uncover large bank deposits on the part of city and county officials than it was to ascertain their

source. Among the instances were: —

Sheriff Thomas M. Farley. In the seven years from 1925 through 1931 he deposited $360,660.34, although his salary and other legitimate income did not exceed $90,000. Farley swore that as business agent of a union he had accumulated $100,000 in cash and kept this in a tin box, 'a wonderful tin box.' It was from this tin box that he made deposits. Farley was removed from office by Governor Roosevelt.

Charles W. Culkin. During the same period he deposited $1,929,759.35 in personal accounts. Culkin, a former Sheriff, refused to waive immunity and did not testify regarding these sums. Judge Seabury did, however, establish the fact that he was president of the Monroe Lamp and Equipment Company. This concern sold electric light bulbs, and, according to Seabury, its business grew apace when assurances were given that Monroe customers would not be cited by the Fire Department for violations. Culkin had once been a Deputy Fire Commissioner. He is now Tammany leader in the Third Assembly District.

Harry C. Perry. He was formerly Tammany leader in the Second Assembly District and Chief Clerk of the City Court. Between 1926 and 1931 he deposited $135,061.50 on a salary which came to $50,000 for the period. He said that the rest of the money had been borrowed. The police had, on occasion, raided his political clubhouse and had arrested gamblers there.

Michael J. Cruise. Between 1925 and 1931 Cruise deposited $143,758, although his salary was $80,000. It was his custom, he said, to keep funds in cash in a box or on his person. He could not explain the difference between his salary and the bank deposits. Cruise is City Clerk of New York and Tammany leader of the Twelfth District.

James A. McQuade. Register of Kings County and Democratic Leader of the Fifteenth Assembly District. He deposited $510,597 in seven years; only $47,077.64 of it was in salary checks. The rest, he testified, was borrowed to support his enormous family, to take care of 'the other 33 McQuades.'

Patrolman Robert E. Morris. A member of the Vice Squad, he had $50,000 in two bank accounts. Of this sum, he said, $10,000 had been won at gambling. He got $40,000 from an 'Uncle George.' The money had been handed to him in one-thousand-dollar bills while he and Uncle George were on their way to Coney Island. Unfortunately, Uncle George was dead and could not be called to corroborate this story.

Other fantastic examples could be culled from the thousands of pages of testimony. The above may be fairly considered as typical. One further count in the bill of particulars against Tammany Hall, Inc., is relevant to Tammany's claim that the organization is the friend, often the only friend, of the poor. In 1931, New York appropriated $10,000,000 for relief of distress that had been brought about by the depression. This was to have been used to give employment to needy men and women. Judge Seabury proved that Democrats, many of them owning automobiles and homes and some of them employed, were often beneficiaries of the fund. No money is sacred to Tammany avarice.

VI

As this is being written Governor Roosevelt has not announced his decision on Judge Seabury's application for Mayor Walker's removal from office. Whether he is innocent or guilty of the accusations filed, accusations which

are both numerous and impressive, has no bearing on Mayor Walker's responsibility for the misconduct of his subordinates in New York's city government. He had absolute power over the tenure of office of nearly all the officials who squirmed in the witness chair under Judge Seabury's cross-examination. Almost as many were his personal appointments in the first place. As a candidate for reëlection, Walker was unquestionably consulted regarding the designation of Mr. Crain as the Tammany candidate for District Attorney. Through his right to name Magistrates the Mayor of New York can, if he chooses, dominate the lower courts. Walker cannot, then, evade the findings of the three investigations which, since the summer of 1930, have been delving into the affairs of New York.

As a political reporter in New York, I had repeated opportunities to observe Mayor Walker in action. I found him charming, quick-witted, debonair, insouciant. Walker had been bred in the Tammany tradition — 'Take care of your friends.' I recall an occasion soon after his first election when a group of us waited to see Jimmy. He was an hour or so late and was greeted, when he appeared, with demands as to where he had been. The Mayor-elect grinned at us amiably.

'I've been at home,' he said, 'standing in front of the mirror. I've been practising.'

'Practising what?'

'Trying to learn to say NO.'

The predicament in which Mayor Walker found himself last summer, when he fought for his official life, was partly due to the fact that he never did learn. Part of the ancient apothegm applied to him: Jimmy saw no evil and he heard none. He preferred to dance, to travel, to be gay. But this is not the whole story, either. Those who were fond of Jimmy Walker will never forget, I suspect, a feeling of dismay which came over them when they first read the Mayor's testimony at the tumultuous, crowded, rowdy hearings before the Hofstadter Committee on May 25 and 26 last. It was impossible to escape the conclusion that Walker had been guilty, at the least, of gross carelessness. It was impossible not to believe that Russell T. Sherwood, who had vanished into Mexico when the situation grew warm, had been the Mayor's financial agent over a long period of years. Vague as they are, due to Sherwood's pell-mell flight from the jurisdiction of the committee, the facts regarding this financial agent and his deposits of close to $1,000,000 are hard to explain. Certainly Walker's own testimony did not explain them.

'Not proved; my connection with Sherwood and his bank accounts was not proved' — such, in effect, was the best answer Mayor Walker could give. Sherwood had been a clerk in Walker's law offices prior to his election, and had been paid $3000 a year. In 1930 he was engaged by the Bank of Manhattan Trust Company at $10,000. From January 1, 1926, to the date of his disappearance in August 1931, Sherwood deposited $960,000 in several banks and brokerage accounts, and of this total $730,000 was in cash. When process servers sought this $3000 to $10,000 a year millionaire, he went to Mexico City. He stayed there, despite a fine of $50,000 for contempt.

Mayor Walker, although professing his desire to have Sherwood testify, made no known effort to bring about his return to New York. He resorted to a characteristically glib retort when Judge Seabury questioned him about the Sherwood bank account. 'I hope he proves it is mine and I will try to collect it,' the Mayor said.

The Sherwood matter may have no legal bearing on Mayor Walker's con-

duct in office. Unethical rather than illegal, also, was Walker's willingness to accept favors from Paul Block, the newspaper publisher. Block opened a joint brokerage account with Walker in 1927, and this, prior to August 1929, yielded $250,000 in profits for the Mayor. Walker insisted that he had agreed to make losses good, if there were any. Needless to say, none resulted. Mr. Block testified that he had opened the account at the suggestion of his young son. The boy had expressed apprehension that Mayor Jimmy might have trouble in living on his niggardly salary of $25,000 a year.[1] He begged his father to do something, and the joint account resulted. Mayor Walker did not put up a dollar.

VII

Much closer to possible malfeasance were accusations that Mayor Walker had improperly favored the Equitable Coach Company, which sought a bus franchise, and also had owned bonds in a company which subsequently received a city contract.

The Equitable Coach Company had employed State Senator John A. Hastings, long a friend of the Mayor, to use his influence. Seabury insisted that the concern had no real financial backing, that it was started by a group of promoters, that its only asset was the franchise or, more accurately, its hope of receiving a franchise. Walker flatly denied these allegations. He said that the Equitable had offered the best terms. In the end the franchise was canceled; the Equitable, with the contract in hand, failed to obtain financing. The weak part of the case against Walker is that his own gain, if any, was slight. The best that Seabury could do was to show that one of the Equitable promoters purchased a $10,000 letter of credit on his behalf. Walker said that his share of the letter had been $3000, and that this was for expenses on a European trip; he had paid this in cash and he had never been aware that the Equitable negotiator had made the arrangements for the letter.

The contracting concern whose bonds Walker owned bore the corporate name of the Reliance Bronze and Steel Corporation. They were convertible at will into stock. In 1931 the concern received $43,000 for traffic-light standards on Fifth Avenue. The New York City Charter specifies that a city official can be removed if found guilty of owning stock in a corporation engaged in work for the city. The Reliance bonds, as we have seen, were convertible into stock. Walker's explanation was not conclusive. He said that the $10,000 in bonds belonged to his wife. He had not known, he swore, about the contract for the traffic standards.

It may be that the case against the Mayor of New York is not legally overwhelming. No such question can cloud the moral significance of his conduct. He granted favors to his friends. He piled up huge sums and kept them, in cash, in a safe at his home. He permitted his brother, Dr. William H. Walker, to share with three other physicians over $200,000 in city compensation case fees. The effect of such actions on subordinate city officials is obvious. They saw Mayor Walker enjoying affluence, and they did not know the source of his wealth. They can reasonably be supposed to have concluded that his funds came, if only indirectly, from the taxpayers. They were stimulated, no doubt, toward emulation of their Chief Executive. Assume, for a moment, that Mayor Walker told the whole truth when he

[1] Since that time the Mayor's salary has been increased to $40,000 a year.— AUTHOR

testified in May. Even if this was so, which I do not believe, he has only himself to blame for the disrepute which has come to him and the dark shadow his administration has cast on the reputation of New York.

VIII

Some years ago Alfred E. Smith, attempting to raise Tammany Hall to his own high level of integrity, opposed the selection of John F. Curry as leader. But Walker, annoyed because Smith presumed to interfere, cast his lot with the old régime. He insisted that only a District Leader was fit to command Tammany. 'The political history of the organization,' he said, 'shows that the successful leaders of Tammany Hall, such as Murphy, Kelly, and Croker, were District Leaders. There is nothing too big for a Tammany leader that Democracy can give. They are the outstanding benefactors in this town.'

This assertion by the Mayor of New York is pertinent to an analysis of Tammany Hall, Inc. When Walker spoke of 'successful leaders' he was not referring to experts in government who had advanced the progress of New York or reduced its taxes. What he meant, of course, was that District Leaders, when elevated to the command of the Wigwam, were able to win elections. There can be no doubt that Murphy, Kelly, and Croker were signally able in that respect. So was the corpulent Tweed. From Tammany's point of view, Murphy, Kelly, and Croker were successful. Tweed was not. Tweed got caught in irregularities.

Only one real disaster can overwhelm Tammany, Inc., and cause a bear raid on its common stock. This is to lose control of New York through defeat at the polls. When Tammany Hall goes out of power, its stream of revenue — whether it consists of honest or dishonest graft — becomes a sickly trickle. No longer can the district club lawyers enjoy lucrative fees from cases turned over to them by clerks and attendants in the lower courts. No longer can these clerks receive their share of the fees. The bail-bond extortioners grow lean and hungry. Favored contractors close their office doors and await the return of prosperity. I do not mean that the ejection of Tammany means an end of graft. It continues, although probably in reduced volume. The point is that very little of it flows into Tammany's hands.

Prosperity always returns, or has, at least, thus far in the history of Tammany Hall, Inc. Occasionally the citizenry rises in wrath, and a Fusion-Republican ticket is elected. But the financial position of Tammany is fundamentally sound. Like any good business institution it has a war chest. Even when in eclipse it continues to give baskets and coal to the poor. During the lean years the organization functions as steadily as during the fat ones; the emphasis is placed, however, upon winning votes. In due time Tammany comes back into power. Its system for making money is ready. Soon dividends are being paid again.

NOVEMBER SUN

THE pale sun lit the willow tree
To sudden whiteness, and the brain
Passed winter in a stride and saw
The cherry orchards bloom again.

The willow wore her shining veil
In earnest of the spring that now
Sleeps in the tissue of the tree,
Tight curled in bud and lichened bough.

The spark that fires the orchard here
To the white flame of spring was lit
So many centuries ago
The mind grows faint at thought of it.

So many centuries ago —
And still the winter orchards keep
The secret of the flowering bough
In their bare branches held in sleep.

And in what bleak and wintry mind
May lie the spark ordained to bring
To fields of thought, fast-bound by frost,
The white apocalypse of spring!

FREDA C. BOND

APPRECIATION OF A SISTER

A Funeral Address

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I WISH I could assure you, friends of my sister and of this family, that you have not come to a funeral. You have come to say good-bye to an old and dear friend, a kindly personality, an unselfish soul.

This is a world of good-byes. Every morning bids good-bye to the night from which it springs. Every evening bids good-bye to the sunlight. Every day some ship sets sail. Every day a friend departs. Whether these good-byes are final, or whether they are just the preludes to another day, who is there of us wise enough to answer?

There is a custom among us that those who say good-bye through that physical dissolution which we call death are entitled, in the after moment, to some small summing up of their efforts and accomplishments, to some meed of praise for their trials and triumphs, or even for their failures. There is also a feeling that a sort of official solace must be tendered to those who are left behind, and that this praise and this solace are most fittingly tendered by some representative of church or of religion.

I have long felt that this is a mistake, and that it has necessarily resulted in a funereal formalism, a crystallization of ceremony, which fails to echo, or respond to, our real emotions and contemplations of the occasion, and surely a time of death is one which arouses our starkest contemplations of life.

Now it well may be that this is only a personal reaction, based upon a heterodoxy which is tone-deaf to the spiritual values of the repetitious texts and assertions of faith which pass current on occasions similar to this. I am far from reflecting in any way upon those people who cling to a formalistic expression and to whom the time-tried prayers and protestations may be the sign and symbol of the deepest faith and the purest sincerity.

But for those of us who have long since lost touch with formal religion, it is more or less of a mockery when we call in the man of religion to make an outcry of faith for us who have no faith and to offer a solace to us who have no sympathy with the solace which he offers.

It is also often outrageously unjust to the man of religion to ask him to utter an appreciation of a human being whom he hardly knew was in the world before he was requested to usher him out of it.

It has, therefore, seemed to me as if it were my own duty and my own privilege to speak these words of appreciation to-day, because no one else could possibly know my sister as I have known her. As a matter of fact, I think I knew her better even than her mother knew her, for not only were we

in closer sympathy with each other, but we have been in intimate companionship for a dozen years longer than her mother knew her. And she, on the other hand, knew me better than anyone else, better than my wife, perhaps, for my sister knew me for thirty years before I had a wife.

In a way, the world has overlooked, or at least has not sufficiently celebrated, the understanding of brothers and sisters. Parental love has been sufficiently acclaimed, conjugal love has been exalted, and romantic love is most evanescent of all- is the constant theme of song and story, of drama and of daily headlines. But the love of sister and brother, which covers a lifetime has been oddly neglected.

I have a personal recollection of companionship with this sister of mine for sixty years, and I do not think that ever brother had a better or more devoted sister.

This sister of mine, along with other qualities, had amiability, dependability, durability. She was light-hearted, she was good-humored. You could count absolutely on her doing anything which was to be done, and not only for to-day and to-morrow, but forever, as far as her human endurance lasted.

For example, she gave years, not just one year or two, but many, to the care of her mother, my mother. During the last years of our mother's life she was practically invalided, and my sister carried the responsibility of her night and day, and earned her own living besides. This was the more commendable because there was not always the closest sympathy between them. I think that our mother was always kinder to her man-child than to her woman-child (which fact needs no Sigmund Freud to explain), but it was her woman-child who gave her the greater devotion. Without stinting her mother, my sister was equally devoted to me, and when the Cooke children arrived she was a second mother to each of them.

After all, I wonder whether spinsters are not the real mothers of the race. They have so much unexpressed love upon which to draw. Certainly, in the case of my spinster sister, she mothered everybody, from her own mother down even to casual acquaintances. There was scarcely a day of her life, during her later years, when she was not doing something for somebody, preparing some special dish, purchasing or fixing some little contrivance which she thought someone could use, sending a gift or a packet of goodies to someone whose taste she knew, writing a letter or sending a greeting card — oh, a hundred things in a hundred ways. There must have been a constant exclamation of surprise from the recipients of undeserved and uncalled-for favors from the hands of my sister Lillian. If each recipient had uttered a single exclamatory 'Ha!' a wave of laughter would have encircled the world.

Now the thing which makes this generous spirit particularly significant is that it was a self-made character. She created it herself. As a child, as a girl, as a young woman, she had no easy time with herself. She had a hot temper and a temperament, and she had moody streaks which boded no good for her or for anyone else. But she learned from the years. She was not an educated woman, but she had a capacity for learning the lessons of life which a Shaw or an Einstein might envy.

Understand me, I am not eulogizing. I am not painting in glowing colors. I am not trying to exalt her. I want to keep her distinctly in her place as one of the humbler heroines of life, one of the so-called 'common people' beloved of Lincoln, one of the plain, simple

characters whom we note every day of our lives and pass by without acknowledgment. It is exactly that simpler quality and that humbler station which make her example of value to us.

How did she accomplish the forging of so finely tempered a character from the commonplace ore of everyday living? I cannot tell you. If we had followed precedent and had brought some savant, some cleric, here to-day, he might have worded an answer for you, but it would be none the less a mystery still.

What, then, becomes of the personality or the character builded of so many countless electrons and molecules of life and action? It seems monstrous that it should be wasted — but it may be. And yet, even if its existence has come to an absolute end, *has* it been wasted — upon you and me?

Ordinarily, we have some sort of spiritual mediator at a time like this because we are unwilling to face the realities of life and death; we prefer to have them glossed over by some form of words. To what end, I wonder?

What, then, was my sister's religion? I do not know. *She* did not know. I doubt whether anyone knows what his religion really is. All he knows is the label which someone has attached to it. I think my sister believed in God in a vague sort of way, but it would have puzzled her, as it puzzles you, to give any definition of God. I think she believed in immortality, but why she believed in it she could not have told you. Probably you cannot either, beyond a quotation and an assertion. She was affiliated with no church, not even with a club or society. She was distinctly an unlabelized individualist, so it seems reasonable to suppose that her character was not the result of anything which we ordinarily consider as religious beliefs.

But she believed in people. She was a human being among human beings. She treated them as they affected her. He was the religion of humanity. As I see it, it was enough.

Can that religion go further? Does it carry her and carry us beyond this room and beyond that scar in the earth, with the hope that we may meet her again? I do not know, and I am bound to add that I see no benefit in asserting that we know, unless we do know. As Lowell well says: —

> . . . Not all the preaching since Adam
> Has made death other than death.

And when we stand in the presence of this darker twin of the twin mysteries — life and death — I know of no words to excel those of Socrates to this effect: 'Death cannot be an evil, for if we wake again we visit with the great ones gone before us, and if we never wake again, what more grateful than a never-ending slumber?'

So, to-day, I ask the eternal question: 'Whither?'

Does that God which is Nature and that Nature which is God reward her, or does it forget her, as one who has served the Eternal Purpose? I do not know. I do not know what her future is, but this much I do know — that God himself cannot destroy that which she has been.

'THE NUT THAT HOLDS THE WHEEL'

A Primer for Motorists

BY CURTIS BILLINGS

I

THE least analytical of minds can see at a glance that there are three principal causes which play their part, in varying degree, to produce most of our automobile accidents — the machine itself, the highway over which it travels, and the driver. These factors in a problem of such stupendous proportions that deaths each year are measured in tens of thousands, injuries in hundreds of thousands, and property damage in millions, are not listed in the order of their importance. It has often been said that the most dangerous thing about the automobile is 'the nut that holds the wheel,' and it is undeniable that the human factor is by far the most disturbing and elusive, as well as the one which offers the greatest challenge to traffic engineers.

There are circumstances, however, which extenuate the guilt of 'the nut,' for he has never received adequate education designed to make him a courteous, sane, and safe operator of a powerful machine. He has never been taught the effect of speed on accidents — a most vital lesson. The frightfulness of the annual toll of death — a harvest growing directly out of such driving blunders as he is daily guilty of — has never been interpreted to him in a way to arrest his attention. His respect for that most impelling educator, the law enforcer, is all too slight. He has not been made to realize, moreover, the necessity of keeping the essential parts of his machine in prime condition. And most important of all, he has never been taught the correct way to drive an automobile.

The average motorist buys a car advertised and extolled for its speed. It makes no difference how much he intends to pay; any car these days is capable of a mile a minute or better. While it is being demonstrated, the salesman says: 'This bus can do seventy. Put your foot on the accelerator — feel the power, the get-away there!' The prospective purchaser may be wholly unfit, physically or nervously, to drive safely except at a crawl, but what of that? The salesman, after all, is paid for selling, not for teaching. He feels constrained to give only as much instruction as is necessary to move the car off the company's premises.

Whether the motorist is in the city or the country, he sees speed glorified upon innumerable billboards, advertising not only automobiles, but 'zip' gasoline, 'flash' motor oil, and tires 'built for fast travel.' Manufacturers, realizing the demand for power and still more power, have answered with a vengeance. And they have not been content merely to provide speed; they seem to insist — if subtly — that the driver use it.

II

What effect does speed have upon accidents? Many people will be quick to say that it has little or no effect; that aged drivers, or women drivers, or drunken drivers are the principal cause of serious wrecks. Who, they ask, has not ridden or driven at sixty miles an hour without suffering an accident, without, in fact, experiencing any feeling of insecurity? And, in sooth, who has n't? This has been possible ever since that happy day when both cars and roads were constructed well enough to permit fast travel without terrifying the motorist with noise, vibration, and occasional lurches into mud holes. But immediately upon the discovery that the thing could be done, the notion became fixed in the minds of automobilists that speed, in itself, is not dangerous.

The notion is as fallacious as it is alluring, as anyone may see who will take the trouble to study recent trends in accident rates. In 1926, for every 100,000 motor vehicles there were 105 deaths. In 1927, coincident with the general increase in the power and speed of cars, the death rate suddenly began to rise, and has continued to do so ever since, until, in 1931, it had advanced to 128. To put it another way, the increase in actual fatalities was from 23,400 in 1926 to 33,500 in 1931.

While it may not be wholly accurate to say that speed causes accidents, no one can deny that high speed makes an accident a great deal more deadly. For the explanation of this fact, J. S. Baker, assistant traffic engineer of the National Safety Council, recommends thumbing through the pages of the old high-school physics book to the discussion of kinetic energy.

'The faster a vehicle is going,' he says, 'the more damage it can do itself and the more injury to the people riding in it, because its energy increases as the square of its speed. Thus a car going forty miles an hour is not twice but four times as potent an instrument of destruction as one going twenty miles an hour. Few people realize this, even when they look at a table of stopping distances from different speeds, which clearly shows that tripling the speed makes the stopping distance nine times as great.

'Of course, the seriousness of the accident hinges largely on how quickly the energy of the moving vehicle is dissipated. If brakes are applied in time to take up part of it, and if the car can slide or roll for some way after the crash, the damage, even at extremely high speeds, may be surprisingly little. But if the car stops suddenly by running head-on into another car, a tree, masonry abutment, or other practically immovable object, the results are just about the same as they would be if the vehicle were dropped from up in the air to the ground; for it is the suddenness of the stop that, in dissipating the necessary energy, creates the forces to wreck the car and mangle the passengers. Thus a car hitting the concrete retaining wall of an underpass at forty miles an hour will smash up just about as badly as it would if it fell off the roof of a five-story building. For other speeds the figures are as follows:

Speed of Vehicles in Miles per Hour	*Height from Which Car Would Drop to Attain the Same Velocity and Speed*
20	13 feet
30	32 "
40	54 "
50	78 "
60	120 "
70	162 "
80	212 "

'The same fellow who has convinced himself that there is no particular

danger in driving sixty miles an hour would hesitate considerably before walking along a cornice twelve stories above the street; yet a little slip in either case might mean a sudden stop from a speed of eighty-eight feet per second.'

III

In urban districts, where speed is usually limited, fatal accidents have been held to a rate of 18 per 100,000 people. In rural areas, where motorists can and do 'step on it,' automobile deaths have shot up to 23 per 100,000. These figures have convinced some few public officials that even a small diminution of speed would help in reducing our shameful accident rates.

The state which has studied the problem more closely, perhaps, than any other is Rhode Island, where out-of-state cars form a large part of the traffic. Actual speed observations have been made to determine the average driving practice under all sorts of conditions. George R. Wellington, chief clerk, Board of Public Roads, knew whereof he spoke, therefore, when, at the twentieth annual Safety Congress, he said: —

'I hold no brief for the old-fashioned speed limits, and I fully realize that speed must be considered relatively; but research work in Rhode Island during the past few years, conducted in an effort to determine the relationship of speed to accidents, shows conclusively that where speed is reduced the number of accidents is correspondingly lowered. Over a period of years we had a rising peak of accidents until 1928, when we reached a total of 145 fatalities, and in 1929 a total of 4826 other accidents involving personal injuries. By the close of 1930 these figures had been reduced to 106 deaths and 4426 injuries, or a reduction of 39 deaths in two years and 400 non-fatal injury accidents in one year — a most significant reflection of the prevention work going on. This prevention work consisted mainly of lessening the average driving speed throughout the state almost six miles an hour, from thirty-seven down to thirty-one.'

The reader who is not impressed by a reduction of six miles an hour must recall that the killing power of a motor car increases far faster than its speed. Even a small reduction in speed, therefore, cannot fail to bring about significant savings of human lives.

The rapid increase in fatalities among those who ride in automobiles as contrasted with deaths to pedestrians sheds further light upon the effects of speed. In 1931, pedestrian deaths were only slightly more numerous than in 1927, whereas fatalities to the occupants of cars increased 59 per cent. Of course pedestrians come out badly in automobile accidents whether the machine that strikes them is going fifteen miles an hour or fifty. The fact that non-pedestrian deaths have more than doubled in five years indicates that collisions are becoming more vicious because cars are traveling at higher speeds.

Four-wheel brakes have been hailed as a boon to traffic safety, and doubtless they have proved efficacious in averting many bumps. The fact remains, however, that accidents, both fatal and non-fatal, have increased since four-wheel brakes came into general use, mainly because they cannot compensate for the increased speed of automobiles. Our sensory reactions are too slow. In the average person there is a lapse of no less than one second between the time of sighting danger and the time when he can apply the brakes or twist the wheel. In that interval, a car going 20 miles an hour will move 29 feet; at 40 miles an hour it will move 59 feet; at 60, 88

feet. It is clear, then, that if one is traveling at the high but not unusual rate of 60 miles an hour, and if one's nervous reactions are normal, he will travel 88 feet before he can *start to stop*. Then, if his four-wheel brakes are in prime condition, he will travel 225 feet farther before the car comes to rest. Woe unto anyone who moves into his path at less than 313 feet ahead of the front bumper!

These figures, of course, are for the average driver and good brakes. Fatigue and other common conditions of the body slow up the nerves, and in few cars are the brakes as good as they should be. Every driver should bear these facts in mind whenever he is tempted to speed through a blind intersection or past a line of parked cars, from behind any one of which a pedestrian may step or a child dart.

Lesson number one, then, in the sound education of the motorist is this: The higher the speed, the worse the accident — even with four-wheel brakes.

IV

Lesson number two may be stated briefly. The average man must be made to realize the imminent peril, the personal tragedy, that threatens him every time he is guilty of inefficient and improper driving.

Accident statistics are notoriously cold — mercifully so. One may read that 33,500 people were killed by automobiles last year and that 1,200,000 were injured, but the message does not carry home. Accidents are diffused in space and time; the annual total registers upon the mind of Bill Jones with far less effectiveness than the news of a single bad collision in his own neighborhood involving people whom he may know. The terrors of sudden death, the agony of the more fortunate who lie for months in hospital beds, the grief of bereaved mothers and fathers, husbands and wives — none of this is revealed by statistics.

To be effective in preventing accidents, educational publicity must be specific. This has been demonstrated in Evanston, Illinois, a community which is one of the pioneers in the work of enlightened traffic control. Franklin M. Kreml, director of the Accident Prevention Bureau of the police department, reports a striking case of the right kind of publicity which, in itself, was sufficient to reduce the number of collisions.

'We had a bad intersection,' he said, 'where twelve accidents had occurred in 1931, several of them serious. We could find little wrong with the physical layout of the corner; it looked innocent enough. Since we could not afford to patrol the spot all day every day, we gave a reporter a series of stories telling that this was one of the most hazardous corners in the city, and describing the accidents that had occurred there. After the publication of the articles, accidents were reduced.'

Such publicity as this is likely to have a more salubrious effect than the printing of columns of national statistics.

V

Out of the tangled mass of popular prejudices regarding all law enforcement in the United States one fact at least emerges: a sane traffic ordinance, courteously but firmly enforced, will reduce automobile accidents, both fatal and non-fatal, in any city. The overwhelming majority of people are law-abiding. They do not want to endanger anybody's life, and they do not want to suffer mishaps themselves. Publicity by newspapers and the radio will help to educate them, but the most immediately effectual way to carry the message home is to enforce the law,

and thus to teach motorists that they must pay for violations.

This is lesson number three in the education of the driver. It has an added advantage over all the others in that it will force into line the really dangerous minority comprising, on the one hand, the boob who is too stupid to see that illegal driving is a two-edged sword, and, on the other, that most cowardly of criminals, the motorist who, in the security of his car, takes wanton chances with the lives of defenseless pedestrians and other motorists. Enforcement of traffic laws must be impartial if it is to serve as the educational deterrent that it can and ought to be. Luckless is the city inhabited by privileged characters. Many of them will be found among the casualties, sooner or later, and the children of such a city have no protection.

The educational power of law enforcement has been demonstrated many times. In one year Evanston reduced its fatalities 40 per cent through the efficiency of its famous investigating squad, which rushes to the scene of a collision and collects all the evidence to determine responsibility. The record of St. Louis from 1925 to 1929[1] shows conclusively that accidents decrease as arrests for traffic violations increase. Ray Ashworth, traffic lieutenant of Wichita, Kansas, stated at the last Safety Congress that an increase in arrests for speeding from 1500 in 1929 to 2300 in 1930 resulted in a falling off in accidents of 33 per cent.

The fourth major lesson in the education of the driver is to teach him the proper care of his machine. Most cars are fairly safe vehicles when they are driven off the sales floor. After the first few thousand miles, however, only a modicum of their pristine efficiency remains in many of them. In Pennsylvania, during the month of November, 1931, vehicle defects accounted for 368 accidents in which 12 persons were killed, 327 were injured, and property was destroyed to the extent of $52,000.

During 1931, nine states carried out campaigns for the inspection of motor vehicles, and of the 3,800,000 registered automobiles in these states 90 per cent were examined. Almost half of them were found to have brakes in an unsafe condition, almost two thirds had faulty headlights, and one twentieth had defective steering mechanisms. Thus the inspection proved that millions of potential causes existed which needed only a particular set of circumstances to result in accidents.

VI

Although mechanical faults are important and contribute to many crashes, and although each of the other points enumerated here plays its part in bringing about the annual toll of death, injury, and destruction of property, the great majority of accidents are caused by none of these things, but by the personal faults of drivers themselves. Most of the trouble is directly attributable to 'the nut that holds the wheel.' The fifth lesson, then, is that motorists must be taught how to drive.

We have already seen that there are circumstances to extenuate his guilt. How did he learn to handle a car? He was taught by a relative or a friend, or by the salesman who sold him his first automobile, or perhaps he just picked it up himself. Does he drive correctly? Who can tell? The fact is that nobody knows 'the one best way' to drive, to borrow the phrase of the efficiency engineer. It is impossible to say how the wheel should be held and the pedals manipulated. If the driver's eye level in relation to the top of the wheel and the windshield has a bearing on safety,

[1] Quoted in a previous article, 'Accidents Don't Happen'; see the June *Atlantic*, p. 697. — EDITOR

should the same car be sold to a tall man and a short one without making important adjustments?

These questions, and many more like them, must be left unanswered. They will remain unanswered until the technique of driving is submitted to laboratory tests. Such a study has never been made, and until it is it will not be possible to say to a driver: 'This you do wrong; this right. Correct that unhappy habit and your control of the car will be satisfactory.'

So casual is the interest in this important matter of seeing to it that the man behind the wheel knows what he is doing that only twelve of the twenty-four states which require licenses to drive insist on an examination of the applicant, and even in these states the examinations are in no sense an adequate test of the applicant's ability. Still, statistics prove that even these minimum requirements are helping to make the highways safer. Since 1929, motor-vehicle deaths in the entire country increased 7.3 per cent, while in the dozen states which require examinations the increase was only 6.5 per cent. This showing is especially creditable because this group of states have large urban populations, and the urban states have shown a much greater increase in gasoline consumption than the rural states.

While we are considering the effect of driving knowledge and experience upon the death rate, it is interesting to mention the record of commercial drivers. During the five-year period from 1927 through 1931, fatal accidents involving trucks decreased 7 per cent; fatalities involving buses declined 12 per cent; and those involving taxicabs dropped 35 per cent. In this same period fatal accidents involving private passenger cars increased 50 per cent. The record of the truck drivers — the much-maligned truck drivers — appears all the better when it is considered that the number of trucks increased 19 per cent during these five years, while cars in the other three classifications increased in numbers only 11 per cent.

VII

It will be apparent, then, that the positive work of correcting the present shocking conditions, which are a result of the American public's misuse of the automobile, will have to deal with five fundamentals. (1) It must be impressed upon motorists that speed is dangerous. (2) They must be made to realize what their blunders are costing in life and happiness. (3) It must be brought home to them by the proper enforcement of laws that they cannot 'get away with' criminal carelessness. (4) They must learn to maintain their cars in a safe condition. (5) They must be taught how to drive.

The big question is: Who is to undertake this Gargantuan task? The National Safety Council, after years of constant experimentation, has recently outlined what it calls 'A Balanced Programme for the Reduction of Traffic Accidents,' and has listed the agencies that must coöperate to make it effective — the government, the schools, the press, the automobile industry, insurance companies, transportation companies, motor clubs, chambers of commerce, civic associations, and 'all of us.'

The responsibility of governmental agencies, especially the municipal and state units, is clear-cut. They must pass and enforce adequate laws. The national government can also lend a hand. For example, through the work of the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, organized under the auspices of the Department of Commerce, a uniform vehicle code for states was formulated and a model

municipal traffic ordinance was drawn up and offered to all the local governments.

The responsibility of the schools is no less clear. In the past it has not been considered improper for the schools to give instruction in swimming. May it not be equally within their province to teach youngsters how to drive properly? Clubs for this purpose are already being started in many high schools; their object is to give instruction in the fundamentals of driving and to instill in children a sense of their social responsibility as future owners and operators of automobiles. Since few graduates will find more than an occasional use for their knowledge of swimming, while practically all will drive through life, the relative importance of the two subjects is apparent.

But what agency is to undertake the job of finding out the one best way to drive? Since the ease, efficiency, and safety of operating a car are closely connected with its construction, should not this part of the project fall upon the automobile industry? The general public is becoming more and more aroused about this whole matter of safety, and any manufacturer who would be enterprising enough to offer thorough driving instruction with each car purchased would probably find it a valuable selling point.

Education through publicity must be left largely to the newspapers. Editors do not know what they are missing in the way of legitimate news about traffic accidents. Not long ago Marlen Pew, editor of *Editor and Publisher*, pointed to the traffic toll as a virgin field for journalistic enterprise. For the most part, newspapers are content to record the occurrence of automobile accidents as if they were inevitable, as if they were not now being reduced and prevented in other communities.

Why should not editors find out as much about this problem as they do about many others of far less consequence? It would be easy enough for them to do so. Why should they not publish the damning facts that their police do not keep adequate records of accidents, that the traffic force is pitiably unorganized and undertrained, that the police do not know what an accident-spot map is for, that enforcement is shot through with favoritism, that the traffic ordinance is obsolete, that the city engineer does not recognize traffic problems as coming within the province of his science, that a hundred and one other reforms in traffic administration are crying for adoption — all at the dear cost of human lives? Officials, and the public as well, would have their eyes opened by such a campaign, and the educational force of it would be great beyond belief.

Other powerful agencies must join in the movement before the 'irreducible minimum' of traffic accidents will have been reached. Insurance companies are vitally interested, as are also street-car companies and the railroads. Motor clubs are supposed to exist for the good of the automobile owner, and civic clubs would enhance the reason for their being by grappling with such a problem. There is plenty for each of these agencies to do.

Last, but emphatically not least, come 'all of us.' We are at once the perpetrators and the victims of traffic accidents, and we should be the principal gainers by reducing their number. It is time for us to learn that the automobile is no longer a novel toy, that it is a tremendous social force, mainly for good, but certainly for terrific evil unless it is sanely used. We drivers must learn how to control the twenty, forty, or sixty mechanical wild horses that we have taught to rear and plunge at the wiggle of a toe.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR FOOTBALL

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

I

In its twenty-third bulletin, issued in 1929, the Carnegie Foundation published a detailed study of athletics as practised in American colleges. The report made clear the fact that in the colleges of our country organized athletics, and particularly football, had ceased to be games played for sport's sake, and had been transformed into shows for the public, through which the colleges received huge sums in gate receipts, comparable in some cases to the income from tuition fees.

This report aroused varied emotions in the breasts of those responsible for the conduct of college athletics. There were some quick denials, but the facts in detail were always made available, and in the end the accuracy of the report was generally admitted. Some colleges proceeded to 'clean up,' but in general this process, even when the intentions were of the best, has not been easy.

In the words of the sermon to the fishes, —

> The sermon now ended,
> Each turned and descended;
> The eels kept on eeling,
> The pikes kept on stealing.
> Much delighted were they,
> But preferred the old way.

The truth is that trying to keep college football pure and undefiled, and at the same time make it pay large sums into the college treasury, is very much like the effort to enforce the Volstead Act — it runs counter to the qualities of human nature. When the football player sees his college gather in a million dollars in one year in gate receipts and considers how hard he has been worked to achieve that result, he is strongly inclined to feel that he is entitled to some of the swag. To be sure, this money is supposed to be used to maintain the general athletic programme; but for the football player athletics means reporting for duty in August, and working hard till after Thanksgiving, only to resume practice early in the spring. He has begun his football in the secondary school (sometimes for pay), and when he sees his college taking in all this easy money he sees no reason why he should not receive something for the hard work which brings so much money into the college till. At this point comes the bootlegging alumnus, filled with ardor for the success of Alma Mater, ready to subsidize the young athlete by dark and devious methods.

This makes a situation in which our poor human nature is sorely tried. College officers may do their best, but under the most virtuous of deans it is difficult to keep the young athlete from taking pay if his college is cashing in on the game to the tune of hundreds of thousands. It is the Eighteenth Amendment complex transferred to college athletics.

II

The situation might be dealt with in several ways.

The colleges might, conceivably, take action to denature football as a money-making enterprise. They might cut out the professional coach, give up gate receipts, and put football back to the status of a game as it is conducted by the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. This would be admirable, but is there any probability that it will be done in any reasonable time? Would, for example, great football institutions like Harvard and Notre Dame, or Chicago and the University of Southern California, forgo games in which some hundreds of thousands of dollars are realized at a single gathering? Perhaps they will in time, but the time may be in the long future. If one of the good old colleges had the courage to do this, it would reap a reward beyond its wildest expectations. A little virtue in a naughty world is so resplendent.

There is another method which does not impose so severe a test of academic virtue, but which may accomplish much. That is, to substitute some other sport for football that will bring just as much revenue into the college chest while not exacting the toll in young lives and lowered college ideals for which football is now, in large measure, responsible. For the cost of commercialized football is to be reckoned, not only in the present, but in the future lives of young men whose ideals of the intellectual life have been shaped under its influence. Boys start in the secondary school as candidates for football glory. They are steered into a football career in college, where they are worked to the full limit of their physical powers, showered with demoralizing publicity, and are able to catch but a faint vision of the intellectual life for which the college is supposed to stand (and sometimes does). The practical problem is to rescue these boys from the football régime and substitute something else which will bring the college just as much money.

The substitute must provide at least three things: it must be a great spectacle which will attract crowds of paying sight-seers, it must invoke at least the semblance of college rivalry, and it must be so ordered that graduates and undergraduates can easily bet their money on the result. It ought, of course, to be simple enough for the spectators — men, women, and children — to understand. But experience has shown that this is not indispensable if the ballyhoo is sufficiently vigorous. Many a spectator at a football game does not know what it is all about. He sees only the struggling figures, and if he has good luck may catch sight of some warrior carried out on his shield — sometimes wounded, perhaps slain — to make a Roman holiday.

III

There is one sport that fulfills all these conditions, an ancient sport beloved of men from time immemorial — horse racing. Instead of a football fight with its enormous draft on the energies of its devotees and its toll of young life, let us introduce in the colleges the humane and noble sport of horse racing!

The suggestion may seem a trifle bizarre at first glance, but a little reflection will show that horse racing has had a close relation to the intellectual life from the earliest times. In all sacred and profane literature the horse has been the intimate friend of man, and it has been his mission to take upon his broad shoulders the load

that had become too heavy for his master. The sun itself traveled in a chariot drawn by the most beautiful and the swiftest horses.

It will be at once recognized that a horse race has all the advantages of a football bout and lacks many of its objectionable qualities.

In the first place, it is a better money-maker than a football show. Secondly, it is the sort of event on which the old grads and the undergrads can bet in more ways than they can even in football. In the third place, it has the great advantage that the whole audience, including the feminine part, can understand it.

This last point may have its practical advantages. True, many thousands of dollars are spent every year in paying the admission to football games for those who have only the faintest notion of what the game means or how it is played. But in this very fact there is a danger. It may be that people will grow weary of paying good money to watch a show they do not comprehend. But horse racing is as old as civilization and promises to live to the end of time. It has a universal human appeal. It is more conservative to tie up to horse racing as a steady income than to football, which has indeed proved a paying investment in recent years, but which may go bad in the market at any moment, like many other investments that seemed so fair only three years ago. Think what a pot of money a Harvard-Yale horse race would take in!

Of course there are simple-minded people who still inquire what need a university has to make money out of a football team, particularly when the boys who earn the money have to work so hard that they have very little time for the intellectual life which is assumed to be the purpose of the university. Such people point to the fact that no great university of the Old World — not Oxford, nor Paris, nor Berlin, nor Bologna — has ever made a cent out of football. But this is all beside the point. Our universities did not grow into universities as did those of Europe. They assumed the name just as a good man in Kentucky acquires the title of Colonel. They are in a large measure made up of undergraduate colleges, schools of business, correspondence schools, music schools, and all the other things that serve to attract students. This state of affairs is likely to continue for a long time, and these institutions will desire to obtain large sums of money to maintain an athletic régime so that their boys may be induced to play games which apparently they would not otherwise play. Hence the need for football or some equally good money-getter.

It is from this consideration that horse racing commends itself so admirably as a substitute for football. It will bring in just as much money — perhaps more. It will give the boys time to study. It will save the lives of a number of boys every year. It will bring the youth into acquaintance with that noble servant of man, the horse. Here is the solution of the problem of how the colleges can make enough money out of one sport to support an elaborate programme of athletics while at the same time protecting their students from the commercializing tendencies of the process. Horse racing is the answer. Once more let that noble animal lift from the shoulders of mankind a load which becomes year by year more difficult to carry.

THE REPUBLIC OF THE PENNILESS

BY TOM JONES PARRY

I

A VACATED loft, one flight up from a busy down-town street, serves as headquarters for the Seattle Unemployed Citizens' League. A few months ago this loft was lavishly hung and decorated, and gay with seductive music and tinkling glasses, for it was then the High Hatters' Club, an exclusive cabaret. Now all that is reminiscent of former gayety is the orchestra stage at one end of the large room. What was once the dance floor is filled with chairs and used as an assembly hall, and the entertainers' dressing rooms and the rest rooms are now utilized as executive offices and committee chambers. These walls that not long ago looked down upon gleaming shirt fronts and perfumed ladies, flushed with dancing and merry with drink, now reflect the shadows of sober, worried men in wrinkled, shabby suits — men caught in a bewildering economic cataclysm which has left them jobless and discouraged, but as yet undefeated.

A table or two, a few kitchen chairs, one telephone, and one typewriter constitute the furniture of the executive offices. On the wall hangs a map of Seattle, divided into twenty-two districts, with a red circle marking central headquarters. The twenty-two districts represent local organizations of the Unemployed Citizens' League — they are the states of this unique Republic of the Penniless, and these bare offices are the capitol. Here the executive committee, headed by the president, meets daily, and once each week a larger assembly is held, attended by five elected delegates from each local.

From these headquarters are directed the activities of what is perhaps the most striking social and economic experiment that has come out of these troubled times. Not satisfied to eat the bread of charity in passive idleness, the unemployed of Seattle have created their own order. They have had no money — only hours unwanted by lagging industries, hours which their self-respect would not permit to remain empty. With time and skills of various kinds as their only capital, they have produced a coöperative economic system significant in its implications, and a self-contained social life strangely touching in the warmth and kindliness it has generated. The members of the League, together with their dependents, number more than 40,000 within the corporate limits of Seattle. In recent months affiliated leagues have sprung up throughout every part of the State of Washington, bringing the total membership to upwards of 80,000.

Without money or paid workers (there are no dues and no employees), this organization, formed in October 1931, directs the distribution of food, purchased by public funds, through the twenty-two commissaries which it has established and which it operates.

In addition, it grows and gathers food upon its own initiative; cuts and supplies wood for its members; operates its own self-help manufacturing and servicing industries, and puts in repair abandoned dwellings and deserted apartments to provide shelter for evicted families. It was formed with three purposes in mind: to increase employment, to provide self-help, and to afford relief, but it has added a fourth, daily growing in importance — to influence political action.

The six men and one woman elected to the League's executive board are literally unemployed and without income. The president, J. F. Cronin, an ex-newspaper reporter now nearing seventy, lives in a $4000 home carrying a $1300 mortgage with interest far in arrears. Other members of the board are in like insecure economic positions. Politically, they represent a cross section of America — some have been Republicans and Democrats, one is independent, and another, who was jailed during the World War for pacifist views, is a Socialist.

II

Beginning with casual neighborhood discussions, a small group formed, in September 1931, to see if steps could be taken coöperatively to gain employment. The men and women who made up this group were not the chronically unemployed; their condition was a new experience to most of them, unbelievable at first, but disturbingly exigent as the depression persisted and jobs became daily more difficult to find. After several similar neighborhood groups had been formed, they consolidated into the present federation, the Unemployed Citizens' League.

With an organization perfected, the League quite naturally turned to the City Council for aid. Business was finding itself confronted with ever-diminishing markets, the usual industrial jobs were nowhere available, and the unemployed, of course, had no means at their command to aid general business recovery. Hence, they proposed to the Council, through their League, that an emergency fund of $1,000,000 be included in the forthcoming tax budget, the whole of this fund to be expended in labor to be employed in such public improvements as might otherwise be deferred. The proposal included the suggestion that the wage scale, fixed by ordinance for city employees at $4.50 a day for common labor, should not be reduced, but that employment should be rotated to provide one week's work a month for each head of a family. If this were done, it was felt that the winter, and perhaps the crisis, might be passed with a minimum of direct relief.

The City Council was receptive, but indecisive. The numerical strength of the League commanded respect, and the human issues at stake could not decently be ignored. However, there were the usual technicalities. The largest amount permitted by law for emergency purposes was $426,000. This was included in the proposed budget, and an additional amount of $428,000 was found to be permissible for park improvements. Together these totaled $854,000, not so far from the million requested, and the unemployed felt that they had made signal progress. But further technicalities cropped up. It was discovered that park improvement money had to be expended under civil service rules, which limited employment to those already on the city pay rolls. Unexpected difficulties arose, too, as to the expenditure of the permissible emergency fund. The Council could come to no agreement as to what work should and should not be done, and, as a result, of the amount re-

quested only $144,000 was made available for direct labor, and $30,000 for direct relief.

The wages paid for this labor were not the $4.50 requested by the League, however, but $1.50 to $3.00 a day. This lower scale, which the League felt was inadequate when employment was intermittent at best, was made effective at the behest of the Mayor's Commission on Improved Employment. For a time the League and this Commission had worked together, but complete disagreement on the question of wages led at first to bitterness, and finally to an open breach. Disappointed and disillusioned in its first attempt to provide gainful employment for its members, the League turned its attention to self-help.

III

Seattle, aside from its shipping, is largely supported by three major industries — lumber, fishing, and agriculture. Raw timber was deteriorating in sawmill yards and ponds; warehouses were loaded with canned salmon begging for a market; produce was rotting in farmers' fields; and, in the midst of this plenty, men and women and children were lacking fuel and food. So far as the unemployed were concerned, these goods might as well have been on another planet.

The situation was surveyed by the League. Timber in the lumberman's yard could not be touched, but there were tracts near by with scrubby, unmerchantable trees upon them. Canned salmon was private property, but the waters of Puget Sound still abounded in fish. Farm produce which could not be held over until another season might be procurable if transportation could be arranged.

Members of the fishermen's union, who were likewise members of the League, made arrangements whereby fishing boats were made available. Permission was granted by Yakima Valley farmers for the unemployed to dig potatoes and to salvage unmarketable pears and apples. Owners of scrub timber tracts were persuaded to grant the League the right to cut trees for fuel. Trucks were donated, in some instances by private firms and in others by League members. Crews were organized, and the self-help programme became a reality. During the fall and winter of 1931, 120,000 pounds of fish, 10,000 cords of firewood, and eight carloads of potatoes, pears, and apples were furnished for unemployed relief by the unemployed themselves.

As winter set in, new activities came into existence. Among those out of work were cobblers, dressmakers, barbers, cabinetmakers, and other trained craftsmen. In the various locals, shops were set up, — shoe shops, dressmaking establishments, and barber shops, — while carpenters, plumbers, and electricians were available for home repairs. Children's shoes were half-soled, women obtained new dresses, men's and women's hair was trimmed, houses were repaired, plumbing and wiring fixed, and not one dollar changed hands. In this Republic of the Penniless, honorable unemployment was all that passed for currency.

While these activities were under way, the usual charitable and relief organizations were at work — the Community Fund, Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, St. Vincent de Paul Society, and others; but the majority of the unemployed did not want to go to them for help. Many of the members of the League had been past contributors to the funds of such organizations, but their methods of relief, strict and professional, did not appeal to this large army of men and women desirous of maintaining their self-respect. Besides, the problem of relief had by this

time assumed proportions far beyond the powers of these agencies to meet.

With twenty-two local commissaries established throughout the city, the League had conveniently set up depots for food distribution, but the food which could be provided by the League's own efforts was poorly balanced and undependable. The Mayor's Commission on Improved Employment, working upon the same problem, had established five depots for the distribution of food to be purchased by county funds. The Unemployed Citizens' League, however, objected to this plan, and made a counter proposal containing two major points: first, that the distribution of food be handled by the unemployed themselves; second, that it be distributed through the twenty-two locals already operated by the League rather than through the five depots of the Mayor's Commission.

No words were minced in presenting this proposal. It was argued that the distribution of food through League commissaries would be cheaper, since there would be no paid workers, and, further, that the usual inquisitorial methods of relief workers were revolting. Seattle is a big city, said the League's representatives, and it would be impractical to serve all districts with only five depots; it would be an imposition to ask that shoe leather be worn out in unnecessary walking. Both points were carried, and the League now has complete charge of the distribution of food through its own locals. The food is purchased with county and city funds by county and city purchasing agents, but not one dollar is paid for its handling and distribution, which are carried on by the unemployed themselves.

Vacated garages, stores, and halls have been utilized as local relief headquarters and commissaries. All the work of building counters, racks, storerooms, desks, chairs, and other needed equipment has been done by the unemployed. All able-bodied men whose families are obtaining relief through the commissaries must contribute work to the common good. This work takes many forms — committee assignments, waiting on 'customers,' cleaning, sweeping, investigating, visiting the sick, clerical work, woodcutting; and, whenever possible, the men are assigned to the trades with which they are familiar — carpentry, cobbling, barbering, or whatever it may be.

IV

One local, typical of many in its general features, is housed in what was formerly an automobile salesroom and garage. The plate-glass windows, which once permitted an unobstructed view of the latest models, have been made opaque with green paint, the League feeling that its patrons have a right to as much privacy as it can contrive to give them. The erstwhile showroom is the commissary. A long counter has been built, with racks behind it which hold sales books similar to those used by the corner grocer. Each family is listed, and an accurate record is kept of the food distributed from day to day; $2.16 worth, at wholesale prices, is the maximum amount allowed each week to a family of four. If there are children in the family, milk is provided when available, and, whenever possible, oranges and greens. The diet has been worked out as well as possible by the Home Economics Department of the University of Washington. But the food of charity is bitter; as one woman expressed it, 'No food tastes like earned food.'

At one end of the room are two windows, one labeled 'Medical Department' and the other 'Wood Delivery.' In the medical department a few home

remedies are available, and arrangements can be made for free medical or dental care. The delivery department handles the distribution of the wood that is cut by the crews of the League. At the other end are the offices. They happen to be well furnished, because this local has among its members unemployed woodworkers who have utilized scrap lumber to make desks and filing cabinets. The activities are well organized and delegated, and when the day's work is done every record is up to date and available, every paper filed, and every desk clear. Surplus food, if any, is returned to stock; the floor, walls, and counters are made immaculate; the doors are locked, and an unemployed night watchman is on duty to make the rounds until morning.

In what was formerly the repair room of the automobile agency are the shops. These include shoe repairing, woodworking, barbering, dressmaking, and auto repairing. Without funds, their operation is of necessity precarious. One man complained that he had waited three weeks to get his boy's shoes half-soled. 'We are out of materials,' he was told. Since wood is plentiful about Seattle, the cabinet shop is usually amply supplied, enabling it to furnish window frames, doors, coolers, and such things as may be needed to maintain unemployed homes in livable condition. The barber shop bobs and cuts hair, but, having no running water, does no shaving. The auto repair shop takes care of those trucks owned by the unemployed which are utilized in wood hauling and in grocery delivery to homes where illness prevents calling at the commissary.

The basement is devoted to the storage of food and materials — wood, cloth, and other shop supplies. Except for food, all these materials are 'chiseled,' to use the term current among the unemployed. To 'chisel' means to beg — a word that is carefully avoided. As one man, polished and educated, expressed it: 'Of course we don't like to do it, but there is no other way out. We need an expression such as the French had: "*C'est la guerre.*" With us, "*C'est la* depression"' — and he shrugged his shoulders eloquently.

The difficulties encountered in the chiseling process are illustrated by the experience of one local with its ice machine. Every part had been supplied and assembled but one, and efforts to obtain the missing part were unsuccessful. Its cost, new, would not have exceeded ten dollars, but it might as well have been ten thousand; so the machine stood idle, and hopes for supplying ice to unemployed homes through the summer months had to be held in abeyance.

As the days have gone on, with no prospect of radical improvement in business conditions, the social life of the locals has increased. Dances and entertainments are held frequently. Usually a five-cent admission is named, — that is, if one has a nickel, one is supposed to pay, — but it is not required, nor particularly expected. Outsiders are welcomed at twenty-five cents each. The meagre funds thus raised are used to augment the materials obtained by chiseling committees. The entertainment is often surprisingly good, professional musicians and former actors adding a touch of trained ability and experienced direction to amateur efforts.

Last Christmas a huge party was held at central headquarters. An old man with natural long white hair and whiskers, who in happier years had played the rôle of Santa Claus for Seattle stores, now performed for the children of the unemployed. A large Christmas tree was decorated with such tinsel and colored gadgets as

could be secured, and at its base were piled homemade toys, and old ones repainted and repaired — something for every child. Christmas carols were sung and games were played; but the party broke up early, and parents took their children home through the cold, drizzling rain.

V

When the new year came, bringing with it small hope for improved conditions, the League took stock of its progress. Some amelioration of the circumstances of the unemployed had been brought about, and the activities provided through League work had been helpful in maintaining morale. Still, the ultimate solution — employment — seemed as far away as ever. With a sigh, the League turned to political activity.

Among the unemployed were citizens of every political complexion, and no solidarity or unanimity of opinion existed at first except within a small group of Communists, who have been active agitators throughout the history of the League. These have taken a position against all self-help activity, maintaining that the solution of the economic problem is to be reached only through mass action. They have been in the minority, however, and thus far have made few converts. But as unemployment has persisted, the ties which have bound one unemployed person to another have grown stronger. A common feeling of dissatisfaction with the present economic order has gradually pervaded the organization, and with it has come a desire for changes, fundamental and far-reaching.

Early in the year the League approached the City Council and requested the use of the civic auditorium, rent free, for a mass meeting. A city ordinance specifically prohibited the donation of auditorium facilities to any organization, and the request was refused. Shortly thereafter the city elections were held, and the three councilmanic candidates as well as the nominee for Mayor endorsed by the League were overwhelmingly elected. Sensing a new power, the City Council reversed its decision regarding the auditorium, turned it over to the League rent free, and donated the street cars (which are municipally owned and operated) for the transportation of unemployed citizens without fare.

The mass meeting was attended by more than ten thousand people, an auditorium crowd greater than the one which had greeted Jack Dempsey at his personal appearance in Seattle. In action it was indefinite and inconclusive. Speeches made by city officials were applauded in spots and drowned with catcalls and boos in others. A man who spoke on Soviet Russia received but scant attention. Leaders in League work were warmly received, and listened to with interest and approval, but opinion had not yet crystallized, and the meeting adjourned with little accomplished.

The work of the League, however, was carried on with continued vigor, and its activities and form of organization were studied and adopted by neighboring cities. In the early spring a loose federation of these leagues was formed, and a date was set for a statewide convention of the unemployed to be held in Tacoma, forty miles south of Seattle.

VI

This convention, with delegates from Bellingham, Everett, Yakima, Seattle, and rural communities of the state, convened on May 29. Most of those who attended were penniless, and all were jobless, but the meeting was characterized by warmth and humor. Anecdotes were told of the difficulties

overcome in reaching the convention city. One man had driven a dilapidated car seventy miles on its rims. Another had come thirty miles on a mule; he had had neither food nor shelter for man or beast, he said, and while he could stand the depression himself, he feared it would kill the mule.

Resolutions condemning present economic conditions and urging public-works relief programmes were passed and forwarded to the state and national governments, but the most fundamental decisions reached were two which applied to future activities of the League itself.

The first of these was embodied in a proposal to introduce a system of barter between rural and urban communities. A farmer from Yakima made the motion.

'We farmers are broke,' he said, 'but we still have land. We'll grow food and trade it for shoes, clothes, and other things you people can make in the city. Since we can't earn money, we'll do without it. We'll return to the age-old method of primitive peoples, barter, and make commodities our medium of exchange.'

This activity, haltingly begun, has since become a reality. The League has delegated representatives who go to the farms, obtain such produce as is available, and make lists of those needs of the farmers which can be supplied by League manufactories. No standard of values has as yet been established upon which to conduct this barter. The produce obtained has largely been that which would otherwise not be marketed; the goods returned in payment have been shoes, clothing, and lumber. The demand for lumber has come from the eastern part of the state, which is for the most part lacking in timber, and the League has obtained the use of an abandoned sawmill to meet this demand. Of the many paradoxes in our economic maladjustments, none is more striking than this, for lumberyards in the western part of the state are piled high with lumber that has grown gray and weather-beaten vainly awaiting a market.

The second proposal adopted by the Tacoma convention had to do with political action. A motion was unanimously carried to the effect that the State Federation was to remain clear of political alliances, holding its voting strength free and unentangled, to be swung to whatever party or candidates, in the Federation's opinion, offered the most promising approach toward a solution of the economic dilemma.

While the convention was in session, an aspirant for the office of Governor paid for a radio broadcast of the convention's proceedings, and during the broadcast requested the privilege of a ten-minute address to the assembled delegates. His request was voted down, and he was told that he might discontinue the broadcast if he so desired. There was no enmity implied in this stand, it was made clear, the Federation merely desiring to remain politically uncommitted and uninfluenced. The radio broadcast was not withdrawn.

VII

With the coming of spring, the Seattle League's self-help efforts were redoubled. Woodcutting crews have provided more than three thousand cords a month, cut into stove lengths and stored in League commissaries. An ex-service man has been in charge, and the work has proceeded with military precision. Camp kitchens were set up and the workers had their noonday meal on the ground. It is estimated that enough wood has been cut to provide fuel for the winter for every unemployed home in Seattle, regardless of League affiliation.

Wherever possible, vacant lots and small tracts outside the city have been utilized for truck gardening, and unemployed women have canned and preserved as much fruit and vegetables as possible. This activity has proved disappointing, however, and there is real concern on the part of the unemployed over the shortage of greens. They have medical opinion on which to base their fears. 'The food supplied is filling,' said one doctor who donates his services to the League, 'but it is too heavy in starch. We are beginning to see rickets in children, and the ill effects of the diet will be felt by all if present conditions continue much longer.'

The problem of housing has been a vexatious one. With the passage of time, rents and payments have gone further and further in arrears, and evictions have increased. Scouting committees have found vacant, run-down houses, and the League has made proposals to owners that it would repair these homes and put the premises in good order in return for free rent. When this has been permitted, skilled workers have been assigned to the job. If painting or other work requiring the purchase of materials was needed, such purchases have been up to the owner to approve or veto as he desired — all labor being free, of course.

Such efforts have helped, but they have not solved the housing problem. Instances of direct action have occurred. One woman, returning with her husband from the city hospital with a new baby, found her other five children and the family furniture moved out on the sidewalk. The husband hurried to a near-by League local and returned with some twenty men, who moved the furniture back in and established a picket. When police were ordered to the scene by an irate owner, they saw men mowing the lawn, sweeping the front porch, carrying in kindling, and washing windows. 'The case is one for the sheriff's office,' they telephoned the owner.

In other cases, when water has been turned off, League members have gone in a body and turned it on, in some instances laying new pipes to the water main. Many ways have been devised to circumvent gas and electric meters, but these are all temporary expedients. In one home, on a cold day in early March, a woman was found heating milk for a sick baby over a flickering candle. There was no fuel, but the League has always remedied such conditions when discovered.

VIII

Within the locals of the League, ideas for various special activities are budding. One of the largest in the city is definitely planning dress and shoe factories with a view to selling their products in the open market. Acting upon legal advice, it has formed a separate organization within itself for this purpose. Funds thus earned, it is agreed, shall go for the purchase of materials — none, for a time at any rate, to labor. Through this method of lifting themselves by their boot straps the members hope eventually to become totally self-supporting — an independent guild of coöperative craftsmen. They admit the unfairness of this proposed competition with existing businesses — 'But what are we to do?' they ask.

Other locals work to maintain morale and to raise sagging spirits. One holds weekly get-togethers in a colored Baptist church, where speeches are made, ideas interchanged, songs sung, and entertainments staged. Another local, frankly Communistic in personnel, awaits the collapse of capitalism in sullen silence, dispiritedly doing no

more than is absolutely necessary to soften the hardships of unemployment.

At headquarters, planning and strategy continue. A march on the state capitol at Olympia, sixty miles away, to demand a special session of the legislature for relief action, was recently organized. Weekly meetings are held jointly with the League for Independent Political Action, and the conviction grows that ultimate salvation lies in a directed use of the ballot. Chiseling committees report increasing difficulty in obtaining materials, as manufacturers refer requests to their secretaries, who are instructed to say no. As I write, midsummer is here; soon what seasonal activity there is in lumber camps and on the farms will cease. Winter looms ahead, and the League faces growth in membership.

'We don't want it to grow,' says the president, a weary old man, as he sits at his deal table in executive headquarters. 'We'd like to be able to disband, but we must not and we won't. We're dreadfully close to this problem, and the outlook is dark. We fail to understand how men in dominating political, financial, and industrial positions can ignore the necessity for fundamental change if the present world-wide breakdown is to be corrected. We're doing our best to meet a situation not of our own making. We have unworthy ones in our ranks, yes, but they are less than five per cent of our total. Most of our members are good people.' He rises to his feet and paces the room. 'Good people!' he cries. 'I never knew, until I got into this work, how good people can be!'

He stands at the window and looks down at the unheeding street. 'Most of us in this work are near life's halfway mark or beyond,' he says, 'and what happens to us does n't matter very much. But it's hard for the youngsters to understand. Human life is terribly short, and to-morrow comes soon. We'd like to see it dawn a little brighter for the children.'

TOO MANY BOOKS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

In these days when authors, both men and women, follow the example set them in other branches of industry and go in for quantity production, something, surely, may be said for those more modest writers whose lists of titles make so reassuringly meagre a showing in the booksellers' catalogues.

I yield to no one in my amazement at the fecundity of the pens, or typewriters, or dictaphones of the prolific authors, but I am willing to yield to anyone in admiration for such enormous busyness. There is something that smacks not a little of egotism in their evident assumption that *all* the fruits of their creative energy, if it may be called such, are worthy of record between the covers of books. I wonder whether they do not delude themselves in believing that they owe it to their public to produce one or two or three volumes a year? My opinion is that the public is fast getting weary of such tireless activity on the part even of its favorite authors. They write so much faster than we can read, and so much of their product is merely a product in the commercial sense, that we are losing faith in them.

A typical example of the kind of thing I mean is one of Mr. Bertrand Russell's latest books, *The Conquest of Happiness*. I wonder how many writers beside myself read, or tried to read, that book, and threw it aside when they discovered that, as philosophy, it was about on a par with the works of the late Elbert Hubbard?

Mr. James Branch Cabell once had something to say with respect to the temerity of members of his craft in venturing to write at all. 'Indeed,' he says, 'to all of us who have essayed the word game, at which one plays for a dole of remembrance in our former lodgings, after the Sheriff has haled us hence, there comes, at times, a dispiriting doubt as to whether the game is worth the candle.'

It seems to me that there is little evidence to be offered by literary men themselves in proof of such an assertion. They seem to crave, not a dole of remembrance, but all that we have to give, throwing off books so rapidly that if we are to read them we shall have little time for anything else. I refrain from citing examples; one has only to go over the lists of titles, to date, of almost any author of our time who has passed his or her fiftieth year to be convinced that I have not overstated the case.

This appalling industry on the part of literary artists is not merely a present-day phenomenon; the thing has been going on for decades, even generations, although it is only in our time that it has gained such enormous headway. As long ago as the nineties, Anatole France made an eloquent plea to the members of his craft for greater modesty in production.

'Books are killing us,' he said. 'We have too many of them, and too many kinds. Men lived for long ages without reading anything, and that was the very time when they did the greatest and most useful things, for it was the time when they passed from barbarism to civilization. . . . All this was long ago. What frightful progress we have made since! . . . We publish now, in Paris alone, fifty volumes a day. This is a monstrous orgy. It will end by driving us mad.'

It *is* an orgy — there's no doubt of it, and more so now than it was in the nineties. Publishers and authors together are debauching us readers. Thanks to them and our own weakness of mind, we have formed the vicious habit of reading with the eyes merely. As a matter of self-protection, in order to break this vicious habit before it becomes too firmly fixed upon us, I suggest a moratorium, if it may be so called, for a period of ten years, during which time we refuse to read any new book. I am well aware that the suggestion has been made before, which only goes to show that readers have a legitimate grievance against authors and publishers.

Herman Melville believed that every novelist has in him a greater or lesser number of bad books that must come out, sooner or later, in order to give him spiritual room for his good ones. If this is true, and I believe it is, it accounts for many of the woes of us readers. Let them come out, if they must, but why should they all come out in print? Here, it seems to me, we have a genuine grievance against publishers. They are not disinterested enough to inform their authors when they have written unmistakably bad books. Instead of that, they blarney them, and try to blarney us, into thinking quite otherwise about them.

II

But I have forgotten, momentarily, to pay my tribute of gratitude to the little band of authors who considerately refuse to publish everything they write, and who use such impeccable judgment in deciding what they shall publish. Small though this band is, I do not, of course, know all of them — I only wish I did. I confine myself here to three or four.

What, I wonder, has become of Charles Flandrau, who wrote *Viva Mexico!* so many years ago? I am by no means alone in respecting him, if he still lives, or his memory, if he is dead. In the strangest places and in the most widely scattered ones, I am continually running into people who remember *Viva Mexico!* and whose eyes kindle with interest when it is spoken of. And where is Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith, whose small volume, *Trivia*, which appeared in 1912, was followed at a lengthy interval by *More Trivia*, but not by more, and more, and more, as would have been the case had anyone but Smith written the first volume?

In asking after these men I am by no means suggesting that they should burst into print again. But 'burst' is not the word; they never burst. They write carefully, slowly, and are such excellent critics of their own work that we are in no danger of having to request that they write less. They belong to the distinguished company of the poets, A. E. Housman and Ralph Hodgson, and Robert Frost and Miss Millay. How many years elapsed between Housman's *Shropshire Lad* and his *Last Poems?* How many between Mr. Frost's infrequent volumes? And how gratefully we welcome them when they do come! Blessed be such men, who give us of their best and care nothing for what publishers would call

'a solid reputation' based upon quantity of output.

H. M. Tomlinson almost deserves a niche in this small temple of fame. Unfortunately, in my opinion, he has allowed himself to go in for the solid reputation. I can all but hear what his publishers and well-meaning friends must have said to him some years ago when he was writing, from time to time, some of the best prose sketches that have appeared in our day: 'See here, Tomlinson! This won't do at all! You must write novels. *The Sea and the Jungle* was all very well, but that was only a travel book. You must write novels. You'll never get anywhere with these little things.' I should be willing to swear that this is how *Gallions Reach* and *All Our Yesterdays* came to be written. Tomlinson knew what he could do best, and was doing it, but deferred to the judgment of those who convinced him that they knew better. Even so, he is far from being a prolific writer, and deserves our thanks for writing his novels with care. But he would deserve them much more if he would produce, every five or ten years, a sketch such as 'Sand Dunes' or 'The Derelict.' Either of these sketches, which can be read in five minutes, is, in my opinion, worth both the novels.

It is a curious fact that the literary artists who break long silences so happily are usually those whose work is confined to the *belles-lettres*. There is one more I must not omit to name — Max Beerbohm. During the past forty years and more, he must have been urged, unsuccessfully, times without number, to add to his slender list of 'Works,' with the result that every one of his readers stands in his debt. Who of us is not willing to forgive him for his single, lone, and exceptional bad book — *A Variety of Things?* This saw the light, as he himself explains, only because he was, in a sense, forced to put the material it contains between covers; and no doubt he has many times since regretted what at the time he considered a necessity.

In this hurried, harried age, let us hail these judicious writers so considerate of our time as to give us nothing but their best. Let us wish continued power to their critical faculties, which enable them to judge so wisely for our good. Above all, let us hope that more of their fellow artists may learn from them that silence is indeed golden when they have nothing worth while to say.

A TOURIST IN SPITE OF HIMSELF— AT THE HEARST RANCH

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

I HAD an old uncle once — one of the last of the race of reciters — who occasionally, when conversation flagged, used to say to me, 'Shall I paint the home?' And, permission being reluctantly granted, he would begin: —

'If thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love fulfill its prayers,
This hand would lead thee: Listen!'

Then, pausing for breath, he would continue, emotionally: —

'A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds.
And when night came, the perfumed light
Stole through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
In the midst of roses! — Dost thou like the picture?'

And now, reader, imagine a rather pudgy old gentleman, the writer, sitting on a marble bench by just such a dream palace, amid just such surroundings, on a clear, warm, moonlight night in May, beside another gentleman whose smooth, expressionless face and pale blue eyes concealed a love of power and an iron will and a capacity for love and hate which are, fortunately, the inheritance of not many men these days, although in the days of the Cæsars such men were common enough.

'Mr. Hearst,' said I, — for my companion was none other, — 'do you object to my reciting a short poem?' I thought I saw him start as though stung by a wasp, but I may have been mistaken; then, before he could recover himself, I proceeded to 'paint the home' for him as my old uncle used to paint it for me. When I had finished my recitation we both burst into laughter.

'Where on earth did you get that?' said Hearst. 'I've heard it somewhere. It's Claude Melnotte to the Lady of Lyons, is n't it?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and what Bulwer-Lytton saw in imagination you have created on this mountain side overlooking the Pacific. It is well named — La Cuesta Encantada: The Enchanted Hill. It is — it is like Monte Carlo, with that churchlike palace of yours instead of the Casino, and the exquisite quiet of your surroundings instead of the laughter and motion of the ribald crowd.'

'It is lovely, is n't it?' said Hearst.

'Do you spend much time here?' I inquired.

'As much as I can,' was the reply. 'I am a busy man, but I try to spend about half the year here. It was a favorite spot of my father's, and I love it. I used to come up here with him as a boy. In those days we had a little

cabin just about where we are now sitting. He used to be very fond of that tree,' — pointing to a fine old oak, — 'and so am I; that's why, when I found it interfered with the view from one of my windows, I had it shifted so carefully that it never knew it was being moved. I never destroy a tree.'

Something within me said, 'But would you show the same consideration to a man?' and I could, in fancy, hear my host's reply, 'Not if he stood in my path.'

'Would you like to hear some music?' Mr. Hearst asked. And upon my reply an order was given, and presently from a tower high up in the air came the most delicious music, mechanical, no doubt, and 'amplified' into heaven, and returned as though by angels. But let me get down to earth — such flights as these are wearisome.

II

John Henry Nash, the great San Francisco printer, had met me according to arrangement at San Luis Obispo in a high-powered car, and after motoring for several hours said to me, 'We are now on Mr. Hearst's ranch.' We had entered no gates and there was nothing to suggest that we were in a private estate; we were just speeding along a country road. 'That is the port of San Simeon and there is the railway station,' said my friend. 'When Mr. Hearst sees anything he wants, he buys it and sends it here. If it fits into his scheme, he uses it; if it does n't, he puts it in storage. Those are his warehouses.'

Presently we came to a wooden gate, one of those 'grasshopper' gates which leap sideways into the air by the pulling of a rope. I did the pulling, taking the opportunity to read a sign on the gate, 'Beware of the wild animals.' I did n't see any, but, knowing where I was, I promptly bewared and, quickly closing the gate, hurried into the motor. After a mile or two we came to another gate with a similar sign, and then another gate, this time guarded by a man who came out from a small cabin. 'Are you expected?' he said. 'What name?' I saw wires leading from the cabin, and no doubt our names were telephoned to the mansion. Permission to enter was soon accorded.

A few moments more and, high up on a mountain side, we saw a huge pile of superb buildings which seemed to be dominated by a Spanish cathedral. 'That is La Casa Grande, and believe me that's what it is,' said Nash. 'Do you see that black mass down there? Buffalo.' The deer, zebra, and giraffe seemed to be living on intimate terms with herds of cattle and the Arabian horses — but I may be mistaken about this; I care little about such matters. I was all eyes for the castle, which soon began to unfold itself in all its magnificence. Soon we were motoring in a park, more properly a superb garden, and presently we drew up upon a side terrace which led to a small door.

A lady came out, a chatelaine, who welcomed us in Mr. Hearst's name. She said we were expected and that Mr. Hearst would meet us at lunch, which would be served at one o'clock. She hoped we should like our rooms and should find all that we required; if we did not, we had only to ring. We did not ring; it was not necessary: our every want had been anticipated. The Venetian suite, I believe, had been allotted to us. I wanted to sit down and write someone about it — but I could n't think of anyone to write to. And I remembered how Lord Macaulay, spending a day and a night with Queen Victoria, had written a letter on Windsor Castle stationery, and how

his friends had never ceased making fun of him; subsequently I told this story to Mr. Hearst and it made him laugh. 'Maybe you'd prefer to telegraph or telephone,' he said; 'the wires are at your service.'

Someone knocked on my door and asked if I wanted to ride, motor, shoot, golf, swim, or play tennis, and he seemed very much surprised when I said, 'Not if I can help it.' He bowed, as who should say, 'This is liberty hall,' and presently I began to wander over the mansion, castle, palace, — call it by what name you will; they all apply, — seeking what I knew I should find — the library. I came upon it at last, a noble room about a hundred feet long and thirty wide, with a magnificent ceiling which had once adorned an Italian palace. It was filled with books — not collectors' books, but just such books and magazines as one would expect to find in the house of a country gentleman; I read in Frazer's *Golden Bough* for an hour. Later Mr. Hearst told me his books were in New York, that the library here was very largely the creation of his mother — but it had been kept up to date by someone who knew what books to buy.

Afterward, having somewhat explored the castle, I turned my attention to the grounds. One feels in retrospect how perfectly impossible it is to give any idea of the setting of the castle without the use of almost meaningless superlatives. A magnificent and far-reaching panorama unfolded itself on every side, but with the exception of the mountains and the sea it was all 'made work,' giving employment to a small army of gardeners and caretakers. There are extensive lawns and almost equally extensive flower gardens, connected or divided by broad walks or terraces on many levels. There are fountains and pools, both for beauty and for use, and the skill with which the eye is carried through or along some vista to some interesting antique or beautiful modern statue is beyond all praise. And it is, with me, an undecided question whether these lovely and flower-perfumed gardens appear at their best by daylight or when illuminated by concealed flood lights and by long lines of alabaster lamps.

I forbear to comment, as so many have done, on Mr. Hearst's waywardness in building a room, or a wing containing many rooms, and then tearing it down because he had changed his mind, having seen or thought of something he liked better. Castles in Spain are his long suit, and he is said to have one in storage in New York City waiting until he finds a place to put it, and in St. Donat's he undoubtedly owns one of the finest castles in Wales. If one were presuming enough to ask him why, I can imagine his instant reply, 'Why not?'

III

That Mr. Hearst is an enigma is known to all men. The only son of an enormously rich father, inevitably a Senator, and an idolizing mother, he has had from his youth his own way, not in one thing but in everything, except possibly in his political aspirations. When, as a young man, he first came to New York to dispute with Joseph Pulitzer of the *New York World* the domination of a certain section of the newspaper kingdom, someone told his mother that her 'Willie' was losing money at the rate of a million dollars a year. 'Is he?' replied his mother. 'Then he will only last about thirty years.'

Pulitzer to-day is merely the echo of a name connected with certain 'prizes' which are more or less of a nuisance; his newspaper has become a mere tra-

dition. Hearst's are still to be reckoned with. Let it be understood that I do not care for Mr. Hearst's newspapers or his methods, but then I doubt if their owner himself likes his newspapers; and as for his methods, he might, possibly, condescend to ask you what other methods would give him what he seeks? He wants 'circulation,' for the reason that it gives him power and wealth. The commoner his papers are, — he owns twenty-five or thirty of them, — the more people he can bend to his will. Mr. Hearst could run for his own edification a newspaper which it would delight me to subscribe to and read, but what would its influence be? Absolutely nil. Such ventures in the newspaper world are not uncommon. The last tried was with the *New York Evening Post*. After a year or two its owner, having lost several million dollars, was glad to dispose of it to Mr. Curtis of Philadelphia, who entertains no delusions on the subject of running a newspaper.

The stories one hears of Hearst are positively fantastic and invariably contradictory. For example: His ranch extends for miles along the Pacific Coast; there is a highway approaching it which may some day extend from Alaska to Cape Horn — long stretches of it are now completed from Seattle to San Diego. Quite naturally, Mr. Hearst did not wish a public highway cut through his estate; he therefore opposed it and was held up to obloquy by his detractors. Finally, bowing to public opinion, — which he seldom does, — he yielded. Was he applauded for so doing? Not at all; he was immediately accused of using his influence to have a great thoroughfare cut through his estate in order to increase its value. It is a case of be damned if you do and be damned if you don't.

IV

It had in some way been made clear to us that life on the ranch was governed by certain rules: PUNCTUALITY at lunch and dinner is one; QUIET is another. Breakfast is served until eleven; after that hour I doubt if anyone can secure anything to eat until luncheon, which is served punctually at one o'clock. Dinner is at seven-thirty.

It was about one that guests began to assemble upon the broad tessellated plaza in front of the castle. There are, in addition to the main building, several small palaces, called guest houses, dotting the mountain side and connected with the castle by winding paths. It was soon evident that these were occupied by young gods and goddesses of the screen. Our host finally made his appearance, and those of his guests who were not known to him were presented. Mr. Hearst seemed a reserved, not to say a shy man. There flashed through my mind the scene in Trollope's *Doctor Thorne* of the entertainment at Gatherum Castle, of which La Casa Grande is the American equivalent, and Mr. Hearst's many qualifications for the part of the Duke of Omnium, except that Mr. Hearst was as polite and courteous as the Duke was rude.

Presently we entered the great hall from a vestibule which opened upon the plaza — I insist upon calling it a plaza — and found ourselves in a lofty apartment the same size as the library, which is immediately above it. The ceiling was magnificent, and around the room was a range of old choir stalls taken from some Spanish or Italian cathedral. On one side, in the centre, opposite the entrance, was a magnificent fireplace in which great logs were burning, while on either side of the fireplace a door gave entrance to

the dining hall. Above the choir stalls, between the windows, were magnificent tapestries. The hall was in fact the great living room of the mansion, comfortably but not oppressively furnished.

I had, however, only a moment to look around, for we were informally making our way to the dining hall, which extends lengthwise from the great room, resembling it in size and character. Here were more choir stalls and tapestries and banners and flags. I had the feeling that we were about to regale ourselves in one of the lesser halls of Windsor Castle. By a judicious arrangement of tables I suppose two hundred or more people could dine in this room, but our party was directed to a long table extending down the centre, formed by placing three or four refectory tables end to end. Mr. Hearst took his place in the centre, and opposite him sat Miss Marion Davies. There were perhaps forty in our party, but this number would be increased at dinner. It was like a scene on the stage.

Mr. Hearst always refers to his establishment as 'the ranch,' but it is a ranch in which magnificence is intermingled with simplicity. On the great table there was an array of bottles extending down the centre, containing condiments of all kinds: sauces, pickles and olives and catsup, in the utmost profusion, and *paper napkins* at one's place, to which one was directed by a major-domo; and I should instantly refer to the beautiful old English silver plate, of which it pleases me to think that I know something, and the bowls of rare and beautiful flowers — for, be it remembered, flowers are as common in California as people are in London, to distort Oscar Wilde's famous remark.

I have seen printed menus which suggested that food might be expected, menus which promised much to the eye but which broke the promise to one's stomach. Mr. Hearst's menu promised little and performed much. It was an ample, delicious, but not elaborate luncheon, beautifully served. Someone once told me that Mr. Hearst was a heavy drinker, and that he always drank a quart of champagne at lunch. I watched him narrowly and observed that he drank two small glasses of excellent claret; wine and spirits were to be had, but the guests, like their host, drank very little.

After luncheon we wandered about, had coffee, and presently went about our respective affairs. Someone remarked that it would be nice if a new picture play, in which Marion Davies had a prominent part, might be given in the theatre in the evening, only the reels were in Los Angeles — whereupon a young Apollo said he would 'hop into his plane and go fetch them.' He did so; we saw the picture in the beautiful and luxurious theatre that evening, after dinner. That all this should go on quite without effort — automatically, as it were — seemed quite what might be expected from one's surroundings, but that it should be going on around me! That indeed amazed me at the time, and in retrospect seems almost unbelievable.

V

Such preconceptions as I had of Mr. Hearst were invariably wrong. I had been told not to mention certain subjects to him; I mentioned them frankly and he as frankly talked upon them.

As I have said, I owe my introduction to Mr. Hearst to John Henry Nash, whose acquaintance with him grew out of the printing of the Life of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, our host's mother, whose memory is perhaps one of the few things Mr. Hearst reverences. It is a superb book, printed from type especially cast, on paper especially made, and bound simply but superbly

in white vellum — in Germany. The book was not made without a tussle. Hearst wanted it made one way and in a hurry. Nash does not work in a hurry and wanted it made in another. Nash had his way, and Mr. Hearst was so pleased with the result that he said, 'John, you will always be welcome at the ranch, whether I am here or not — and bring your friends.' It was the Life of Mrs. Phœbe Hearst that suggested the format of Nash's famous edition of *Dante* which the King of England placed in the Royal Library at Windsor, where I saw it a year ago. Mr. Hearst was not displeased when I told him of this, and said, 'John, I think Mr. Newton ought to have a copy of our book. Will you see that he gets one?'

It was after dinner one evening that I recited the well-known lines from *The Lady of Lyons* and lived to tell the tale. Not many men have recited poetry to Hearst and survived. Mr. Hearst is a man of emotions. He can be cruel and remorseless, yet he is fond of animals and loves to feed them. He has a large menagerie — of what? Of all the animals one sees at a circus, but exceptionally fine specimens. The ranch is alive with subtropical birds. They were originally kept in cages so large that they thought they were at liberty; now that they are, they have no wish to leave a spot where their every want has been anticipated. Expert gamekeepers and bird fanciers are among the small army of employees always at work.

The house is not finished, and it never will be. Its owner, like Queen Elizabeth's friend, — or was it enemy? — Bess of Hardwicke, feels perhaps that if he should stop building he would die. And he has no wish to die. He lives in an earthly paradise. The dinner was informally magnificent; evening dress is taboo, though, as Mr. Hearst explained to me, once when President and Mrs. Coolidge visited the ranch he was obliged to relax this rule somewhat.

More guests had arrived during the afternoon. I found a lady sitting next to me who seemed to know everyone in London; I asked her who she was, and she told me she represented Mr. Hearst's magazine interests in England. She had been at the ranch for some time, but Mr. Hearst had not yet told her why he had sent for her. 'But he will when he gets ready,' she said.

The Hearst property at San Simeon extends to about two hundred and fifty thousand acres. Senator Hearst began to buy land sixty-odd years ago, and his son is an acquisitive man: to see a thing is to want it, and to want it is to buy it. I remember once that Mr. Hearst and I wanted some books at an auction sale in New York; when I found whom I was bidding against I stopped, thereby displeasing Mr. Hearst, who would have preferred a battle royal — with the same result. When I reached San Francisco I was telling some of my friends of my experience and was told by them that Hearst's purchases are so large that even he, after the manner of very rich men, does not always pay promptly. A few months later I was in London, whither Hearst and a large party had preceded me. Talking to a friend, a bookseller, I asked him if he was doing any business, and he said, 'Yes, I sold some fine books to Mr. Hearst only a few days ago.' 'When do you expect to be paid for them?' I inquired. 'Why,' replied my friend, 'I have already been paid for them. Look at this' — and he took from his pocket a letter from a secretary, which read: 'Acting on Mr. Hearst's instructions, I enclose a draft on New York for the books recently purchased. I presume they have already gone forward.'

VI

I am writing this paper in Menton, in France. I have an engagement to dine this evening in Monte Carlo. Outside my window I can hear the gentle splashing of the Mediterranean Sea, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue; overhead a cloudless blue sky. I began by saying that Mr. Hearst's Cuesta Encantada reminded me of Monte Carlo, and each time I visit the place, which is almost every day, the feeling grows upon me that Mr. Hearst must have drawn some of his inspiration therefrom. The principality of Monaco is very tiny — all that Mr. Hearst can see for miles, and much more, is his, and he shares it with his friends.

At Monte Carlo I cannot escape the feeling that there is a very sordid world just around the corner; one has no such feeling on the terrace of La Casa Grande. The walks, the fountains, the flowers, the climate, all are perfect. No thought of the outside world intrudes upon one; one is loath to leave so perfect a spot, and has the feeling that he might stay forever without inconveniencing anyone — and is not this the height of hospitality?

Late one evening we sought our host and tried to tell him how much we had enjoyed our visit. We said we should be gone early next morning. Very simply we were asked to come again. I think we never shall; such a visit is not to be repeated, and it certainly is not to be forgotten.

VII

It is, I think, generally agreed that a 'petting party' (which I cannot believe is, as some claim, a discovery of the present generation — I think I saw traces of one in a tomb in Egypt) is at its best when composed, as a honeymoon is, of but two people. Be this as it may, four people is the ideal number for a long motor ride. Two is not enough — there is no one to act as referee in case of the almost certain dispute; three throws the whole thing out of balance; four is just right. And this was the number which early one fine morning left San Simeon in a motor car capable of doing one hundred miles an hour, but throttled down, at Mrs. Nash's desire, to less than half that speed.

The distances, the excellent roads, and the fact that everyone in California has one motor, and most people two or three, must have played and will continue to play havoc with railway travel. Railways, except for the hauling of heavy freight, have largely had their day, and magnificent and costly terminals are an extravagance which they can no longer afford. San Francisco was our objective, and our ride, if long, was a pleasant one.

When, late in the afternoon, we entered the rooms which had been engaged for us at the Fairmont Hotel, we found them so banked with flowers that my first impulse was to exclaim, 'Where are the remains?' Prima donnas and matinée idols are, no doubt, accustomed to such things, but for a mere book collector our reception was a head-turning experience. The first thing I did on my return home was to add a codicil to my will: 'Please omit flowers; I had mine in San Francisco.' One hates an anticlimax, even when one is dead.

Twenty minutes after our arrival, the telephone began to ring, and it kept on ringing steadily until — and, no doubt, after — our departure. When, in the providence of God, I again go to the Pacific Coast, I shall take with me a telephone operator and a private secretary.

PARABLES AT FOUR

I

THROUGH glasses of her darkness
She seeth what is seen,
Watching my heart forever
With childhood in between.

When she shall know me even
As she herself is known,
Give me the wings of morning
That I may flee my own.

In such a light as beateth
When wisdom's sight is freed,
I who have loomed like Sinai
Shall shrink to mustard seed.

II

Straightness inhabited never
Such mansionry as hers,
No oak that grew by Shechem,
No green of desert firs.

When I must think how Heaven
Will some day bow this head,
Then Rachel mourneth in my ribs
And is not comforted.

KATHRYN WORTH

THE MOUNTAIN DOCTOR

BY ALFREDA WITHINGTON

[AFTER serving in France as a physician under the Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission, Dr. Withington found it difficult to settle down to conventional practice when she came back to America in 1921. She turned, therefore, to the remote undoctored wilds of the Kentucky mountains, where, in a settlement thirteen miles from the railroad, between Kingdom-Come and Hell-for-Sartin, she entered into the lives of the mountain folk as the only licensed physician in the district. She had to answer her calls on horseback, at all hours and in all weathers, faithful Billy being in very truth a coworker in her benevolent enterprise. At the time of the events here related, she had already been established in the mountains several fruitful years. — THE EDITOR]

I

June, 1926

THIS spring we have had troublous days in the mountains. One Sunday when there was no church service the men went off to a shooting match up Possum Fork, a setting for moonshine. Aunt Nancy begged her son, Mose Martin, not to go, but he gayly waved back, singing out that he would be all right and would be home again before nightfall.

Some of the men got drunk, and one of them, Hamp Parry, began to shoot at the mules, killing one and wounding others. When Mose Martin said to him, 'Now don't make trouble. Let's stick to our shootin' match and have our fun,' Hamp up and shot Mose through the chest; and as Mose fell he fired at Hamp. How badly injured Hamp was no one knew, but word came that Mose was dead; so I hurried to Phronie, his wife, in her little cabin way down in the bottom.

Soon her brothers appeared, and Phronie moaned, 'He's dead, he's dead!'

'No, he ain't ' quietly said Ko Hensley. 'He's alive and talkin', and wants the doctor.'

Ko hurried back, while I clambered up the hill, snatched up my bags, and, since Billy was already saddled, jumped on his back and started off. Others followed, and Mose's mother ran mutely to her cabin, hopped on her mule bareback, and brought up the rear. Billy, conscious of trouble, sped along until some of those behind called out to go more slowly, but Aunt Nancy on her big mule urged us to lose no time.

Three miles up Big Birch we saw coming toward us a stretcher borne by six men, with Ko Hensley riding ahead. 'He's dead,' said Ko. It was for me to go back and tell Phronie that all was over, but my return before the others was omen enough to the little widow, whose four children clung to her, sobbing but not quite understanding.

At the funeral the people poured in from all the coves and heads of 'hollers' and creeks for miles around, for Mose was 'a good fellar.' They laid him to rest in the lonely little burying ground next to us.

That day the deputy sheriff, one of our men, led a posse up Big Birch to arrest Hamp Parry. They were met by Hamp's four brothers lined up in front of the cabin with leveled Winchesters. Thereupon the posse retired, but that night three riders were dispatched to the county seat to consult the High Sheriff, and all the trails were guarded. It was suspected that Parry was still living, but all sorts of stories were in the air. I myself hoped he was dead, so that further bloodshed might be avoided.

The riders returned armed with authority and a machine gun; they were deputized to take Hamp dead or alive, but were instructed not to let any Martin kin assist them. Meanwhile they asked me to be ready for emergencies. At dawn they sent Silas March, a relative of Hamp, to advise him to surrender. Silas did not return, and the men were still waiting for him when Parry's sister came and told them that her brothers and Silas had taken Hamp on a stretcher down a back trail to the hospital at the county seat, thirty miles away, where he would surrender.

Now the slogan is, 'With Mose Martin dead, Hamp Parry cannot live.' In these mountains a wrong is never forgotten — nor is a good turn, either!

II

Recently we have had 'a big tide,' as the onrush of tremendously swollen creeks is called. It rained all one night, and again in torrents the next day. I had gone out on foot upon a call when a man hurried 'to notify me to be scairt, for the creeks are risin' sharp.'

I almost reeled as I crossed the footbridge; usually it stands six feet above the creek, but now it was almost level with the seething yellow waters. Greasy was certainly on a rampage, having risen with incredible rapidity. People had to drive their animals up on the mountain side for safety. Five hundred huge logs, loosed from their moorings, swept down with the raging flood, along with trees, sledges, and pigs; and finally, as we were watching, a great hemlock plunged, roots foremost, into the stream and headed for the footbridge — bang, rip! Then everything swung into the current and was whirled and churned onward toward the Kentucky River.

Poor Liz Craig's garden in the bottom lands, upon which she had labored with steady devotion, was utterly denuded; nothing was left of it but a mass of stones, the earth being all washed away. Landslides blocked the only exit from our territory, and we were completely bottled up here until the men could dig out a road.

III

It is difficult to give an adequate conception of our remoteness and isolation. With the exception of a settlement or 'foundation' worker, a very occasional drummer, and a man who buys up live stock, no one from the outside world ever penetrates this 'land of beyond' — except bootleggers. To understand the mental attitude of the mountain people, one has to imagine what it has meant to be thus marooned for one hundred and fifty years.

The logging company will soon invade this region; its men are already blazing a way for the laying of their track. Then it will be good-bye to these grand old virgin trees. I shall hate particularly to see one great oak go; I call it Jean Valjean.

Part of our work here consists of trying to convert the people to a public health programme. We hold mothers' meetings, give physical examinations and inoculations, treat hookworm cases, preach the need of screens to keep out the myriads of flies, and urge the installation of outhouses, of which only a very few exist, here and there. Until sanitation can be achieved, hookworm and infectious diseases will continue to sap the vitality of the people.

Just now, typhoid is taking its toll. One typhoid patient lives eight miles away, but he is so solicitous, because of the death of a companion who had worked with him in the logging, that I have made frequent trips to see him. His little wife is a marvel for carrying out directions. Once, after I had told him that he could have something more to eat and was starting out to mount my horse, he called frantically after me, 'Doc, doc — if you don't tell my ole woman yourself, she'll never give it to me!'

I find that most of the people are ready for preventive serum. This is due, I believe, to the experience of those who went out to the war. Recently the nurse and I, returning from a day's work of inoculations, were halted by a man who wanted us to go and see his little boy. We accompanied him to an almost impossible place, so steep and muddy and slippery that we had to dismount and walk. The child had diphtheria, and this was the third day of his illness. He was a sweet little fellow, rousing even then to tweak his father's ears in play; but there was very little I could do for him, and he died that evening. It is the first case of diphtheria I have heard of in the mountains. The child's death will serve, I think, to overcome any further objections to toxin antitoxin.

There is a man midwife here in the mountains. He took to his job twenty-six years ago when he was a young married man, and has 'kotched babies' ever since. Then there is old Granny Bevin, who has had sixty years of 'bringin' babies,' and says she has never lost a woman. It is needless to add that the ways of both pass understanding. We are gradually introducing prenatal examinations and puerperal care, bringing comfort and better results to the patients and giving the babies the right start.

One very good thing is that every mountain mother nurses her baby. In consequence, I have found that the mortality of young infants is not high. The real trouble begins when the babies are fed all sorts of things which they should not have, and this practice is so general that I am surprised at the survival of so many fittest. There is a superstition that every baby must have hives before it is ten days old. I wonder what is done to bring them on; perhaps it is the 'leetle grain' of corn liquor that is given to the babies 'for their good.'

IV

Billy is always quick to solve his own problems in his own way, and the other day he gave me a start. He was going briskly along a narrow trail that skirted the mountain with a deep ravine on one side when, suddenly, he became frightened at I don't know what and leaped a fence with me on his back. There we were inside, the ledge outside, and the trail so narrow that I feared to risk Billy's jumping back.

It was a snake fence, every topmost rail nailed in place. I heard chopping on the mountain side, so I blew my whistle. A woman who had been gathering firewood came to my call, knocked off the upper rail with her axe, and lowered the others, and we then made an ignominious exit.

V

March, 1927

Over three months ago a man came to me to say that Cora Craig's 'least one' had been 'burnt up,' and that I had better go to her at once. The man was Bill Boggins, of whom Granny Howard says, 'He's the worst man in the mountains — won't stop at nothin'.' In spite of his reputation, I had noticed that Bill was always the one to do another a good turn; so, with my inherent trust in the mountain man, I put fear aside and went with 'the worst man in the mountains' out into the dark night.

At that time Billy was out of commission, needing a shoe, so I borrowed Bess, the nurse's horse, and Bill rode ahead with his carbide light held at just the right angle to shine on my path. I found the child fearfully burned. After I had done what I could for it, Bill offered to take me back; but when I told him I would stay with the baby he said he would go for the child's father, who was logging over on Lonesome Creek. This meant a ten-hour trip, but Bill seemed to think nothing of that when it was a question of helping others.

Contrary to Granny Howard's expectations, it was the next day, on my return from this visit, that bad luck overtook me. Bess was going down a hill when she stumbled upon a rock, falling and hurling me straight over her head so that I struck almost squarely on my face. I remember the sensation of hurtling through the air, and I heard a crash — then there was a blank as I lay there unconscious. A mountain woman who was riding ahead of me says that she turned and was glued to her mule with fright as she saw Bess scrambling up and almost bringing her feet down upon me.

When I came to, the mountain woman was standing over me. I had an awful sense of something wrong, and, putting my hand to my nose, I found that it was crunched and bleeding terribly. As I lay there I got hold of the crackling bones, straightened them out as best I could, and poked up some gauze. Though faint from bleeding, there was nothing for it but to remount and ride the four miles home. The next day, swollen beyond recognition, I rode the thirteen miles to the railroad and took the night train for Louisville, where I put myself in the hands of a skilled specialist. He said I could be thankful my malar bones were not smashed; a stiff hat had saved me.

After a week I started back with a warning not to take cold, but in two days my throat began to feel sore, and when I asked for a mirror, what was my dismay to see a typical diphtheria infection! I had been intending to exchange my antitoxin, for it had reached its age limit; now there was nothing to do but send a messenger to take the night train for the county seat, where he could get fresh antitoxin and culture tubes. Returning, he managed to catch a ride on a freight train to the foot of Pine Mountain, from whence he walked over and reached me before sunup. I jabbed in the initial dose and then hurried the culture tubes back to the laboratory — to receive the diagnosis, 'positive.'

Some weeks later, when I started north for convalescence, it was over a mountain so icy that one man had to brace his shoulder against the lurching mule while another held me on. All's well, however, that ends well, and here I am in the North, itching to get back into the mountains.

VI

Summer, 1927

I returned in late March. The slow coming on of spring in this high coun-

try is entrancing, with the tan fuzz of the birch, the white 'sarvice' bloom, redbud intermingled with dogwood, the flame of azalea, and the new gray-green tips of the hemlocks waving in the wind. Imagine an entire mountain side carpeted with blue 'woolen breeches' against the hazy blue of the more distant Cumberland ridges, and you have the background of this tapestry that Nature spread out before me.

The mountains in this region are not over three thousand feet high, but they are steep beyond belief, and many are unclimbable. They come to sharp ridges on top, only wide enough for man and beast, and often the valleys are simply creek beds or mere trails. At every turn on a main creek the vista is a V, with a mountain contour filling in the gap. On the side trails there is no vista at all — just the forest growth and the rough outlines of crag and cliff; only when the leaves fall off does one see to advantage the vast rock formations.

In May we planned a five-day trip into the mountains beyond us. Aunt Curdie, a frail little woman of eighty-two who could boast of ninety-five grandchildren and thirty-six great-grandchildren at the last count, said that she would like to go with us the first thirty-three miles to Wooton, to visit a brother whom she had not seen for many years. She made a new black sunbonnet, and 'packed her poke' several days in advance. Because of her pride, she said, she did not want to ride a poor and ornery nag with his bones sticking out, so a suitable horse was secured for her.

Two days before we were to start, I was called to an accident up Big Birch. I had almost reached my destination when Aunt Curdie met me, having come to warn me not to ride Billy any farther because there was blasting ahead. She spent the rest of the day doing chores, and that night she died. There was a great gathering of the clan. They buried her high up on her own mountain side, where lay her kin.

Her death took a good deal of the spirit out of our trip, but we held to our plans and set off laden with saddle-bags and oats for our horses. Somehow we made a wrong turning, but did not know it until we were met by a panting boy who had seen us bound straight for the quicksands and had taken a short cut to head us off. We were to spend that night at the home of a Johns Hopkins physician thirty-five miles away — the nearest doctor to us. He has his own settlement and practice among the mountaineers, and is doing a fine work. He and his wife had told the people that if they saw us coming there would be a dance that night — which explained the heads poked out of cabins here and there as we passed.

And there was a dance! A 'caller' announced the intricate figures of the running-set — 'Shoot the Owl,' 'Bird in the Cage,' 'Killiecrankie,' and others. The running-set is the sole survival of an ancient dance brought to this country in the eighteenth century. It is a dance of great beauty and wildness, executed with swiftness, and yet so smoothly that there is never any cessation of rhythm, sustained by a clap of the hand and a glide, sometimes a shuffle of the feet, and on occasions accompanied by a fiddle. The fiddler plays his instrument across his knees, while someone beats time with wooden sticks at the ends of the strings.

As we went on our way the next morning we had to cross a branch of the Kentucky River. We were told that we could not ford it for some miles on account of the flood, but should have to cross a mountain and come out farther up. This we did, but the

waters were high even so. I happened to be in the lead and had started to ford the stream when, to my horror, the water came over my saddle. It happened so quickly that I had no time to turn, and before I knew it I was almost completely immersed, while of Billy nothing was visible but his head, which he held as high as he could.

Fearing that Billy would be unable to swim, weighted down as he was with me and the saddlebags, I slipped my feet out of the stirrups ready to try my own fate at swimming with my clothes on; but Billy, his eyes bulging with fright, held his footing and labored on until he gained shallower water. Meanwhile some men ran shouting from a cabin up on the bank and pointed out a safer crossing to my friends behind. It was quite the narrowest escape I have had in the mountains. I had a time of it getting dry, for all my extra supply of clothing was soaked.

That night I slept like the dead. It seemed to me that I had just dropped off when one of my friends shook me, saying, 'It is half past three, and they say breakfast is ready.' We took a 'soon' start that day!

VII

By the time summer arrived I felt that I needed a rest, so I made arrangements to go north for a vacation. The night before I left, the nurse and I had just finished a confinement case and I had gone out to mount Billy when I saw a light flashing in rapid zigzags through the trees. It was a signal calling us to a second case six miles away. 'Honest?' said the nurse, when I went in to tell her. At 3 A.M., while we were still with this second case, a call came for a third, five miles in the other direction. The nurse went off to that while I remained with the other.

They say in the mountains that the babies heard I was leaving!

A short time before I went away I had given great joy to bright-eyed little Alafair, aged six, by bestowing upon her a doll with real hair that said 'Ma-ma' and went to sleep — its name was Polly. A few days later when I chanced to ride by, I found Alafair sitting on a log sobbing her eyes out, while several children stood about, gazing at her in unspeakable sympathy.

'What's the matter?' I called out.

'Oh,' said one of her companions, 'Polly's gone.'

It seemed that Alafair had watched the nurse bathe the baby, and, wishing to emulate her example, she had even tried to improve upon it and had put the doll in hot water and ducked its head under — with tragic results for Polly. Alas for the dangers of a little learning.

Since I was to pass where she lived on my way to the train, I placed another doll in my saddlebag, and when I arrived at the cabin I asked her father to lift the child and let her peek into the bag. She darted one look of rapture at Polly number two, and then at me. 'Yes,' I said, 'pull her out' — which she did with the best will in the world.

On this trip out, a storm was threatening, and, fearing that it would break, I tied to the saddle my traveling hat done up in an oilskin bag. I really am careful about tying things on securely, but somehow it slipped off, and I had to travel to New York hatless.

VIII

January, 1928

The usual mountain cabin is picturesque, with lovely lines and a graceful curve of the handmade shingle roof. Most of the cabins are built of faced logs with notched ends, the space between the logs being chinked with

mud. In a rough sort of way they reflect the family history of their occupants. At first they consist of a single room with a chimney at one end; then a lean-to kitchen is put up behind; and as the family grows a second room is added, and sometimes a porch in front. On the large creeks here and there one will find a cabin with a window, but in the remote regions they have no windows at all, and more than once, in broad day, I have had to search for my patient with a flash light. Plenty of air comes in through the open chinks and the wide space between the roof and sides, and the door always stands open.

Inside, the cabins are really very cosy, with the glow of the open fire and the deep shadows. On each side of the fireplace hang dried gourds, strings of red peppers and 'shucky' beans, sometimes twisted tobacco or ginseng roots. There are always from two to four beds in a room, and usually a homemade chest and low, split-bottom chairs. I have been in some of these mountain homes so poor as to have no chairs, and in one where sixteen children were reared to adult life with no cooking facilities beyond the open fire. Then again, there are a few very old cabins that are really spacious with their great beamed rooms. Many are papered with leaves from magazines and old newspapers, which are in constant demand from us for this purpose.

In every cabin the first thing to catch the eye as one enters is a muzzle-loading rifle or a modern Winchester, or both. They rest in forked sticks nailed near the door, ready for any occasion. Sometimes the old rifles are scarred with notches, which represent so many killings. Less sinister is the banjo or fiddle, also hung on the wall in the same fashion.

Outside are the bee gums and the big iron kettle for washing, which is constantly in use. The yard is carefully swept, and is surrounded by a 'picketing' fence to keep out the roaming, aggressive razorback hogs. Within this enclosure are beds of 'pretties.'

The chimneys are so large that most of the heat goes up them. This is true of our own; and when the wind blows 'contrary,' we are covered with soot and dust in a twinkling. If this settles upon our food, we have to blow off what we can and ignore the rest. Large chimneys, however, have a secondary use: in one such a mother hid her son while the deputy sheriff was looking for him. The spaces between logs in our cabin need rechinking. The lizards are able to dart freely in and out, and on one occasion I was startled by a snake wriggling along a side log. But why mind it? 'It ain't pizenous,' said Sue.

Children here do not seem to play games. They simply romp, fling rocks, and begin at any age to ride nags. Once I came across a six-year-old boy on a donkey that was standing stock-still in the middle of the creek. The child was wailing at the top of his lungs. 'What's the matter?' I shouted. 'The dad-burn critter won't go. 'Torter be killed!' he yelled. I went to his rescue and got the beast started. Since then the boy and I have been great friends, and he stones off the loose mules to keep them from following me.

Love me, love my horse. I must not write too much about Billy, but I shall have to mention how he cranes his beautiful neck and, giving a snort, tosses his head indignantly if I chance to be late with his morning rations. He is always willing to leave his oats, however, for an emergency call; sensing the necessity, he speeds on the outward trip, but uses his prerogative of duty performed to snatch a few oak leaves on the return. In snake season

I have to keep my eyes open for rattlers and copperheads as I ride along the narrow ridges. When a copperhead lay in the trail I forced myself to go on, letting Billy jump over it; but one time when I came suddenly upon a bull pawing the earth, looking at me with bloodshot eyes and bellowing with lowered head, I turned tail — and in our hurried retreat Billy leaped over a huge sow nursing six piglets.

IX

In September I was hastily summoned to attend my first snake-bite patient. A woman had been milking a cow when a snake bit her hand. Fortunately it was not a rattler, but I found her arm badly swollen and painful, and her heart working wildly.

After treating her, I started back, and since I had sixteen miles to go I thought I would eat my lunch as I rode. I returned by what I supposed would be a shorter way, through God-Forsook Gap, and got into a narrow valley — a trough so dense and mysterious and with such overhanging cliffs that I could appreciate the words of Daniel Boone, 'so wild and horrid that it is impossible to view them without terror.' Billy seemed to share my feelings, for he carried me flying past Boogerman's Creek. It was too gruesome to eat my sandwiches, and later, on a less fearsome trail, I found them all in crumbs, and my canteen of water was exhausted.

Darkness set in, but there was a sickle moon; and in a little while the sky was studded with stars that seemed very near at hand as they shone through the single row of trees on the tops of the ridges. About nine o'clock I saw the gleam of firelight through a cabin door, and got off my horse to ask for a drink of milk. The man who came to the door said that his cow had died a few days before; but he added, 'You look peekid. I reckon you better stay the night.' After being regaled with corn bread and beans and coffee, I took off my shoes and gratefully lay down in the bed with two members of the family. It was a corn-husk mattress with a feather bed over it, and oh, so comfortable!

Few people in the mountains undress for the night — a custom dictated partly, I suppose, by modesty, for men, women, and children all sleep in the same room. Often the only light in a cabin comes from the glow of the fire, although sometimes there is a carbide light or a lamp without a chimney.

X

In the fall of the year everybody lends a hand at 'foddering' — which means stripping the leaves from the cornstalks to make roughage for the cows. The stalks are left standing, with their one ear of corn on each to get well dried and later to be gathered and served 'on the cob' to the stock. (In the winter, nags in the mountains have no oats.) After the foddering is over, a corn field looks like an army of sentinels by day and 'a grist of goblins' by moonlight.

When the crops are gathered and the creeks are low, then comes the time for funeralizing.' A preacher is not always available at the time of death, so that funerals are held long afterward, — years, perhaps, — whenever the finances of the family are equal to the occasion. Usually several preachers are secured, and the funeral is often for several members of the family at once.

We attended one such funeral for an old man who had been dead eight years and a younger woman. As we rode up, many horses and mules were tethered here and there. The people

were assembled on the hillside beyond the cabin, some of them sitting on planks laid across logs, the immediate kin in front, while others sat on the ground behind. During the services, which lasted for hours, the men would wander off for a smoke or a drink, while the children grew restless and skipped in and out; but those who remained seated gave their unwavering attention. After expounding hard doctrines, the preachers held forth upon the virtues and possible damnation of the deceased, but always with sympathy and understanding.

When the first preacher arose, he asserted that nobody would get to Heaven unless he went the regular way through the —— church. Felix S., who sat in front of one of my friends, was much disturbed by this, and whispered, 'Uncle Cal did not belong to any church.' Then Rachel spoke to him, and, reassured, he whispered back not to be uneasy, for Uncle Enos would preach next, and he was equal to any occasion; he would get Uncle Cal into Heaven all right.

And Uncle Enos did. He assured them that Uncle Cal was the best man that had ever lived in the mountains; that he had been good to everyone; that he had housed the homeless, and had given a hand to the widows and orphans. If anybody came to spend the night, he had cared for the animals just as he did for the people, and had never turned away anyone who needed help. He would surely go to Heaven. 'But,' he added, 'if Uncle Cal had belonged to any of those *other* churches, he would probably not get through.'

One day just before Christmas we had several calls to make, and the nurse and I started out together. Everything was covered with ice, so that the earth was like grease. As we were crossing our second mountain, along a descending ridge, we found the trail obstructed by a huge fallen chestnut, and there was nothing to do but go around it straight down the steep slope to the ravine below. I started ahead, leading Billy, but lost my footing and began to slide, with the horse coasting after me. 'Look out!' shouted the nurse. 'Billy will kill you!' Some how I managed to grab a sapling and swerve off the course, while Billy shot past me and brought up in a thicket of laurel fifty feet below. No coaxing could dislodge him, — he had had enough, — so down I crept to the bottom, far below, and to the cabin which was my destination, where a man came out to help us. Used to precipitous places, he got Billy down, and then the nurse's horse, she sliding after.

At the cabin, which consisted of one room, we found a little girl ill with pneumonia. In the corner stood a big branch of holly, which served for a Christmas tree; it was beautiful, but, alas, was trimmed with cuts from a stray Sears-Roebuck catalogue and a stick dressed as a doll. I resolved that she should have a real doll as soon as I could get one to her.

We could not possibly return the same way we had come, but had to circuit the mountain. On the way a snowstorm set in. Under the shelter of some hemlocks we tied our horses, and built a fire to warm our feet and make some hot coffee (we carry a small outfit for just such emergencies). We ate our sandwiches with zest. The horses collected such balls of snow under their hoofs that it was easier for us to walk the rest of the way — seven miles through the storm. It is a great life!

(The final episodes of 'The Mountain Doctor' will be published in the December issue)

WHAT'S A MAN TO DO?

BY KATHARINE BALL RIPLEY

I

'SEEMS like when you're working for yourself, to git you somewheres,' Angus called to his wife, 'work ain't so hard, no matter what 't is you have to do.'

Dossie was lying flat on her back digging out borers from a peach tree's roots. She kept right on twisting and prodding with her short knife as she called back, 'Uh-huh! You reckon you kin make you a purty crop?'

'I aim to — and if a man do the best he kin, the Lord's bound to be on his side.'

Her shoulders twitched. 'Maybe — I dunno. Seems like He's done took a hate to us someway.'

Her husband laughed. Like everything else about him, his laugh was big and lusty. 'Ain't you a-feared to talk that-a-way 'bout the Lord, Doss, when He's just done makin' you strong ag'in?'

Dossie glanced quickly at the bundle of quilt on the shady side of her tree that was her sleeping baby. Her eyes swept on to her two older boys working together farther down the row. She turned back to her work, but she began to slide her lower jaw, gingerly, against the upper. 'Angus!' The phrases came in a set way as though she were accustomed to repeating them over to herself. 'The doc done told me that not havin' no cow is what give me that pellagra. Since we got us a cow my teeth is all tightened up in my head ag'in. He done said, too, that Bud'd fatten up, and seems like he is perked up right smart, now me and him's drinkin' sweet milk!' Her voice rose high and clear. 'Angus, as long as I got me a cow and kin git me sweet milk to drink, I'm a-goin' to be a well woman! Ain't Doc done said so?'

'Sho', Doss,' her husband sang back cheerfully. 'Git to work.'

II

Angus was 'buzzarding' Mr. Griswold's peach orchard. In the North Carolina sand hills, when an owner has given up the idea of making an orchard pay and has turned it over to a share-cropper, it is called buzzarding. The share-cropper makes the best fruit he can without the owner's having to put up any more money, and at the end of the season the two split whatever it brings.

Angus knew that in taking over a peach orchard the chances were heavy against him. If this were not so, Mr. Griswold would not be buzzarding a place on which had been spent some twenty thousand dollars. But he knew also that back in 1921 and 1922, before peaches became overproduced, orchards such as this had been known to net eight and even ten thousand dollars in a season. On a cotton share crop the best a man can hope for is to make enough to carry him through the next

year. With this orchard, if he could make a good crop and the price was even a fraction of what it had been in the golden years of the peach industry, Angus would be, according to his standards, a rich man.

From sunup to sunset he and Dossie and their two boys (Li'l Angly was nine and Jerry eight) put in their day.

The little boys seldom spoke to each other or to their parents. Farm children, they had learned already the seriousness of work. In the field Angus was a foreman first and a father a long time afterward. Like Dossie, they nodded 'Uh-huh' when he talked of cropping time and the money he expected to have if he made a good crop and hit a good year. When he insisted, 'We'll git enough cash to buy us our own home place,' they only stared at him with round eyes.

But one day they began giggling and nudging each other.

Angus yelled, 'Cut hit out, you chaps! Git to work now.'

They scrambled for their knives, but Li'l Angly hesitated. He turned back all at once and called, high and scared, 'Say, Pop, if you do go make you a big crop, will my own and Jerry's time come to enough to buy us a goat, d' you reckon?'

There was a breathless second. Then, 'I reckon,' Angus called back. 'Now git to work, 'fore I have to slap you down.'

They did n't dare speak or even look at each other, but their elbows jogged together. And after a little while Li'l Angly started whistling and Jerry began to hum to himself a long, wordless saga of a goat and a wagon 'ridin' all through Jerusalem.'

Last fall it had taken a gang of a dozen giggling Negro girls to get the borers out of the trees. 'It was having to put out all that money he done for labor was why Mr. Griswold could n't never show no profit,' Angus said. 'We'll do the best we kin by ourselves, an' we'll be sittin' purty.' Working early and late, they had it done by the time frost came and it was the season for pruning.

Pruning is not reckoned hard work for a man, but a woman's hands are seldom strong enough to handle the shears all day, and children's hands are, of course, too small to handle them at all.

The boys were left in the cabin to keep up the fire and tend the baby while Angus and Dossie clipped and sawed side by side, day after day, in the orchard. Dossie's hands first grew sore and then so calloused she could n't even milk her cow.

She taught Li'l Angly how. He was 'that handy at it,' she said, 'you'd most take him for a girl.' Li'l Angly threatened to quit, till Angus told him he'd 'wallop the tar out'n ary son o' his that would n't help his mom.' He added, after Li'l Angly had taken up the bucket, 'Son, hit all helps to make the crop; and when hit's done made, you're goin' to git you the best goat you ever did see.'

Through the shortening winter days Dossie stuck to her job. Her skirt was kilted up almost to her bony knees. Her nose was red and often running. Her feet sank ankle deep into the sand in dry weather, and the damp seeped up through the soles of her worn shoes after a rain. She and Angus bent their backs to the wind that sweeps the flat sand-hill country.

When noon came they trudged through the sand to the road that led down to the cabin. The boys always had a big fire going and the room was warm. Dossie would pick up the baby and change and cuddle him before she set about to get the dinner. There was a pan of cold sweet potatoes — she baked a batch twice a week in the

evening. There were cold corn bread and a jug of blackstrap molasses, and there was the big bucket of milk. They did n't sit round a table; Angus and Dossie used the two split-bottom chairs, and the children wandered about, stuffing potato into their mouths and chattering in gulpy sentences.

Almost as sure as Angus's grace, 'I thank Thee, Almighty Lord, for Thy blessings to us,' was Dossie's smile at all of them, and her 'Ain't we got us fine vittles though, now we got us a milk cow?'

III

No one man and woman, no matter how hard they keep at it, can hope to prune twenty-five hundred eight-year-old peach trees before spring creeps up on them and the buds begin to open. Most tenant farmers, put in to buzzard an orchard, would not have tried. Mr. Griswold had not expected that Angus would do more than give the trees a lick and a promise — a few suckers clipped away here, a dead limb there.

But Angus had his heart set on a big crop of fine fruit. It seemed to him it was the chance he had been waiting for all his life — the chance to make enough to buy a farm of his own, to free himself forever from the uncertainty of day labor and the hopeless furrow in which the cotton share-cropper walks.

As the spring pushed him close, he hired a darky named Everett and his son, who lived on the farm next to him, to prune by the day. It took all his savings to pay them and he had to let his bill for groceries at the store run.

Then, on the last day of the pruning, something happened to confirm his faith in the Lord's helping those who do their best. They were all munching their sweet potatoes in the field at noon (now they had hired hands, Dossie and he no longer went down to the cabin for dinner lest a precious moment of the time they were paying for be lost) when the younger darky asked him casually, 'Say, Mist' Angus, is you got yo' war money yet?'

It was the first Angus had heard of the 1931 bonus. He had been a line sergeant in France, and still bore as a reminder a long jagged scar across his back made by a chance bit of shrapnel.

He ran his hand over this scar almost lovingly some weeks later when the rural mail carrier brought him his check. Dossie peered over his shoulder. Her eyes grew wide. She spoke haltingly. 'Hit seems like hit'd be near enough to git a little farm with hits own self.'

Angus looked up. His round face was radiant. 'Look-a-here, woman, this money's for fertilizer — for gas — spray. I aimed to make a crop of fruit like hit ought to be made, and now I got me the cash to do hit with.'

Dossie stared out at the even rows of trees. 'If hit should n't be no price, hit won't help you none to have purty fruit. I seen Mist' Griswold's purty fruit not bring no price afore now.'

Angus's hand fell on her shoulder — turned her about to face him. 'I aim to make a crop, God willin', Doss. You hear that? The Lord'll fix the price so hit'll be right when the time comes, just like He helped me out with cash I ain't even knowed the government owed me.'

Dossie would n't look at him.

'I'll git me a good farm yet.'

Still she would n't meet his eyes. She tried to jerk her shoulder away, but he held fast.

His voice grew suddenly husky. 'Cain't you see I got to make this crop, Doss? Cain't you see if we hit a price anywhere near right we'll be fixed for life? Cain't you see, Doss?'

She looked at him. 'Well, —' she hesitated, — 'I reckon 'tain't nothin' else for you to do.'

IV

The buds burst. Overnight a mist of pink spread over the pale sand.

Except for Angus, the children, and the two darkies, Dossie had seen nobody all winter. There was the cow tethered in the shed; there was the cabin, the white road that straggled over the hill, Mr. Griswold's closed and shuttered house, the pine woods that hemmed in the farm, the stark peach trees.

Now that the trees were blooming and there were color and new life, she said to the children, 'Listen to the li'l birds a-hollerin' so purty. Seems like hit must be good times is a-comin' shore 'nough.'

The baby picked a handful of peach blossoms and held them out to her. She slapped his hands so he'd know he was not to pick any more, but she did n't slap very hard.

Li'l Angly found a piece of rope and began knotting it into harness.

Jerry smiled shyly at his mother. 'I reckon our goat's bein' born 'bout now.'

With the promise of warm weather and harvest, hope had sprung up.

It was a nervous time for Angus. In bloom, peaches are more susceptible to frost than at any other period. He labored early and late gathering armloads of lightwood chips and fagots. The boys could help with this. The rope harness lay tangled in a corner of the cabin. They were kept busy piling little pyramids of chips and fat pine knots all along the north edge of the orchard. Angus knew that hundreds of small fires could only raise the orchard temperature a degree or two and would be in vain if a really hard freeze did set in, but he was leaving nothing undone that might protect his crop.

On the afternoon of the fifteenth of April a north wind sprang up. Angus was cultivating with the tractor. He finished out his row and drove the tractor down to the barn and stabled it. As he ploughed through the sand toward the north edge he saw that Dossie and the boys were already there with kerosene cans.

All night long he sat in the cabin listening to the roar of the wind. Every few minutes he would open the door, lean against it, sheltering his lantern, and read the thermometer.

Then toward morning the mercury dropped. He called Dossie and they trudged out to the north edge. The piles flared up fiercely one after the other. The wind was steady. Smoke and spurts of flame blew into the orchard. Angus and Dossie ran from fire to fire, piling on chips and green branches. The sharp blazes could not last; the wood must be conserved to give out a steady heat till morning.

Angus cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled above the roar of the fires and the wind, 'Go git the younguns!'

Li'l Angly and Jerry stumbled into their clothes. Dossie buttoned them up and tied mufflers about their necks. The baby began to whimper and to fight at his eyes with his fists. Dossie quickly rolled him up in a quilt and caught him, wriggling and yelling, into the crook of her arm. It was n't safe to leave him alone in the cabin with the hearth fire going; her cousin's child had been burned to death that way.

When daylight came, the piles were smouldering embers. But the wind had dropped and the sun shone. The weather had turned almost to summer time. Angus never knew whether his fruit would have been killed or not, but he was satisfied.

V

The ragged pink petals were scattered across the sand. Bees buzzed. The little long green peaches formed.

The fertilizer, paid for with part of the bonus money, pushed the weeds up to the spring sunshine. Angus drove the tractor from dawn to dark. His eyes were rimmed with red and ran water where the sand bit into them, but pain is negligible when one has hope.

'I aim to make the purtiest crop ever made on this place,' he repeated so often and so earnestly that the baby, who was beginning to talk now, made it into a singsong that he crooned to himself as he crawled about building sand houses.

Dossie and the boys bent over double picking up the first drops in the orchard. Drop picking lasts for two months. Mr. Griswold used to hire gangs of darky children for the job, for children don't have to bend so far down as a woman must. Dossie's head swam and her back ached most of the time.

When Angus laid the weeds by for a few days and helped, the bending gave him a less pleasant reminder of the war than the bonus had, for the old shrapnel wound in his back began to trouble him again. When dark came he lay down in his clothes by Dossie's side on the corn-shuck mattress and slept.

But all the signs were good. The rain was a wetting drip-drip through the spring nights, as it should be; the cow dropped a heifer calf; the long thin peaches began to fatten and swell.

One thing worried Dossie. 'We ain't planted us no garden,' she kept saying, 'nor yet no taters, nor feed for the cow.'

Angus said, 'We got us a valuable crop, Doss. We ain't got no time to fiddle with them things.'

It was true. The work piled up; the hot days pushed them to more cultivating, more drop gathering, more spraying against the curculio and peach moth, more hoeing about the roots of the trees where the Bermuda grass was showing.

Dossie hoed faithfully by Angus's side, but one day she looked up from the glaring sand and said in a breathless sentence, 'Gee, s'posin' they ain't no price, what we go'n' eat next winter less'n we got us taters and feed?'

Angus's hands tightened on the hoe handle. He hesitated, then came out with it: 'If they ain't no price, we cain't stay on here noways.' He cut viciously at a weed. He was remembering the long string of cotton farms of his boyhood and the end of the year with its heartbreaking reckoning when the landlord came. He could still hear his daddy saying, 'I reckon we ain't done so good here,' and see the family and the household goods piled on the wagon to move to yet another farm.

'Ain't I made a fine crop, Doss?' His voice was rough, almost threatening. 'And don't the Good Book say if a man do the best he kin the Lord is bound to help him?'

She stared out at the loaded trees. 'I dunno. Seems like hit ought to be so. But, take Him up one side and down tother, seems like He do 'bout as much harm as He do good.'

Angus hired ten lanky fellows from over in the clay country behind the farm to pick the crop. They were friends or kin of his and would wait for their money until the returns came in. With them, to grade and pack, came their wives and sisters, girls and women with the sturdy legs and red cheeks of clay dwellers.

The fruit hung heavy on the trees, dragging the limbs down to the burning sand. For days Angus had worked with feverish energy propping forked pine branches under the weaker ones. The

peaches were smooth red and yellow balls, warm and sweet and somehow radiant, like country girls in the first bloom of their youth.

On an orange box Angus had once seen 'Sunkissed.' He said now to Dossie, 'I wisht I could have me a sign readin' "Sunkissed Peaches"!' It was the nearest he had ever come to poetry.

They estimated eight carloads, a good big crop for the orchard. Angus put in his order for the first car. The truck stood ready for the hauling. The stamp of the marketing agency Mr. Griswold used was ready to his hand. 'Like as not 't won't bring as much as in '21 and '22,' he said to Dossie, 'but in them years 't would be worth near five thousand dollars to us.'

VI

The county agent was a kindly man. He parked his Ford in the shade of a white oak tree and sat in it, his shoulders humped over the wheel, considering for many minutes before he climbed out and, with determination written on his weather-beaten face, strode into the pack shed.

The peaches, in all their flaming beauty, were flowing steadily down the grading table. The girls hardly glanced up from their work. Angus said, in a manner copied as closely as possible from the courthouse storekeeper with whom he dealt, 'Well, suh, Mist' MacClain, and what kin I do for you, suh?'

The agent looked hard at him. He hesitated. 'Mighty purty fruit you got, Angus.'

'Shore is, Mist' MacClain. Eat a few, suh. Help yourself.'

'Angus,' MacClain's voice dropped, 'come outside a minute. . . . Don't you never read the newspapers? Don't you never see the market quotations?'

Angus answered slowly, 'No, suh. I cain't say I do.'

'Well then, Angus, I got to give it to you straight. I hate mightily to have to hurt a man, but Mist' Griswold wrote me to tell you. I have it to do.'

Angus looked hard at him. 'Go on, suh.'

'"T ain't a piece of use in you trying to ship them peaches, Angus. All you'll get back is a freight bill for hauling them. Down the road south of you the big pack houses are all shut down. It's worse than last year — worse than ever it's been before.'

Angus did n't say anything. He only clenched his big hands.

'Mist' Griswold says for you to sell 'em hereabouts for what you can get — not to go putting no more money into shipping them.'

There was suddenly fire in Angus's blue eyes. 'Who hereabouts wants 'em? Tell me that, suh! What's a man to do less'n he ships eight carloads of peaches?'

The agent said slowly, 'If 't was me, I reckon I'd let 'em rot on the trees.'

VII

It was very quiet on the farm. The gorgeous orchard lay about the cabin ripe and luscious in the sun.

'Seems like a peach'd pucker my mouth same as a green 'simmon,' Dossie said.

Angus sat idle, tilted back in his split-bottom chair, his big hands in his lap. The children tiptoed and lowered their voices when they came near him.

From time to time Dossie spoke to him. 'Seems like hit's a real pity not to do nothin' with 'em,' she said once. Again, 'Seems like they'd be some use for 'em somewheres.' Later, 'Seems like a man ought to could do somethin' with 'em.'

It was near the second day of his idleness that she came out with what was on her mind. 'You been studyin' a long time, Angus. How you figgerin' to pay the store bill?'

The front legs of his chair hit the floor with a bang. 'You know well, Doss. The onliest thing I got I kin sell is your cow.'

Dossie's hand flew to her mouth. 'You — you ain't meanin' that?'

His eyes did n't meet hers.

'Angus, you ain't a-goin' to sell her? Doc told me if I did n't git sweet milk that-there pellagra'd come back on me!' Her voice rose shrill. 'You ain't no sort of man, Angus, if you'd take my cow!'

She threw her apron over her head. With a whimper the baby caught hold of her skirt. Li'l Angly and Jerry drew close to each other. Angus stared at the four of them.

His jaw thrust forward; his big fist knotted. But when he spoke his voice was steady. 'Well — they's one thing a man kin do with 'em.'

The four of them picked all day, sunny day after sunny day. When dark shut down, Angus got out the truck and Dossie helped him hoist the fifty-pound bushel baskets on to it. He was busy hauling most of the night.

Dossie and he said very little to each other. Once she faltered, 'Seems like they cain't be no real harm in hit.'

And he answered, ''T ain't — less'n you're caught.'

VIII

The mash was well fermented when the revenue officers raided Angus's still. They had known of it for a week or more. Even on a lonely country road a truck loaded with peaches running night after night is bound to make gossip. They had held off until there was sure to be fermentation, and therefore evidence and a reward.

Everett, the old darky from the next farm, drove Dossie and the children over to the county seat in his wagon.

Dossie was n't crying. Li'l Angly was n't crying either, though once in a while he shut his teeth together and whistled shrill and out of tune. The baby was asleep. But Jerry frankly blubbered.

'Sh-sh,' Dossie told him.

'I want me my goat,' Jerry gulped. 'Pop said he'd git us a goat if we made a purty crop, and we shore made hit.'

Old Everett chuckled. Dossie said, 'Sh-sh, Jerry.'

The rickety wagon jogged along with the haggard woman, the freckled little boys, the sleeping baby. Tethered to the tail gate, the well-cared-for milch cow and her calf plodded behind.

Sixty dollars was what they'd told Dossie it would take to get Angus out on bail. For the hundredth time she said to Everett, 'Seems like she ought to bring sixty dollars easy — don't you reckon easy, Everett, if I throw in the calf with her?'

SIR WALTER SCOTT

II. The Riddle of His Lost Reputation

BY DAVID CECIL

I

It is generally unlucky for a writer to live in a time of literary transition. He cannot write with any conviction in the manner of the authors that have preceded him; on the other hand, the new age has not yet evolved the manner in which it is possible to write successfully. He falls between two stools. Such is the sad case of the poets between Chaucer and Spenser, of the dramatists between Fletcher and Wycherley; such is the sad case of almost every sort of writer to-day. But now and again there are exceptions to this rule. Of these the most striking example in English literature is Walter Scott.

He was a novelist brought up in the eighteenth-century tradition of Fielding and Smollett — rational, realistic, objective, with its homely, concrete characters and their homely, daylit atmosphere. But he grew up in the age of the Romantics, the age that rediscovered the significance of the irrational, unrealistic, subjective elements in human life — passion, natural beauty, the mysterious, irresistible influences of environment and the past. These things fired his imagination as much as they did that of his contemporaries; they gave him the themes for his books. But his novels did not lose the precious, irreplaceable reality of Fielding. For, however romantic the plot, the actors are drawn as solid and concrete as Tom Jones or Peregrine Pickle. It is Scott's peculiar claim to fame that, alone of English novelists, he combined the substance of the realist with the imagination of the romantic; that he had a foot in two worlds and made the best of both of them.

Scott's characters are not more vital than Fielding's, but they touch life at many more points, reveal many more aspects of his experience. On the other hand, he gives the remote and the picturesque a substance not to be found in any other English novelist. We realize the influence of their surroundings on the people of the Lowlands all the more keenly when we feel that they are living individuals, not typical figures invented by the sociologist to illustrate his point. Adventures are much more thrilling when we feel they are happening to real people in real danger, not just to the jack-booted puppets of a boy's Christmas gift book. Scott recovers the ballad spirit far more convincingly than most writers who have tried to do so; because we feel that, like the original ballad authors, he is first of all concerned with the story and the characters, and not just to create a romantic atmosphere. Above all, because he writes about real people, he is able to take advantage of his opportunities for tragedy.

For he does take advantage of them. With Hardy and Emily Brontë, he is our only tragic novelist. Alone but for them, he is of a stature to walk easily in a world of high action and high passion. But tragedy beyond all other forms must convince the reader that it speaks of real people. And since Scott is most real when he is dealing with his eighteenth-century, prosaic, semi-humorous 'character parts,' it is through these that he makes his tragic effects. He has his more conventional tragic types — Ravenswood, Glenallan; but they are not so real and therefore not so effective. It is with Meg Merrilies and Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot and the Deans family, with gypsies and farmers and fisher-folk drawn in his most concrete eighteenth-century manner, that Scott commands the demons of pity and terror.

And Scott's tragedy is not less tragic from its association with such characters. Indeed, their flesh-and-blood solidity gives the added force of truth to their vicissitudes. We feel them to be no puppets of destiny shadowed by disaster from their entrance on the scene, but men and women with wills of their own; and it is in so far as a character is felt to have a will of its own that its struggle with fate has tragic tension. Besides, the motives of Scott's characters are so remote from our own day, their circumstances so different, that unless the characters are made very realistic and prosaic and modern we should not believe in them at all. This is startlingly apparent in the trial scene from *Waverley*.

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, 'I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril'd it in this quarrel.' . . .

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. . . .

'I was only ganging to say, my lord,' said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, 'that if your excellent honour, and the honourable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man.'

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, 'If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing,' he said, 'because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman.'

There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

It needs a great effort of the sympathetic imagination for anyone living in 1932 genuinely to enter into the feelings of an eighteenth-century Highland

chieftain about to die for the cause of legitimacy; nor does Fergus's rotund eloquence make it any easier. We feel we are listening to an actor in a romantic melodrama, not to a real man in real danger of death. Evan's sentiments, his savage clansman's loyalty, are even further from our experience. But he is one of Scott's realistic characters. And the moment he begins to speak the atmosphere changes. We are listening to a living man — there is no doubt about that now; and the fact that his sentiments and circumstances are so unlike anything we have known only gives his words an added and terrific poignancy. In such passages that union of imaginative theme and realistic method which is the secret of Scott's glory achieves its highest triumph. As no other novelist can, not Conrad or Kipling or Stevenson, he can treat the heroic — make it living and solid and contemporary, and yet retain an epic simplicity and dignity.

II

These great effects are got by simple means. Scott was no analyst; he exhibits his characters solely by speech and action. And here we come to the last of his peculiar talents — his mastery of vernacular dialogue.

Taken as a whole, he is not one of the stylist novelists. He has a style; every paragraph he writes has that individual flavor which marks it as Scott's. His narrative, too, moves with that elastic story-teller's gusto he imparts to everything he touches: and at moments, in the superb last pages of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, for instance, it rises to a formal relentless majesty which is tremendously impressive. But no one would read one of his books — as they might read *The House of the Seven Gables* — for the style alone. His narrative writing is marked by all his customary inequality and carelessness. It never fits the sense like a glove; it has no felicity of phrase, no melodious, inevitable cadence. And the dialogue of his educated characters is much the same as his narrative. Indeed, if he is treading on ground that makes him nervous — a proposal of marriage, or a conversation between two young ladies of good family — he falls into a sort of agonized embarrassed gentleman's stiltedness which is highly comic.

But, as usual, when he is dealing with the less highly born he is very different. Not that his vernacular dialogue is subtle or elaborate. He is the father of all that long array of writers who have explored the literary possibilities of patois. But he did not pursue his explorations as far as his children. The talk of his peasants is not thick-sown with flowers of speech like those of Synge, for instance. His images are simple, his illusions not recondite. However, this is not to his disadvantage; on the contrary, it is half his glory. For it means that his dialogue never fails, as Synge's sometimes does, to perform its primary function; it is always subordinate to its speaker. Here once more Scott keeps his feet firmly fixed in both his worlds. We always feel his words to be the words of real men; and in consequence the beauty of them comes upon us with all the more effect.

For — and this is the second half of his glory — they are beautiful. Scott's vernacular dialogue is style in its highest sense — every image apt, every cadence exact to follow the modulation of the speaker's mood, yet never unmusical. He has achieved that rarest of literary triumphs, a form of speech which sounds perfectly natural and which is yet as expressive as poetry.

Even its common change has a poetic lilt and precision. 'Now, lass, if ye like,' says crazed Madge Wildfire, 'we'll play them a fine jink; we will awa' out and take a walk — they will make

unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at ony rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air.' But of course it is the deeper feelings that give it a chance fully to reveal its capacities. As the emotion rises, so does the diction of the actors assume a proportionate intensity and elevation. Sometimes it bursts forth in a torrent of tragic eloquence. How magnificent are Meg Merrilies's tirades, whether she curses those who turned her and her tribe homeless into the wilderness, —

'Ride your ways,' said the gipsy, 'ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan — ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram! This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths — see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses — look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster. — Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh — see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan. — Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram — what do ye glower after our folk for? — There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their lifeblood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes — there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs! Ride your ways, Ellangowan. — Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs — look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up — not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born — God forbid — and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father! — And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan,' —

or, in gentler mood, bids a last farewell to that sequestered grove where she has spent some of the few quiet hours of her stormy life: —

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, 'Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling? — there my kettle boiled for forty years — there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters — where are they now? — where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas! — the west wind has made it bare — and I'm stripped too. — Do you see that saugh-tree? — it's but a blackened rotten stump now — I've sate under it mony a bonnie summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water. — I've sat there, and,' elevating her voice, 'I've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars — It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing sangs mair, be they blythe or sad. But ye'll no forget her, and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake? — and let somebody live there that's ower gude to fear them of another warld — For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould.'

III

In the mouths of the wild witch doctors of the Covenant, Scott's diction forgets its homely origin and phrase and assumes a lofty Biblical tone.

'Who talks of signs and wonders? Am I not Habakkuk Mucklewrath, whose name is changed to Magor-Missabib, because I am made a terror unto myself and unto all that are around me? — I heard it — When did I hear it? — Was it not in the Tower of the Bass, that overhangeth the wide wild sea? — And it howled in the winds, and it roared in the billows, and it screamed, and it whistled, and it clanged, with the screams and the clang and the whistle of the sea-birds, as they floated, and flew, and dropped, and dived, on the bosom of the waters. I saw it — Where did I see it? Was it not from the high peaks of Dumbarton, when I

looked westward upon the fertile land, and northward on the wild Highland hills; when the clouds gathered and the tempest came, and the lightnings of heaven flashed in sheets as wide as the banners of an host? — What did I see? — Dead corpses and wounded horses, the rushing together of battle, and garments rolled in blood. — What heard I? — The voice that cried, Slay, slay — smite — slay utterly — let not your eye have pity! slay utterly, old and young, the maiden, the child, and the woman whose head is grey — Defile the house and fill the courts with the slain!'

Not less stirring though more restrained is the rhetoric of Jeanie Deans pleading with Queen Caroline for her sister's life: —

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister — my puir sister Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! — Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your Leddyship — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours — O, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

But the opportunity for these tirades does not come very often. More generally Scott lets the note of tragic eloquence steal into his dialogue, imperceptibly and unexpectedly, as the throb of emotion steals into a voice. Edie Ochiltree, caught between cliff and racing tide, turns and faces death. 'I hae lived to be weary of life,' he cries, 'and here or yonder — at the back o' a dyke in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?'

Effie Deans, waiting death in prison, turns to her Bible.

'See,' she said . . . 'the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture!' . . . 'He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.' 'Isna that ower true a doctrine?' said the prisoner — 'Isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the highway that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'

Scott's finest strokes in this kind are shorter even than these — chance remarks, two or three words thrown off at the height of tragic tension. Listen once more to the beggar on the sea-

shore. The sea is gaining; beside himself with terror, Sir Arthur Wardour implores him to think of a way of escape.

'Can you think of nothing — no help — I will make you rich — I will give you a farm — I'll —' 'Our riches will soon be equal,' said the beggar, looking out across the strife of the waters.

Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, seated at the wake of her young grandson, herself so old after ninety years of crime and remorse that no one can make out if she realizes the occasion or no. According to the Scotch custom, wine is handed round.

Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then, taking a glass in her hand she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shrivelled features, she pronounced, with a hollow and tremulous voice, 'Wishing a' your healths, sirs, and often may we hae such merry meetings!'

Meg Merrilies, hurrying silently to the assignation that shall finally achieve the vengeance which for over twenty years has been her only preoccupation, stops at a clearing in the wood where, as she alone knows, the first of the guilty to suffer already lies buried.

She paused an instant beneath the tall rock . . . and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, showed vestiges of having been recently moved. 'Here rests ane,' she said, 'he'll maybe hae neibours sune.'

These last sentences are not to be quoted, for their force lies in their relation to what has gone before. Yet it is impossible adequately to praise Scott without quoting them. For in them his union of realism and imagination shows itself at its most concentrated. They are real with the unexpected inevitability of an actual event; it is as if the characters had for a moment become independent of their creator and were speaking of their own volition. But their words are touched by the imagination, to stir sublimer echoes. Their understated irony seems, as by a sort of divination, to reveal the situation in its more tremendous relation to the indifferent decrees of nature and destiny. They strike across the scene 'like flashes of lightning discovering the perils of travellers among the Alps.'

The quotation is from Raleigh on Shakespeare. And with reason; for it is of the English tragic drama rather than of the English novel that Scott's tragic eloquence reminds us. In real life, people are not able to express their deeper feelings adequately. And most novelists have made their characters as inarticulate as they would be in life. 'Oh God!' they cry, at moments of crisis — 'No' — 'Don't' — 'You hurt me too much,' endeavoring by these distraught monosyllables to convey the storms of fear and woe raging in their hearts. It is the peculiar art of the tragic poet to translate these incoherent feelings into adequate words. And, though he is careful to maintain the illusion of natural speech, so is it also the peculiar art of Scott. As he is one of the few tragic novelists, so from his solid eighteenth-century characters we hear what we hear from no others save those in *Wuthering Heights*, the authentic voice of tragic poetry.

IV

Tragic poetry, vivid pictures, epic emotion, living people, the best of realistic and romantic — here certainly is ground enough for Scott's contemporary reputation. Only — one wonders — why has he lost it? Why are people not reading him as much as they read Dickens or Jane Austen?

Alas, his spectacular merits are

counterbalanced by equally spectacular defects. All his qualities are the creative qualities, the qualities of art. And the creative qualities, though they are the first essential to a great writer, are not the only ones necessary to his complete success. They ensure that the material he is writing about shall be the true stuff of which art is made. But in order that this material should be presented to its full advantage, he needs the critical qualities, the qualities of craft. And these Scott possessed as little as any writer who has ever lived.

The period in which he wrote was, of course, not one that exacted a high standard of craft in the novel. But Scott would have been a bad craftsman in any period. He understood neither the laws governing the novel in general nor the particular capacities and limitations of his own genius in particular. And besides, laziness or modesty or exuberance, or all three together, had made him careless. 'Style,' he is reported to have said to an admirer who asked him about the principles which guided the practice of this branch of his art, 'Style — I never think about style. I have had regiments of cavalry marching through my head ever since I was fourteen.'

It is a charming answer. But it revealed an attitude well-nigh disastrous to him. The goddess of art is not thus gayly to be mocked. Scott's words meant, to begin with, that he was liable to fall into the most fatal error on the part of the creative artist — to write outside his range. If only a certain range of his experience has this power to stimulate a writer's imagination, it is clear that he should stay within it. The faultless craftsmen — Turgenev, Jane Austen — always do, and the consequence is that they practically never make a failure. There are a great many things that they cannot write about; but they do not write about them, so it does not matter. Within their limits they are consistently successful. Scott, ignorant of his talent and therefore of his range, imposed no deliberate limits on his subject matter — with the result that a great deal of his work was just wasted.

He spent a great deal of time, for instance, in writing whole books of which he could never have made a success — stories about distant periods of the world's history, the age of Richard I or Louis XI or sixteenth-century Germany. One can quite understand why he did. These periods fired his imagination, ever sensitive to the appeal of the past. He longed to reconstruct them. But to reconstruct a living world, not from one's own experience, but only from what one has read about it in the records of other people's experience, is pretty well impossible. The very fact that its picturesqueness appeals to you shows that you do not see it as its inhabitants did. And if you do not see it as its inhabitants did, how can you reconstruct it as it really looked? As a matter of fact, with a few freak exceptions, there are no conscientiously accurate historical novels that convey the effect of a living world in the sense that *Anna Karenina* or *Middlemarch* does. The novels about past periods that do give an effect of life, *The Three Musketeers* or *The Scarlet Letter*, are not serious reconstructions at all, but fantasies and romances set in the past because the author felt that a modern realistic setting was incongruous to their spirit.

But Scott is not a fantastic writer. He was interested in the past, because of the light it threw on real men living in the world of fact. His range of reality was, as we have seen, the country of his birth as it appeared within the memory of living people. And in consequence, though, like everything he wrote, they have vivid scenes and a

fine narrative gusto, as serious novels *Ivanhoe* and the rest of them are failures.

V

This would not have mattered so much if he had only written outside his range in a certain specified type of novel. But he is equally liable to do it anywhere. His limitations are not only of place or period, but of character and theme; and even if he is writing of Scotland in the eighteenth or nineteenth century, he often trespasses on alien ground.

It is partly due to the second major defect in which his critical incapacity involved him — his lack of sense of form. A sense of form is the craftsman's first virtue. It means the power to understand the true nature of one's inspiration; and with the result to construct a fitting frame through which to express it. Now, in the first place, Scott did not conceive a novel as a whole at all. His books did not make that first appearance in his mind, as they did in that of Henry James, as unities of which the various episodes and characters were to emerge later and gradually, as contributory elements. No; as he said, they marched in like regiments — brilliant, disorderly, uncontrolled regiments of people and incidents. And he then imposed an artificial unity on them by means of a plot constructed for the purpose. Sometimes he thought it out carefully, sometimes he just made it up as he went along. This in itself would prevent his books from moving with that inevitability which characterizes the works of masters of form.

For the plot has no organic connection with the novel's inspiration. Scott was inspired to write *The Antiquary*, as he himself tells us, by his vision of the tragic possibilities inherent in Scottish peasant life and speech. The plot turns on the matrimonial projects of Lovell. It is not a very interesting plot. But, indeed, Scott's plots, invented merely to serve as pegs and not for their own intrinsic interest, seldom are. They are just perfunctory rehashes of the conventional novel plot of his day, with a hero and a heroine and an intrigue, hastily rounded off with a marriage.

The first fatal result of this was that he was involved in writing on all sorts of subjects outside his range — high life; characters needing a complex analysis to make them clear; above all, sex, with its inevitable corollary, the romantic heroine. There is hardly one of the Waverley Novels in which we do not groan to find forcibly imprisoned there by the plot a lifeless bundle of perfections called the heroine — Rose Bradwardine, Julia Mannering, Rowena, Lucy Ashton, Isabella Wardour, or whatever the particular name may be. 'Charming girls,' as Admiral Croft said of the Miss Musgraves. 'I can scarcely tell one from the other.'

If for once Scott does attempt to endow a heroine with a little more individuality, the moment that she is called upon to perform her function and take part in a love scene she turns to sawdust and copy-book sentiment. Diana Vernon is a charming, spirited sketch on her first appearance, bright-eyed and willful-haired, galloping over the Cheviots. But listen to her refusing a proposal of marriage. 'This is folly, this is madness. Hear me, sir; and curb this unmanly burst of passion. . . . To me these raptures are misapplied — they only serve to prove a further necessity for your departure and that without delay.' Only in Jeanie Deans has Scott found a heroine whose station and situation give full scope to his talents.

Nor are the general run of Scott's heroes much better than the heroines.

Impeccable, incredible, indistinguishable young men — Frank Osbaldistone, Henry Morton, Lovell — what evil spirit has conjured you from the hairdresser's window which is your true home? No need to ask. The answer is only too plain — the plot, the wretched, exigent, conventional plot.

VI

It is responsible for other defects as well. One of the first rules of the novel is that the emphasis of form should fall in the same place as the emphasis of interest, that the characters and episodes where the author's imagination is burning brightest shall be the most important characters and episodes in the plot. But since Scott has imagined them both separately and with very little reference to each other, as often as not the contrary happens. The emphasis of the plot is, as it were, always pulling against the emphasis of the interest.

Scott's most memorable characters are minor characters, his most thrilling incidents irrelevant to the main theme. These human characters, living as those of Fielding, are elbowed out of their natural place of preëminence by puppets whose names we forget as we shut the book; these scenes vivid as Hardy's, tragic moments equal to Emily Brontë's, have to fit themselves in as minor episodes. We remember *Old Mortality* for Cuddie Headrigg and Balfour of Burley; but the action turns on Morton and Edith Bellenden. Who thinks of Julia Mannering and Harry Bertram when they recall the story of Meg Merrilies and Dandie Dinmont? I know that when I was a child, and Scott was the only classic author I had read, I took for granted that the interesting characters in a novel were subsidiary characters. I could hardly believe my eyes when I turned to *Jane Eyre* and found that in the works of some eccentric authors they were the hero and heroine.

And as the result of this dual emphasis Scott, except in a few unrepresentative cases like *The Bride of Lammermoor*, is cut off from the use of all those important weapons of the story-teller that come from the right incident occurring in the right place — varied tension, telling high light, gradually accumulated emotion, climax. He is, indeed, an expert in anticlimax. The most exciting incidents may occur at the beginning of the book; the catastrophe, to which the whole plot leads up, be as flat as a pancake. Scott springs his most thrilling scenes upon us, his most brilliant descriptions, highest flights of tragic eloquence, anywhere and without preparation; if they make their effect, it is by sheer intrinsic imaginative force, against the grain of the story. He is like an athlete who jumps without taking any run beforehand. His agility is so great that he often succeeds; but sometimes he does not. And anyway, if he had taken a run, he would not have needed to make such an effort.

Finally, his lack of form means that his work has no proper proportion. Sometimes — in *Waverley*, for example — he will take sixteen chapters in getting started; it is as if we advanced up a huge flight of steps only to find a small building at the top. In *The Heart of Midlothian*, on the other hand, he goes on for a whole volume after the story is over. Indeed, he never knows when to stop. And as often as not he will linger the longest over his dullest and most uninspired passages. It may be because they are necessary to the plot; as, for instance, that vast cumbrous machinery of intrigue that clutters up the first half of *Rob Roy*. But sometimes they have not even that excuse. They are just

padding. And the worst of padding is that, besides being dull in itself, it weakens the force of the good passages concealed within it. The mind, dulled by the effort to attend to what wearies it, will not respond to what should be its delight. With Elizabethan merits Scott has Elizabethan faults. Like them he buries his jewels of humor and beauty beneath piles of slipshoddiness and conventionality.

VII

The consequence of all this is that Scott's genius never found its true fulfillment. He is the most variously gifted of all English novelists. He is the father of all historical novelists, all the novelists who concern themselves with local characters, all romancers; he is one of the greatest masters of the English humorist tradition; he is almost the only English novelist who inherits also that great lost tradition of English tragic poetry. But he never wrote a single consistently successful novel.

Even if he manages to avoid one of his usual pitfalls, it is only to fall into another. *The Bride of Lammermoor*, for example, has, for once, an excellent and well-constructed plot. And with what overpowering effect does it move to its awful culmination! But the central action turns on love — and passionate love at that. It needed a sentiment of fiery strength to override the inherited enmity between Ravenswood and the Ashtons. Scott makes it as tame as the loves of the plants. And in consequence the book, magnificent as it is, leaves us feeling as though we had listened to a piece of music in which an important note in the scale had not been sounded.

Redgauntlet and *The Antiquary*, on the other hand, do keep pretty well within Scott's range; in them the sentimental interest, though not expelled, is driven into a very small corner. But their plots are very dull and very complicated; and neither has any organic unity at all. Indeed, *The Antiquary* changes the centre of its interest halfway through the book.

Perhaps *Guy Mannering* is the most successful, as a whole, as it is certainly the most brilliant in parts. It opens splendidly and culminates in a most thrilling climax. But it, too, is full of unnecessary incidents and wooden characters, while the correspondence between the two young ladies is surely the most unconvincing attempt at female impersonation with which even Scott has ever seen fit to regale his readers: it shows up against the breathing vividness of the peasant and gypsy scenes as lifeless and lustreless as a wax flower in a herbaceous border.

Except in his briefest flights, *Wandering Willie's Tale* and the wonderful little story of *The Two Drovers*, Scott has never achieved perfection. And he has been punished for it. His treasures of poetry and passion lie as often as not unrecognized in their dull museum of amorphous and conventional romance. It may be that in consequence his full-length novels, even the best of them, will never again find readers, except among those who are prepared to delve and sift.

Yet those who are prepared will never close these books dissatisfied. For, in spite of all the faults, the merits are of so unique, so majestic a kind that they are sufficient in themselves to place Scott almost alone of English writers in the narrow aristocracy of the world's novelists. Ben Jonson said of Donne that he was the first poet in the world *in some things;* so we may say of Scott that he was the first novelist in the world *in some things*. And even round his worst work hovers the hint of a careless greatness.

MARTYRS ALL!

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

THE Age of Miracles is perhaps past, but that of Martyrs is with us still. Brought up in my pious youth upon Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* (illustrated edition), I have always realized that Protestants were persecuted, but only recently did I learn, from a survey of modern Catholic preaching, that our Catholic friends feel just the same way. Whether this is a survival from the days of Nero and Diocletian, or a modern adjustment to supposedly Puritan America, I do not rightly know.

Certainly within the Protestant communion the atmosphere is still tinged with persecution odors, real or imaginary. Episcopalians are 'superior' to Presbyterians, Presbyterians to Congregationalists, Congregationalists to Unitarians and Baptists, Baptists to Methodists (or vice versa), and all of them to Holiness people and the Church of God. And perhaps this is the place to mention ministers' sons, who have been cruelly misrepresented in fiction and literature generally, as I who am one should know.

My Quaker friends assure me that misunderstandings with the authorities are not unknown in their religious history; some special instances, indeed, are very vivid in memory unto this day. The Mormons are still keenly conscious of persecution, social if not civil, and even the atheists feel, and doubtless in some places really are, mildly oppressed.

How far this sense of being persecuted is a luxurious inheritance from other and sturdier times is a question that at once presents itself. At any rate the smoke of persecution still hangs thickly or thinly over our whole religious scene.

But not the religious scene alone. Consider the economic. Has not Labor long been oppressed by Capital? The picturesque idea of Crucifying Labor upon a Cross of Gold certainly had some background. And nowadays Capital in its turn is being more and more pounced upon by patriotic politicians who need the money so badly. The surtax now being levied upon the ascending levels or brackets is so great that we cry out, 'Blessed be Nothing, for it shall not be taken away from us!' Nor is Capital altogether dumb before its shearer, but, on the contrary, utters loud outcries under the stress of persecution.

Indeed it would be difficult to find a class now more definitely under the chariot wheels than the bankers. The legislatures at one end of the rack and the depositors at the other are turning the screws with a will, until — incredibly enough — we are beginning to feel sorry for the bankers. As the early Christians were so persecuted for supposedly having burned Rome that the Romans began to feel actually sorry for them (consult your Tacitus), so now the poor bankers. Perhaps

they are somewhat to blame, but after all the fault is n't wholly theirs.

Not that the politicians have it all their own way. They too are sometimes reminded that it is not roses, roses all the way, but the patriot's path may be at times a thorny one. In more than one metropolis they are being rudely assailed, not only by the harmless raillery of the playful press, but even by the coarser hands of bailiffs and constables. It has been often observed that no one should qualify as a surgeon who has not experienced in his own person at least one major operation, and why should not those arch-persecutors, the politicians, have a taste of it themselves? It is not impossible that they may actually be better persecutors in the end because of it.

II

It must by this time be quite clear that we are a persecuting people, well abreast of Nero, Decius, and Genghis Khan, to say the least. Our eyes once opened to this amazing fact, we begin to perceive persecution, or at least the persecuted, on every hand. The railroads are terribly persecuted — foiled, baffled, and controlled. They are, in fact, reduced to positive bondage by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, it seems, compels them to make bricks without straw, and slays their first-born generally.

And this is clearly the place to utter a feeble wail on behalf of their hated rivals, the motorists. Formerly a free and joyful generation, these are now worn down with manifold exactions. The gasoline tax, originally two cents, has risen to three cents, then to four cents. A gentleman from Oklahoma tells me that in Iowa, he believes, it is five cents. No doubt it soon will be; this may be advance information. Six and eight cents are being proposed. The movement seems to be only getting under way.

The state charges you $20 a year on your car; $40 if you have two; the city $20 on each. I look daily for our alderman to propose a modest tax — say $10 per annum — on automobiles operating in our ward. Of course this is inevitable; it is just a question of who thinks of it first. Smaller places defray their current expenses by arresting opulent-looking travelers by motor who may stray across their miserable precincts. Any pretext will do. Is it not clear that the automobilists are at the present hour perhaps the most bitterly persecuted lot of us all?

But in this headlong listing of oppressed 'groups,' as it is now proper to call them, we are overlooking the most ancient and time-honored martyrs of all, the agrarians. When have they not been lamenting their miserable lot? Certainly since the dawn of history, at the very least, and no doubt with very good reason. A distinguished theologian of my acquaintance, once having occasion to spade up the clay soil of his small garden, remarked that it had given him a wholly new conception of the earth's magnitude. But not only must the agrarians wrestle with this gigantic task, but in doing it they are harshly denied such poor compensations as credits, debentures, stabilizations, and the like, which they strongly crave. This inhumanity is shown them, it appears, by bankers and politicians — two groups which, as we have seen, are not without a sense of persecution themselves in their weak way. But they are mere tyros at it, beside the agrarians, or 'farmers,' as they are derisively called.

One of these latter, of my acquaintance, fordone with persecution, has voluntarily banished himself from the American scene and taken up his solitary abode upon an island of the

Pacific, thirty miles from the nearest settlement, and with no human company but the keeper of the lighthouse — as a kind of vast, resentful gesture to his oppressors. I can recall nothing like it since Shakespeare.

Of course this sort of thing does not appeal to me. Something less costly and magnificent might make them feel a good deal worse. But it reflects the agrarian persecution complex at its maximum, and says to any scoffers who may deny the whole thing, 'There must be a persecution, for here is a martyr.'

In the literary field, who does not know that, where two or three authors are gathered together, an unfailing topic is the rapacity, avarice, cruelty, and greed of publishers? Some refuse the choicest works (here we point with satisfaction to the immortal incident of R.L.S. and the office boy). Others actually snatch the manuscript, half finished, from our supine fingers. Some charge too much for our works, others too little. 'Corrections' too are a source of discord. Sometimes they swallow the royalties up bodily. Formats, blurbs, and jackets are other forms of annoyance. Sometimes without the least warning they change the color of the cover from a soft, seductive rose to a repulsive mouse-color or drab. Flesh and blood can hardly bear the afflictions put upon helpless authors — chief among which is, of course, that they never sell half as many of our books as they really should.

There is also the whole matter of persecution in education. This ranges from the oppressed schoolboy whom the brutal teacher hits with a cane (see English literature, *passim*) to the professor who is 'relieved' by his capricious and tyrannical employers for saying the wrong thing. In some institutions of learning, it is said, professors suffer grievous persecutions from the deans — recalling the terrible incident of the Oxford tutor who was starved to death, in the tower of New College, in the seventeenth century, by his Dean!

Even college presidents, who would seem to have achieved security and calm, if anybody has, are haunted and hounded by grisly shapes of trustees, faculty, students, and alumni. One of the soundest of them, having recently celebrated his retirement from active presidential life, was heard to express the most boundless satisfaction at no longer having to give any heed whatever to these turbulent bodies. No wonder these excellent men are sometimes heard demanding, in the experienced tones of authority, the foremost place in the Army of Martyrs.

Within the fields of learning, too, science is (or was) persecuted by theology and the classics, and now persecutes its greedy little sisters, the social sciences, causing them to weep scalding tears.

III

One is more and more struck in all this by the skillful use made of persecution — not so much by the persecutors as by the persecuted. If you can really show that you are a victim of persecution, you have achieved something. People will rally round you — that is, people of the right sort, who feel persecuted themselves.

On the other hand, if you can make out that somebody is a persecutor, you have him at a serious disadvantage. You have turned the tables on him. He is put on the defensive and may soon be in full retreat. So well recognized is the advantage of the persecuted that even the press, which would seem to have everything its own way, occasionally yearns for it, and may be heard complaining of the loss of its 'liberty'! You wonder what it would do if it had it.

And why should I speak of the mutual persecution of Wet and Dry? The 'tyranny of drink' is a phrase that tells its own story. But the Wets, awakening to the tactical disadvantage of being cast for the persecutors, have assumed the rôle of martyrs, and now depict the Dry as a savage and brutal Simon Legree, gnashing his whiskers, cracking a whip, and supported by bloodhounds. A crusade has been declared to rescue I know not what holy place from the infidel, and the persecution complex has a new incarnation.

The Pacifist, too, is a persecuted man. He is vehemently assailed by the press, the admirals, and the Navy League, and finds it difficult to become a citizen of the United States. The Militarist also takes some hard knocks now and then, but in this matter of being persecuted he cannot compare with the Pacifist. The Supreme Court has settled that.

Much reading of the lamentations uttered so abundantly in the Vox Populi columns and the like has convinced me that perhaps our most persecuted class is the real-estate owners. It appears that between the janitors and coal dealers and mortgage holders on the one hand, and the taxing bodies (of which there are said to be 15,000 in our state) on the other, these unhappy creatures, including myself, will soon be torn limb from limb, and, even so, will not provide limbs enough to go round. Some of our citizens, being unable to meet these varied exactions, have relinquished their hearths and homes to the state, which is thereby unexpectedly set up in business as a landlord, prepared to rent the premises, duly decorated, to all and sundry. Should this condition become general, it may be hard to tell us pretty soon from a little bit of the Soviet Republic.

And when it comes to the whole racial complex, with its superiorities and its rancors, one can only exclaim with the Apostle, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' The Negro, the Chinese, the Irishman, the Jew, the Scot, the Dutchman, the Italian, the Englishman, the Yankee — one knows not where to end. And yet we are, all in all, a tolerant and a patient people.

Eminent actors, too, have been heard to say that the stage is doomed. What with the movies and the talkies on the one hand, and the stage hands and the ticket speculators on the other, they declare, the days of the legitimate drama are numbered. There is also the innumerable company of family martyrs, so familiar to us all.

I do not propose to psychologize about all this, or to attempt to rationalize it. It may be in many instances an escape mechanism for the disappointed. I do not deny that there is a great deal of truth in some of these attitudes. But it has seemed to me that a broad and rapid survey might help to correct what must often be a morbid state of mind. For I would not, of course, increase this vast web of misunderstanding; I would allay it.

It must, at any rate, be clear that there are more martyrs now than ever before. Indeed it seems difficult now to accomplish anything unless you are persecuted or can convince people that you are. The modern position is one thunderous endorsement of the ancient beatitude, 'Blessed are the persecuted.' One perceives that numbers of people perfectly well off are trying to make out that they are oppressed. We have reached a point where a majority of our people are martyrs, or claim to be. The persecution complex has become a disease, and, more than that, an epidemic. And if there is anything sadder than a persecuted man, it is one who thinks he is, and is n't.

EUROPE'S AIR AND OURS

BY WILLIAM HARD

I

THERE is far too much promiscuous condemning — I think — of governmental broadcasting. Equally, there is far too much promiscuous sneering at private broadcasting. Each system has its merits. Each system has its inherent and inevitable disadvantages. Life would be too simple if we had to choose only between the all-good and the all-bad. Providence has accordingly searchingly decreed that we shall choose between the bad-good and the good-bad by a mere margin of debatable discrimination and of difficult preference.

That both private broadcasting and governmental broadcasting are burdened with disadvantages is clear enough to the observant transatlantic traveler. Private broadcasting is tempted toward accommodating itself, for instance, to all levels of popular taste, including those inhabited by the least developed portions of the population. Governmental broadcasting, on the other hand, is tempted toward accommodating itself (again for instance) to the temper of persons in power and to the defense of existing institutions against all elements of opposition and of proposed unconventional progress.

The one certainty shared by governmental broadcasting and by private broadcasting alike is that they will arouse discontent.

American private broadcasting gives a more hospitable welcome to contending and contradictory schools of political and economic thought than any other broadcasting known at present to the world. American critics exist, nevertheless, who perceive in American radio too much 'censorship,' too much 'control.'

British governmental broadcasting, meanwhile, has most certainly labored zealously toward improving British popular taste in music. Are the British critics, then, silenced? Not at all. In London last spring I picked up the April 2 number of that vigilant and advanced British periodical, the *New Statesman and Nation*. I observed in it an article signed 'Critic.' Instantly I proceeded to read it. I felt sure that it would contain something about radio, and I was not disappointed. At the bottom of the first column I encountered the following words: –

> The British Broadcasting Corporation at one moment looked as if it might maintain some standards. It even gave the man in the street, every other evening, for about an hour, the chance of learning the difference between first-rate and tenth-rate music. But the danger is now past. Those responsible for the British Broadcasting Corporation programmes now see to it that a great piece of music by a great composer is rarely included.

I must admit I was a bit shocked. I had not expected a criticism quite so comprehensive and devastating. On reflection, however, I simply saw

that British critics are like American critics. They may *think* that foreign pastures are all green grass; they with certainty *know* that domestic pastures are full of weeds.

Myself, I am both a critic of broadcasting and a participant in it. As a critic, I could say that American private broadcasting is audacious and childish, and that European governmental broadcasting is timid and senile. I could make other epigrams, too, about the contrasting systems, with equal truth and with equal falseness and equal superciliousness. As a participant in broadcasting, contrariwise, I am condemned to a moderation resulting from experience. From experience I realize and recognize the almost insurmountable difficulties separating the operators of any broadcasting system, private or governmental, from an arrival at perfect programmes.

My special field in broadcasting is public affairs. I cannot pretend that I am peculiarly qualified to estimate the programmes of Europe and of the United States in the field of what is specifically called 'entertainment.' In that field I permit myself just one remark.

Every country, generally speaking, puts on the air the sort of 'entertainment' that historical circumstances, irrespective of the air, have developed for it. It is not governmental broadcasting, it is Germany, that fills the German air with reminiscences of the tender folk-song strains of 'Kehr i' ein, mein Schatz, bei dir' rather than with variations upon the elated barn-dance rhythms of 'Turkey in the Straw.' It is not governmental broadcasting, it is England, that gives to the British air so strong a flavor of the English tradition of witty drawing-room comedy. It is not governmental broadcasting, it is France, that penetrates the French air with a 'Gastronomic Hour' in which the cooking of a veal chop is detailed by a sensitively literary man in the vibrant language of a prose poem. Similarly — though on the other side of the screen — it is not private broadcasting, it is the United States itself, that enlivens the American air with the world's most amusing comedians and with the world's largest wealth-attracted assemblage of eminent musicians.

It is true that in private broadcasting there is inherently a stronger streak of originality. It is true that in governmental broadcasting there is negatively a slenderer streak of vulgarity. Dominantly, nevertheless, each country gets in radio 'entertainment' a fairly faithful reflection of its own civilization.

This conclusion is sustained by an observation of the situation in France. France has private broadcasting and governmental broadcasting both. The 'entertainment' programmes from the French private stations and from the French governmental stations are far from profoundly dissimilar. Their variability is much less remarkable than their identicalness — their identicalness of Frenchness.

II

In the field of public affairs a quite different approach to international radio criticism is necessary. All countries equally have public affairs, governmental problems, political controversies. Whatever their divergent racial and national qualities may be in the arts and in the amenities of life, they all possess populations of human beings who — even if Aristotle had never said it — have always been, now are, and always will be, 'political animals.'

These animals require education. We speak of education under many

labels. We speak of cultural education. We speak of vocational education. We speak of civic education. If education can be thus subdivided, then civic education is assuredly one of its most desirable and decisive branches.

One might adopt even stronger language in discoursing upon civic education. One might adopt the language of Plato. In the first book of his *Laws* he remarks: —

> We call one man educated and another uneducated, although the uneducated man may sometimes be very well educated indeed in the calling of a sea captain or of a trader or the like. But we are not speaking of education in that narrow sense. We are speaking of that other education which makes a man eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship. That is the only education which, in our view, deserves the name.

Plato lived in a city-state amply experienced in the processes of democracy. He knew vividly that those processes are atrophied or perverted into economic injustice and into social failure unless refreshed continuously by an informed and competent civic spirit.

It may be alleged that everywhere to-day there is social failure and that nowhere is there a civic spirit adequately informed and adequately competent. I should myself be indeed disposed to grant to that allegation a certain considerable percentage of truth. The question would remain: What are the contributions of European broadcasting, in comparison with American broadcasting, to the vital need thus indicated?

In answer to that question I should begin by saying: —

European broadcasting to-day still displays, on the whole, a certain superiority in volume of programmes dealing with the academic *background* of citizenship. American broadcasting, on the other hand, continues to display to-day, on the whole, a clear superiority in volume and in vigor of programmes dealing with the instant *practice* of citizenship.

I was in Germany last March during the week preceding the first balloting in the German presidential election. The German broadcasting organization is dominatingly owned by the Post Office Department of the German Government. I cannot say that it suffers from bureaucratic sloth. It begins broadcasting at quarter to six in the morning with weather hints to farmers. It continues to broadcast till well after midnight. Its officials are conscientious, energetic, and, beyond dispute, educated. They just naturally radiate education — academic education. They radiate it to school children, in some twenty thousand schools; and they radiate it to all the adults that can endure it, and Germans are very enduring.

I heard an admirably dramatized German school broadcast of the voyage of Columbus. It began: 'Hello! Hello! Are there any youngsters of from seven to fourteen listening to me? I'm the steersman of the *Santa Maria* in the harbor of Palos. To-morrow morning, you know, we shall sail out into the unknown ocean of the West.' It was a broadcast beautiful, arresting, grippingly instructive. German school broadcasting does not duplicate the pedagogy of the classroom. It strives to supplement it with artistry.

Toward adults the German broadcasting authorities are even more authoritative. In the week preceding the presidential election day of March 13 they gave air lessons to adults in the speaking of German, of Spanish, of French. They gave them air lectures on, for example, 'Goethe and Natural Science,' 'The Discovery of Electro-

magnetic Induction,' 'The Social Question in Industrial Relations,' 'The Departure from the Gold Standard,' 'Cartels and Monopolies in the World Crisis,' and 'The Universal Empire Idea, the Great Power Idea, and the Small State Idea in World History.' They even produced in that week a broadcast by a learned scholastic analyst on 'The Psychology of Voting' and a dialogue-discussion-broadcast among youthful amateur talkers on 'Should We Young Men Be Interested in Politics?'

III

These performances in the background of political action were profuse and meritorious. I waited, though, for the foreground. I waited for the fulfillment of all this civic educational preparation. I waited for the claims and counterclaims of the political parties. I held my breath to hear the ultimate test: the arguments instantly delivered by the electioneering contenders and the choices instantly revealed to the wavering electors.

What I heard was education only on one theory — on the theory that education means what I fear it too often means in Europe: the attempted pouring of a nation's mentality into moulds admired and desired by its rulers.

There were four presidential candidates: Hindenburg, Duesterberg, Hitler, Thaelmann. Hindenburg already inhabited the presidential palace. He was thereupon the only presidential candidate admitted to the German air! A speech by him was broadcast on Wednesday afternoon. It was again broadcast, from a phonograph record, on Saturday evening. On Sunday the German radio listeners, thus educated in the speaking personalities of the presidential contestants for their suffrages, went to the polls. They had heard, it is true, one other statesman besides Hindenburg. They had heard Bruening. A speech by him from the Berlin Sportpalast was broadcast on Friday evening. It was, of course, in support of Hindenburg.

And that was the total of the German electioneering combat on the German air during the first round of the presidential balloting this year.

During the second and final round, four weeks later, Hitler addressed a letter to the German broadcasting authorities pointing out to them a certain clause in the public charter under which they operate. This clause enjoins them to 'political impartiality.' It is the phrase always inserted into all projected plans for safeguarded governmental broadcasting. 'Political impartiality'! In the name of political impartiality Hitler demanded access to the German air.

The broadcasting authorities consulted the Minister of the Department of the Interior of the German Government. They were then obliged to inform Hitler that the Minister of the Department of the Interior had now decreed that politics should henceforth be excluded from the German air, during the remainder of the period of presidential politics!

Nevertheless, on the Saturday evening before the final balloting, another speech was made by Bruening. He again, of course, supported Hindenburg. The Hitlerites rather naturally called the speech political. Government officials denied that it was political. They said that it was governmental!

This series of one-sided events cannot be charged against the immediate operators of German broadcasting. In the field of public affairs they are not their own masters. Outside that field they broadcast inventively, courageously. Inside that field they broad-

cast tamely, submissively. I do not reproach them. I belong to a country in which postmasters must help the persons in power. I am not in a position to look down upon a country in which broadcasters must.

In virtually all European countries they must. Sometimes they must do it negatively. Sometimes they must do it positively.

The positive method I have illustrated out of Germany. Applied to the United States, it would have made our 1932 presidential campaign consist solely of a speech by Mr. Hoover, two speeches by Mr. Stimson, and a phonographic repetition of the speech by Mr. Hoover!

The negative method I could illustrate out of countries such as Austria, where, in general, no political broadcasting whatsoever is permitted — none. This negative method has its distinctive value to the persons in power. It may stifle government propaganda, but it equally stifles opposition criticism. It produces silence. Silence advantages the status quo.

IV

In France during this year's elections for the Chamber of Deputies there was a curious mingling of the positive and the negative methods, conjoined with a certain stroke of astounding political personal generosity. It was at any rate thought astounding — in France.

Tardieu was President of the Council of Ministers. He was thus in political control of the Department of Posts and Telegraphs and Telephones. That Department, in turn, was (and is) in control of all the political manifestations of all French broadcasting, private as well as public. Tardieu, however, was magnanimous. He announced that he would permit the broadcasting of a speech by his chief political rival, Herriot. He announced it as a special personal individual favor!

Tardieu had already taken the air. Now Herriot took the air. Then Tardieu took the air again, repeatedly, to reply to Herriot. Then five or six of Tardieu's fellow ministers in the cabinet of the reigning government took the air, also to reply to Herriot. And then the listeners voted. If some of them veered toward Herriot, it was not through any governmental failure to pack the governmental French air on behalf of Tardieu.

In Europe, in general, the governmental air is the private kennel of the political top-dog. It is eminently so in free democratic France; for it must not be imagined that tickets to the French air during the last French election were issued undiscriminatingly even to the supporters of Tardieu.

There was an ardent Tardieu supporter by the name of Kerillis, a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He had a bold idea. He proposed to buy time on the air of some of the little private French radio stations and proposed to use this time for talks by ordinary non-cabinet, non-ministerial advocates of Tardieu's policies. He even started to do it. He lasted just three or four days. Then a ministerial order stopped him; and the stations were reduced to their previous and permanent rôle of transmitting political speeches only when of ministerial authorization and of cabinet origin.

An imitation of this method would have cleared the American air this year considerably! It would have given us in our present presidential campaign a speech by President Hoover, a speech by Governor Roosevelt, several additional speeches by President Hoover, a half-dozen supplementary speeches by members of President Hoover's

cabinet, and then no more speeches! It would have 'protected the public' — as they say in Europe — against radio orations by such critics of President Hoover as Senator Robinson, Senator Barkley, Senator Wagner, Senator Dill, Senator Harrison, Senator Pittman, Speaker Garner, Representative Rainey, Representative McDuffie, Representative Crisp, Senator Shipstead, Governor Ritchie, William Randolph Hearst, Charles Michelson, John J. Raskob, Alfred E. Smith, Jouett Shouse, Claude G. Bowers — *et id genus omne*, comprising a whole etheric milky way of American anti-Hooveritic radio studio stars.

It would also have 'protected' President Hoover against having his policies interpreted to the radio public by any regular Republicans except those appointed to administrative office in his own cabinet family. It would have 'freed' the American air of all such Republican stalwarts as Senator Watson, Senator Jones, Senator Dickinson, Senator Reed, Senator Bingham, Representative Snell, Representative Crowther, Representative Treadway, Representative Wood, Representative Tilson, and Nicholas Murray Butler — especially Nicholas Murray Butler.

In other words, most seriously, our whole spacious and protracted quadrennial school of political education, accompanying our election of a President, would in radio have been shrunk to a scope so slender — and wrenched to a quality so partisan — as to have lost all true comprehensive comparative educational value whatsoever.

V

Very well. Let us thereupon, in search of ideals closer to ours, proceed from France to that weathered land of liberty, Britain.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is very frank and free in its criticisms of American radio. In a recent number of its *Radio Times* it says that American radio is 'shackled to its advertisers,' and that it consequently almost totally ignores the musical preferences of those of its auditors who happen to be people of good taste.

The British are sometimes thought to be bluntly rude. They are not. They are only directly honest; and I applaud honesty — because I love to reciprocate it.

I have already quoted from a British periodical of high good taste to indicate that in Britain there exists an opinion of British radio music precisely identical with the opinion which the British Broadcasting Corporation entertains of American radio music. I repeat, however, that I am not especially qualified to enter into any disputation regarding 'entertainment' programmes. I revert to my own specialty of public affairs.

British broadcasting, unlike most European continental broadcasting, is not directly and minutely under political control. Very Britishly, it is in theory one thing and in practice quite another.

In theory the British Postmaster-General is the dictator of British radio. He licenses the British Broadcasting Corporation to have a monopoly of all British broadcasting. In the charter through which he thus licenses it he explicitly declares: 'The Postmaster-General may by notice require the British Broadcasting Corporation to refrain from transmitting any broadcast matter specified in such notice.'

He also, in that same charter, explicitly declares: 'The British Broadcasting Corporation shall transmit any matter which any department of His Majesty's Government may require to be broadcast.'

That is the theory; it may some day be the practice. It is not the present practice. The present practice is Sir John Reith. He is the head of the British Broadcasting Corporation. He is its Director-General. His successor, some day, may be a man who will ask the Postmaster-General when he may breathe into the microphone, and how. Sir John does not. Why? Why, just simply because he is Sir John, and won't. You never know a British institution by examining its law. You have to meet its man.

Sir John is in practice the effectively absolute autocrat of the whole British air. He wields, substantially, the centralized, omnipotent, benevolent radio power that some progressives among us think ought to be wielded. He should, of course, in accordance with that thought, be a progressive. He is in fact a true-blue, conscientious, intense conservative. His social and political outlook is approximately that of Secretary of the Treasury Mills — only much less roving and much more raptly fixed.

Sir John has openly denounced the demagogic heresy that in radio the public should be given what it wants. He gives it, overwhelmingly, what a Scotchman after the heroic order (and orderingness) of John Knox — namely, Sir John himself — thinks personally (and uniquely) that it ought to have. He thinks that it ought to have a great many elevating talks. One is impressed by the multitudinousness — and magnitudinousness — of these talks. Last September Sir John began a series of them under the title 'This Changing World.' It covered Industry and Trade, Literature and Art, Science, the Modern State, and Education and Leisure. It covered those topics through speakers of the highest academic cultural eminence.

They were no more eminent, perhaps, than the American speakers who now address the American air audience on such topics; but I am obliged to admit that they spoke much oftener, and also that they spoke — many of them — with a much more developed radio technique. The British Broadcasting Corporation takes the British college professor who is about to approach the microphone and technically trains him for it. It goes a great deal further in that direction than we have yet gone in the United States — and advantageously so. Sir John's scholars who delivered his talks on 'This Changing World' were quite well radio-broken. And, as talkers, they were certainly permitted to be talkative. Between them they talked half an hour every evening of the week for twenty-four weeks. Sir John believes in education, in academic education, voluminously.

VI

But we must then ask: How does academic education, anywhere, get translated into civic action? Let us answer realistically. Academic education gets translated into civic action through public men, officeholders, politicians, statesmen, men actually engaged in public affairs. There is no other way.

Let us examine the last British election period. What British public men was the British Broadcasting Corporation willing to admit to the British air? Only those who officially represented the reigning authorities within each British political group. Baldwin for the standard National Conservatives, MacDonald and Snowden for the standard National Laborites, Samuel and Simon for the standard National Liberals, Henderson and Clynes and Graham for the standard old-style Laborites, Lloyd George for the standard old-style Liberals! Nine veteran

jockeys from the established stables, all bearing the brands of the managers and 'whips' of those stables, and then no more political mental racing in that British election!

Other elements pined for the air. They were refused it. The Welsh Nationalists: No! The Scotch Nationalists, relying perhaps upon Sir John's Scotchness but underestimating his conscientiousness and impartiality: No! The Left Wing of the Labor Party: No! The illustrious Winston Churchill: No! Other members of Parliament, distinguished and distinctive, but sitting on the back benches of the House of Commons and ignominiously called (in British parlance) 'private members': No! Nothing unofficial. Nothing un-standard.

Let us imagine applying that principle to the United States. It would debar from our air, at national election times, virtually all of the Senators and Representatives and non-officeholding American public men already mentioned in this article.

But let us imagine its application further, and faint not. A certain American public man approaches the Sir John Reith of a future governmental monopolistic United States Broadcasting Corporation. Our Sir John says to him: —

'You speak for the Democratic Party?'

'I unequivocally do not!'

'Oh! For the Republican Party?'

'Most emphatically no!'

'But, surely, for some group possessing an official organization which you represent?'

'Sir John, I don't represent official organizations. I tell them!'

'For whom?'

'Myself.'

'Yourself? Sorry, Senator Borah,' our American Sir John Reith would have to say. 'Frightfully sorry, but you can't get to a microphone in this country.'

For my own part, as a 'commercial radio' representative, accustomed to run for a microphone whenever that anti-commercial character, Senator Borah, whistles for it, I should almost like to see the 'responsible radio' system of Sir John Reith introduced into this country — for just a minute — merely in order to hear the outcries from our 'liberal elements' deprived thereupon of the incessant performances of their favorite champions on our turbulent and chaotic American wave lengths.

VII

The British Broadcasting Corporation, under Sir John Reith, 'responsibly' requires that an election-time political radio speaker shall officially represent a political party possessing numerous seats in Parliament. The American Socialist Party possesses no seats in the American Congress. Its presidential candidate, Mr. Norman Thomas, would thereupon be ineligible to the air. Under our American 'commercial' system Mr. Thomas was broadcast from Milwaukee, during the Socialist Convention of this year, and was subsequently, within a month, broadcast again from New York.

The difference is precisely the difference between being 'commercial' and being 'responsible.' Sir John Reith, however personal he may be, and however independent, in his management of the British Broadcasting Corporation, has a 'responsibility' to the governmental ownership — to the state organism — behind him. He must therefore proceed cautiously, he must give consideration to reasons of state, in admitting guests to his bureaucratic and authoritative ether.

He must, for instance, himself choose the university professors who on that

ether will dispense academic political education. This he does, of course, largely through his subordinates. They are persons — generally speaking — of excellent scholastic attainments on their own account. They on that point are superior — generally speaking — to the corresponding officials in American broadcasting organizations. They choose their academic guest speakers proficiently. They drill them proficiently and enthusiastically. The ensuing performances have merit of substance, and merit of presentation, of a high order. They remain, nevertheless, the performances, not of Britain's academic world speaking for itself, but of selected academicians put on the stage — and permitted their lines — by a centralized radio directorship and dictatorship.

I doubt if the academicians of the United States would care for it — very long. They are not accustomed to being 'directed' very much by their radio hosts. On one of our chains there is now getting presented a series of programmes entitled 'You and Your Government.' The radio company sponsoring it takes it for presentation from the 'Committee on Civic Education by Radio,' which in turn is an offshoot of the 'National Advisory Committee on Radio in Education.' The chairman of the Committee on Civic Education by Radio is chairman of it precisely because he is chairman, to begin with, of the Policy Committee of the American Political Science Association, the representative association of our American university professors of political science. He and his committee choose the speakers, assign to them their subjects, schedule them for the microphone. The radio company furnishes the microphone and the telephone cables to the receiving and sending stations. That is its sole duty. That is its sole 'responsibility.' It aims only to let the American political-science academic world say its say.

There has been criticism of this series of talks — just one criticism. Conservative elements claim that the talkers 'lean to the Left.' They deplore the presence among these talkers of such 'Left-ists' as Charles E. Merriam, Charles A. Beard, Stuart Chase, John Dewey. The radio company is not concerned. Under its theory of operation it takes the American academic world as it is. It lets it orate as its spirit may move it to orate. It has no 'responsibility' — except that of lending facilities of utterance to American academic thought as America itself has formed it.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is necessarily in a different attitude. It was obliged lately to ask for the resignation of its Director of Talks. She was admittedly a lady of brilliant mentality and of perfect professional competency. The difficulty was that she was charged with precisely what is charged against our American 'You and Your Government' radio series. She was charged with 'leaning to the Left.' She had to go.

It could not be otherwise. The lady, it is true, had her conscience. Sir John Reith, however, also had his. And the Government had its. Sir John's and the Government's were 'responsible.' They had to 'protect' the British public. They had to 'protect' it against — in general, and by and large — the non-arrived, the non-established.

Every governmental radio organization, no matter how constituted, and no matter how operated, must lean in the end toward accepted and dominant national political practice and political theory. Hence its timidity, its demonstrable timidity, not only in domestic politics, but also — and most especially — in world affairs.

VIII

Sir John Reith, who is always welcome on this side of the Atlantic for his greatness as a broadcaster and for his greatness as a man, has not hesitated manfully to argue with our President on behalf of the governmentalization of the American broadcasting industry. He believes in that governmentalization for apparently not only national but international reasons. I am sure, accordingly, that he and my other personally very dear friends in the British Broadcasting Corporation will not be offended if I take them to a Britishly frank comparison between their endeavors and our American endeavors in the field of international relationships.

I represented an American private broadcasting company at Geneva, Switzerland, last February and March, during the first period of the Disarmament Conference. The British Broadcasting Corporation's official motto is: 'Nation Shall Speak Peace Unto Nation.' Its representative at Geneva was Mr. Vernon Bartlett. He is also a League of Nations official. He cannot, therefore, very well criticize the League; but he can very well indeed, if he is so instructed, cause nations to speak peace unto nations. He is an admirably competent broadcaster.

During the first period of the Disarmament Conference, Mr. Bartlett put on seven programmes from Geneva to Britain. Five were by himself, one was by Mr. Arthur Henderson, one was by the Archbishop of York. Not one was by any non-British foreigner.

Meanwhile, during that first period of the Disarmament Conference, I was transmitting to the United States the voices and the views of Mr. Yen of China, of Mr. Sato of Japan, of Sir George Perley of Canada, of Mr. Grandi of Italy, of Mr. Tardieu of France, of Mr. Bruening of Germany, of Mr. Henderson of Britain, of Mr. Thomas of Britain.

The American private air is very open to authoritative political foreigners. The European governmental air is open to them extremely charily.

Let me illustrate further from Geneva. All European countries of any importance have radio systems. Seven of them (outside Switzerland) took broadcasts from Geneva during the Disarmament Conference's first period — only seven. Britain, as I have already related, heard no foreigner. Austria and Sweden likewise heard no foreigner. Denmark, Germany, and the Netherlands got themselves into hearing a foreigner through taking the opening speech of Mr. Henderson, the President of the Conference. They thereafter heard no other foreigner.

France alone, among the seven European countries caring to receive the international proceedings of Geneva last February and March, heard more than one foreigner. It heard numerous foreigners; but I must candidly note that it heard them at their most innocuous. It heard them making routine speeches from the Disarmament Conference floor. It did not hear them as we Americans heard them, personally epitomizing their whole national philosophies.

I should like to add one last statistical observation from Geneva. The total number of broadcasts, during the Disarmament Conference's first period, from Geneva to all European countries (outside Switzerland), combined, was forty-one. The total number of broadcasts, during that same period, from Geneva to the United States alone, through the American company which I represented, was thirty-eight; and there was simultaneously present at Geneva another American radio company broadcasting to the United States

at the rate usually of two programmes a week.

I must confess that I sometimes deeply resent the European charge that American radio is dedicated solely to programmes of so-called 'commercialization.' When American radio meets European radio in the only field of possible direct comparison — the international field — it is not European radio, it is American radio, that proves its superior interest in non-commercial public affairs and in instant world-wide political international education.

IX

We come thus to the ultimate paradox of the whole matter. I shall try to express it in its full, final form.

European governmental broadcasting, which in theory might be concentrated upon governmental problems, is in fact dedicated peculiarly to the promoting of private individual culture. American private broadcasting, which in theory might be mindful only of the affairs of private life, is in fact especially superior in advancing the copious and comprehensive discussion of immediate governmental policies and solutions.

Governmental broadcasting does more for man as home student. Private broadcasting does more for man as active citizen.

That is the paradox, and it is ineradicable.

Private broadcasting, since it is supported by advertisements, must give to those advertisements a certain number of minutes which a tax-supported radio organization can devote to cultural objectives.

Governmental broadcasting, since it is supported by the state, must be careful not to offend the state and must therefore, while it escapes 'commercialization,' embrace 'governmental responsibility' — and a censorship far beyond any 'control' known among us.

I have introduced a multitude of European statesmen to the American air. Never have I asked them, and never have I been asked by my organization in America to ask them, what they were going to say. They were responsible men; and, on the license of that responsibility, they spoke without any attempted check whatsoever.

Relatively seldom, I must admit, does a European broadcasting organization reciprocate our American hospitality to European public personages. Occasionally, however, I have introduced an American statesman to a European air audience. In each instance I have been obliged to submit the text of his remarks, beforehand, to foreign governmental or quasi-governmental agents for scrutiny and approval.

It is nonsense to say that radio is necessarily an agency for civic good. Radio, monopolistically controlled for the purposes of persons in power, can be made the most effective agency ever devised for the enslavement of the mass mentality of a nation.

My thesis, then, is simple. I will concede that European governmental broadcasting generally exceeds American private broadcasting in the potential cultivation of good taste — by a graceful margin. I will contend that American private broadcasting exceeds European governmental broadcasting, in any European country, in the potential cultivation of free citizenship — by a vital margin.

It is for everybody, according to his own nature, to decide which margin he prefers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Gentleman in a Garden, to His Dog

Come hither, Dog! I caught your sidewise look.
The garden's empty; see, we are alone.
Let's growl a bit. I'll lay aside my book,
For I, like you, but gnawed an ancient bone

With little meat upon it! What's the use
Of more pretense between us? We are men
And we have toiled; the sun is our excuse
For shady gossip ere we gnaw again.

I'm sorry, lad, I spoke in such a heat
Because you snarled and bristled up your hair
This morning, when that chow across the street
Made smug advances, with his master there.

I felt I must. I said you were too old
To nurse a grudge; and yet I must confess
I'm just as bad, for if the truth were told,
I like his silly master even less.

And, lad, I liked your frankness even more
At Her pink tea in there this afternoon,
When you strolled, unsuspecting, through the door,
And found me toying with a cup and spoon.

You eyed me gravely; then I saw you stride
Through all their banter with untroubled mind.
I saw you leave the room, and then outside
Rejoin the tag and bobtail of your kind;

To bark at some chance stranger passing by,
Or wag such tales as pass among the boys;
Or start upon a sudden hue and cry,
Gaining conviction from each other's noise.

I felt your pity as you passed me by;
I knew you knew I'd try to join you soon.
And am I wrong, or did you wink your eye,
As I stood toying with a cup and spoon?

Burges Johnson

The Coconut Palm

I have now lived on various islands in the South Sea for more than twelve years, and during that time I have heard at least twice that many legends concerning the origin of the coconut palm. I like best the one old Mama Tu told me one sultry February afternoon when I came upon her gathering plants and roots near the head wall of Vaipopo Valley.

Mama Tu is a little wizened Tahitian woman who might be of any age between seventy and ninety. She is famous on this side of Tahiti for her native remedies, and, being as spry as she is small and wrinkled, she makes long journeys into the mountains in search of the plants of which they are concocted.

'May you live, Mama Tu,' I said.

'And may you live. Where are you going?'

'I've been walking to look.'

'If you are going back to the village, you can carry my bundle for me,' she said; 'but sit down and rest for a little.'

She was sitting under a clump of ancient coconut palms near the river. One tree, all of sixty feet high, held its cluster of nuts and fronds almost directly overhead, and while we were sitting there a ripe nut fell with a terrific thud not more than a yard from where we were.

'That was close,' she said, quietly; but she neither moved nor glanced overhead where other ripe nuts hung precariously.

'I think we'd better move,' I replied. 'I have no desire to have my skull cracked.'

'There is no danger,' she said. 'Coconuts never fall where people are sitting.'

'Why is that?' I asked.

'Have you never heard how the coconut palm came to these islands?'

'Often,' I replied; 'and each time a different story.'

'The truth is in but one of them, and that I will tell you,' she said. 'It was a long time ago, when there were few people on any of these islands. They had little to eat in those days. There were no yams or bananas or taro, or *fei;* the people lived mostly on fish. The lizard people lived in the mountains and the human people lived by the sea.

'There was a man — his name was Ori. One day he was going along the beach near the mouth of the river, and he saw a sea eel not far from the beach. It was a very large eel; in fifty steps you could not walk from its head to the tip of its tail.

'"My friend," said the eel, "you see that I am caught here."

'"Yes, I see it," said Ori.

'A great creeping vine had wrapped itself half a dozen times around the eel's body; and this vine was securely fastened to many great rocks and the trunks of enormous trees.

'"One of the lizard people must have done this," said the eel. "I was sleeping here in the sun. I went to sleep in the dry season and I awoke in the rainy season and found this vine wrapped round and round me, so that I can't get loose. Maybe you can help me?"

'"Maybe I can," said Ori.

'He found a splinter of rock, very sharp along one edge, and he climbed up on the eel's great body and sawed and sawed at the creeper until he had sawed it through. A moon had waxed and waned before this work was done. The eel's body was deeply marked in the places where the vine had bound it.

'"Thank you for this service," said the eel. "Is there anything you want?"

'"Well, I'm rather hungry," said Ori. "There is very little food here. I wish there were more."

'"Bring me that round stone from the river there," said the eel.

'Ori brought it. It was round and smooth, like a ball.

'"Make three little marks on it, close together, on one side," said the eel.

'Ori did this.

'"Now dig a hole and plant it in the ground," said the eel.

'Ori thought it was foolish to plant a stone in the ground, but he did as the eel told him. And the eel said, "Wait and see what happens here, my friend"; then he slid back into the sea.

'In the course of time a fine tree grew out of that place — such a tree as no one had ever seen before. It was the coconut palm. Ori plaited the fronds of the palm and made him a house. He ate the meat of the ripe nuts, and the white milk squeezed from the grated meat of the nuts was delicious with fish. He drank the cool water from the green nuts. He used the shells for dishes, and from the tough fibre of the husks he made fishlines and nets. The coconut palm furnished him with whatever he needed, and from that day every coconut that has appeared on any tree has three little eyes in the shell on that part of the nut where Ori had made the three small marks on the stone he had planted. And the eyes of the nuts always look down before the nuts fall; for the coconut palm is man's friend and will not allow him to be injured by falling fruit.'

Mama Tu waited for me to speak.

'But the eyes of the coconut are in the shell,' I said. 'How can they see through the thick husk that covers them?'

'Does that seem strange to you in the fruit of so wonderful a tree?' she replied. 'Of course they can see, just as, when the nut has fallen, if it is left on the ground roots will grow from two of the eyes and thrust themselves deeply into the ground, and a green stalk will grow from the third eye and make a new tree. Thousands and thousands of nuts fall every day. Why are we never injured by them?'

'A year or two ago, I heard of a man in the Hitia district who had his arm broken by a falling coconut,' I replied.

'I know of him,' said Mama Tu. 'It was his right arm that was broken. He was always beating his wife. He was justly punished.'

JAMES NORMAN HALL

Also Serving

When I consider how my life is spent, — standing and waiting for my wife during many weary half hours at a stretch, — I cannot feel that I am among the elect who 'also serve' — except as a warning.

For as my better and busier half is constitutionally tardy, while I am constitutionally punctual, perhaps neither of us deserves blame or praise for a quality as inherent as the shape of our noses; but this temperamental difference provides the material whereof domestic drama is made, quite as inevitably as through a mistaken alliance between crabbèd age and youth. Many of the long hours that I have spent impersonating the uninspiring figure of Patience on her monument have been passed in trying to reckon how many weeks — or even months — in the course of a year have been wasted in this unproductive employment. Of course I do not count as wasted the years I spent marking time while Cynthia was trying to make up her mind whether she would keep me waiting permanently; I merely mean the ten minutes here, the quarter of an hour there, the half hour everywhere, which, subsequent to our marriage, I have spent waiting for my late wife.

'Your craze for being punctual is a very serious fault, dear,' she assures me by way of rejoinder to my unspoken disapproval of her tardiness. 'You should really struggle to conquer it. Just remember that you live in an imperfect world in which practically everyone but yourself is late, and it is for you to adjust yourself to the majority. It's just as if you insisted upon living by standard time when the rest of the community had adopted daylight saving.'

The disconcerting part of her immoral code of unpunctuality is that facts bear out its practical wisdom. If I am ever invited to a social or business festivity without my wife, and arrive with scrupulous promptness, I generally find that my host himself has not yet appeared, and I overhear sundry exclamations of disgust from above stairs which do not tend to increase my sense of social ease.

But when I arrive late, in my lady's breathless train, how different is the result! Our host and hostess greet us with cries of ecstasy, intensified by a tincture of relief at finding that we had not forgotten our engagement and so thrown out their dinner table. The little group of guests who have already assembled turn from their arduous labors as manufacturers of small talk and beam gratefully at my guilty partner as she sails triumphantly before the wind of approval, tossing a word here and bestowing a smile there, while easy apologies fall from her facile lips. Everyone else in the room assumes the attitude of minor characters in a stock company, while my outrageous wife makes a heroine's entrance and wins all the applause through the simple expedient of being the last comer! For a moment, and simply owing to my association with Cynthia, I feel that I am playing the rôle of leading man — not because I lead, but simply because I follow, tied to the tail of my domestic comet, and thereby winning laurels which would be torn from my brow, had I, chronologically speaking, led the little expectant group.

Cogitation on the subject (indulged in as usual while waiting) has led me to believe that a fault is sometimes as desirable — and quite as difficult to encourage — as a virtue. I can no more be late than Cynthia can be on time; and if I surreptitiously put her watch forward I find that she has already set mine back, for, although this laggard is always behind, it is not easy to get ahead of her.

On one of the rare occasions when — through a more than usually flagrant lack of punctuality — it really seems as if Cynthia were going to fail to have her cake and eat it too, I venture a mild reproof and murmur sententiously, 'You see, my dear, the early bird *does* sometimes catch the worm,' she only replies laconically, 'I hate worms.'

Wilmot Price

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

If Gargantua, at birth, could cry out lustily, 'Some drink, some drink, some drink!' it is equally probable that **Mitchell Dawson** ('Paul Pry and Privacy') could quote Coke and Blackstone in the cradle, for the law was in his blood. Members of his family have practised at the Chicago bar continuously since 1840, and he himself has carried on the tradition through two decades. **William Beebe** is a name that has become synonymous with extraordinary explorations under the sea. In 'Mojave' he plays a new rôle as naturalist in the desert. Δ Possibly **Louis E. Kirstein** ('Mind Your Own Business') has written an *Apologia pro Sua Vita*. At any rate, he knows whereof he speaks. His principal job is the Vice Presidency of Filene's in Boston, and in *Who's Who* he lists thirty-two additional interests, including directorates and committee memberships in such organizations as the National Better Business Bureau, the Boston Port Authority Board, the Chamber of Commerce, the American Jewish Relief Committee, the Harvard Economic Society, the Federated Jewish Charities, the Boston Public Library, and the Boy Scouts of America. **Mary Ellen Chase** ('Mrs. Penlust on the Damascus Road') is Professor of English Literature at Smith College. Her autobiography, *A Goodly Heritage*, will be brought out by Henry Holt toward the middle of October. **Claude M. Fuess** pens the 'Creed of a Schoolmaster' after a quarter century of teaching at one of the largest preparatory schools for boys in New England. He is also well known as a biographer, his most recent volumes being *Daniel Webster* and *Carl Schurz*.

For some years **Henry F. Pringle** ('Tammany Hall, Inc.') was a political reporter for the *New York World*, and Associate Editor of the *Outlook*. He has published three books — *Alfred E. Smith, a Critical Study* (1927), *Big Frogs* (1928), and *Theodore Roosevelt, a Biography* (1931). **Freda C. Bond** ('November Sun') is an English poet who, like Humbert Wolfe, is faithful at once to her muse and to her everyday duties as an official in the Ministry of Labor. **Edmund Vance Cooke** ('Appreciation of a Sister') is a poet, essayist, and lecturer. **Curtis Billings** ('The Nut That Holds the Wheel') is a member of the staff of the Public Safety Division of the National Safety Council. An earlier article, 'Accidents Don't Happen,' appeared in the June *Atlantic*. **Henry S. Pritchett** ('A Substitute for Football') was long President of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Recently the Foundation conducted a careful survey of college athletics, and issued a report which showed that the commercialization of football is all but universal. **Tom Jones Parry** lives in Seattle, where he has kept in close touch with 'The Republic of the Penniless' as a member of the Mayor's Commission on Improved Employment. Δ In the peace and seclusion of Papeete, Tahiti, **James Norman Hall** ('Too Many Books') does much more thinking than writing. There he has had an exceptional opportunity to study at first hand one of the most exciting chapters in the history of the South Seas, and, with the collaboration of Charles Nordhoff, he has set forth the whole story in a new volume entitled *Mutiny on the Bounty*, to be published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

'At the Hearst Ranch' is the last place in the world where one would expect to find **A. Edward Newton.** He prefers the East to the West, the city to the wide open spaces, and if pressed to account for his predilection he could not do better than echo the words of his beloved Doctor: 'No wise man will go to live in the country. . . . The town is my element; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements.' **Kathryn Worth** is the wife of a Professor of English at Vanderbilt University, and mother of a wee daughter who was the inspiration of 'Parables at Four.' Δ For more years than she likes to remember, **Alfreda Withington** ('The Mountain Doctor') practised medicine in Pittsfield, Massa-

chusetts. During the war she served in France with the Red Cross, and after the Armistice remained abroad a short time as Medical Director for the Rockefeller Commission in the Department of the Marne, returning home only to venture into a new field among the Kentucky mountaineers. Δ It has been demonstrated over and over again that the best writing is, in some fashion, a product of personal experience. In 'What's a Man to Do?' **Katharine Ball Ripley** has dealt imaginatively with people and scenes she knows well, for, though she now resides in Charleston, she lived seven years on a peach orchard in North Carolina. **Lord David Cecil** ('Sir Walter Scott') is a Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford, where he lectures on English literature. Δ Professor of Theology at the University of Chicago, **Edgar J. Goodspeed** ('Martyrs All!') has published a score of volumes of New Testament exegesis, as well as numerous lighter essays, many of them in the *Atlantic*. Δ Everyone who listened to the radio broadcasts of the Republican and Democratic conventions will remember **William Hard** ('Europe's Air and Ours'), whose concise interpretations added greatly to an understanding of those events. He became interested in radio after long training as a journalist in Chicago and Washington.

* * *

THE DEAR DEAD JOYS OF YESTERYEAR

Gone are the noises of yesteryear:
The rat-a-tat-tat of riveteer,
The chug-chug-chug of hoisting girder,
Din that tempted the meek to murder.

Gone are the checks that settled the rent;
Where dividends were is now a dent.
Soul souvenirs of my penthouse neat
Are six little sprigs of bittersweet.

My lovely love of a Persian rug,
Lovelier still my little brown jug
With foaming draught of six per cent beer[1] —
Ah, the dear dead joys of yesteryear!

Little I thought that I'd shed a tear
For the rat-tat-tat of riveteer,
The chug-chug-chug of hoisting girder,
Din that tempted the meek to murder.

[1] Beer is mere poetic license. I come from the Blue Grass region, where children are brought up on good old Bourbon.

LUCY MERRION SHIELS
New York City

The original Sherlock Holmes.

Dear Atlantic, —

I was sitting in my cabin at four o'clock one morning; my long middle watch was over, and, forgetting the dark bridge, I was reading the July *Atlantic* when, suddenly, the name of my dead brother leaped up at me from one of the pages. I was reading Vincent Starrett's article, 'Enter Mr. Sherlock Holmes.' Starrett was relating the fact that Conan Doyle had taken Professor Bell of Edinburgh as his type for Sherlock Holmes, and, remarking upon Bell's observant manner, went on to speak of 'another case that is of record. It is recalled by Dr. Harold Emery Jones, a former classmate of Conan Doyle at Edinburgh.'

Dr. Harold Emery Jones was my brother, and has been dead for twenty-three years. Here in your magazine I read his name again and saw him as I remember him when he was a student at Edinburgh; recalled his telling us, his small brothers, about the wonderful professor. One story that my brother told of Bell may not be known; it is an odd story, and an amusing one.

Bell was addressing his class. 'Gentlemen,' he said in his peculiar voice and dry manner, 'the ideal medical man is beyond all things observant. Some men are observant by nature; others never learn to be observant, and they never make successful physicians because they cannot diagnose a case accurately. Can you, for instance, remember what I am talking about and follow my actions?' Here Bell dipped his forefinger into a bottle of ink, and the students were amazed to see him raise the finger to his mouth. 'By tasting this fluid,' he went on, 'I can describe to you its constituents.' This he proceeded to do. Then he called up a young student and ordered him to repeat the whole performance. The student at once dipped his forefinger into the ink and put it in his mouth. A roar of laughter rose from the class as the ink appeared on the young man's lips and trickled down his chin. 'There!' exclaimed Bell when the laughter had subsided. 'You see how unobservant you were. Had you noticed what I did, you would have seen that while I placed my forefinger into the ink, it was my next finger that I placed in my mouth.'

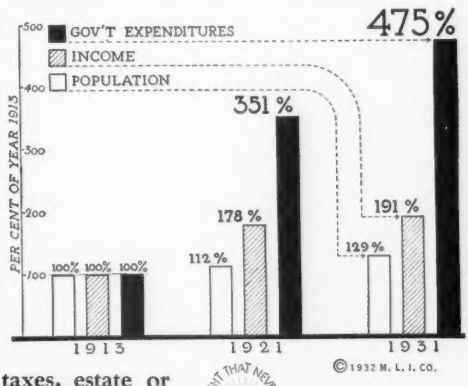
I should like to correct a slight error in Mr. Starrett's statement. My brother Harold was not at the University of Edinburgh at the same time as Conan Doyle. He went there some years later, and afterward came to the United States. He died while still a young man, and has lain sleeping this many a year in a quiet corner of God's Acre away up in a fold of the Welsh hills that he loved in boyhood. There it was that he dreamed his dreams of success in a New World — a success that would surely have been his had he lived.

GERALD NORMAN-JONES
Third Officer, M.S. Britannic

Twenty Cents out of every Dollar of the income of the people is the cost of government in the United States

THE United States, your State, your City or your County must depend on taxation to pay its current expenses, to carry on its undertakings, to pay off its bonds.

Every one—rich or poor—bears a share in the tax burden.



Governmental expenditures constituted 8 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 20 per cent of the national income in 1931.

Expenditures by Federal, State and Municipal Governments equal 1/5 of the income of the American people—one day's income out of five.

Some pay income taxes, estate or inheritance taxes, specific duties or excise taxes. But all are taxed indirectly by the necessary inclusion of taxes in the cost of food, clothing, rent, merchandise, transportation and other necessities obtained through the merchant, the landlord, the transportation companies and others who, themselves, are taxed.

The only sources from which money can be obtained for the payment of such expenditures are the men, women and children of the country—by taxation, direct or indirect. Bond issues merely postpone the day when the expenditure must be paid for—by taxes, for there is no other method.

While the population of the United States increased by 29 per cent between 1913 and 1931, the expenditures of Federal, State and Municipal Governments increased by 375 per cent.

The only control over such expenditures rests with representatives of the people chosen for executive or legislative positions by the voters in their own communities.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

From a member of Mr. Taft's Cabinet.

Dear Atlantic, —

The article, 'A Farmer Counts His Blessings,' by Jared Van Wagenen, Jr., in your July number is a distinct contribution to the discussion of our modern economic and social problem. 'Farming is not only a business — it is a mode of life as well.'

As Chairman of the Agricultural Commission, appointed by the National Conference Board and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, I had the rare opportunity to listen to real farmers in different sections of our country. Accepted respect for the farmer was in every way confirmed by that experience. We are all too quick to regard the farmer as a ready adherent to every slogan that is offered. I concluded that the man who 'labors under the idea that when a debt is owing the only thing to do is to pay it' (as the author says) should not be so easily judged. Perhaps he was the first to fathom the superficiality, if not the insincerity, of politics, and embraced any nostrum just to register a protest against what is, as so many citizens are now tempted to do.

Our Commission heard farmer after farmer who knew how to treasure his 'mode of life,' and who was happy in the thought that his children would not think of leaving the farm. He has a real advantage over most of us, and, what is more important, he knows it. Somewhere an author said that, regardless of what might happen to Great Britain, there would always be Englishmen lured to return to the land. Farmer after farmer protested that the government could not give permanent aid, and shared the author's declaration that 'here in the East he is not expecting the Federal Farm Board or any other product of legislation to save him.' Many of the men to whom it was our privilege to listen were well read, spoke good English, and had a true appreciation of the values of life. As one of them said, 'You cannot be a good farmer unless you take time for contemplation.' He enjoys what the city man or woman rarely possesses — not enough, even in dreams, to suspect what has been missed. The depression has given us time and opportunity to get our bearings, and find new standards, but the danger is that most of us will return to read our happiness in the rise of the stock market.

CHARLES NAGEL
St. Louis, Missouri

Every bridegroom had his day.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Talcott Miner Banks's article on 'Our Town Meeting' in the September Contributors' Club roused many boyhood memories. But I missed one note — the invariable closing note (at least in Richmond, Maine, where I grew up). The ofttimes acrimonious discussions of the afternoon were always wound up with a bit of horseplay that sent the citizens home grinning. I refer to the election of 'hog-reeves.' Every benedict who had taken the all-important step within the last twelve months could be sure of this honor, whether he was laborer or solid citizen and property owner.

W. C. HAWTHORNE
Chicago, Illinois

A record score.

Dear Atlantic, —

In Mr. Arthur C. Cole's article in the July *Atlantic*, entitled 'Our Sporting Grandfathers,' the author refers to the development of baseball which, in the early sixties, 'registered a victory or a defeat to a score of something like 49 to 25.' He adds, 'Indeed, a score of 75 to 46 for a twenty-five inning game played upon the Boston Common in 1855 is actually a matter of record.'

In my boyhood I knew nothing of baseball until 1865, when, on a visit to central New York, I discovered the game in full swing. On returning to the high school at Grafton, Massachusetts, I found the boys eager for the New York game, of which they had received enthusiastic reports. Under my leadership, 'round ball' was immediately discarded, and enthusiasm for baseball developed to such an extent that in a few weeks we challenged the Hopkinton High School to a match game, with the understanding that we would accept the Hopkinton umpire. He gave our Grafton line the credit of 83 runs to 51 for the Hopkinton line — a record which I never knew to be equaled.

I am now in my eighty-third year, and I think that every one of my associates on the Grafton line has passed away, and perhaps I am the only man living who has made 9 runs in a nine-inning game of baseball. If so, I modestly add it as the only baseball distinction I have to my credit.

EVERETT O. FISK
Trevett, Maine

'I feel badly.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Stuart Robertson's remarks in the August Contributors' Club upon the grammar of 'I feel bad' and 'I feel badly' do not seem to me to be quite complete.

I agree with him that 'I feel' is grammatically equivalent to 'I am.' It is comparable to *je me trouve* or *je me sens* and may be regarded syntactically as a reflexive expression: 'I feel myself to be.' It should, as Mr. Robertson says, be followed by a predicate adjective, not an adverb.

But this does not mean that we must use

ON PUTTING Pride *BEFORE* Prejudice

You may not believe it, but there still are women in this broad land who have funny ideas about the color of soap.

We wish these women would put their prejudices behind them and try Fels-Naptha. The new pride they'll feel in the appearance of their clothes will make them confirmed Fels-Naptha users.

For the big Golden Bar washes clothes cleaner—and that means whiter. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the fine ingredients that go into it. And it is these ingredients that make Fels-Naptha such a big help on washday.

Fels-Naptha is unusually good soap to begin with. And working with the soap is *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha. Together, these two cleaners suds the dirt from clothes—give you a snowy, fragrant wash. There's less work—more speed—and no hard rubbing.

There's glycerine in Fels-Naptha, too, and that means it is friendly to hands. For glycerine, you know, is the basis of many hand-lotions. You'll find Fels-Naptha an obliging soap to use. It works in water of any temperature; in tub or machine.

Get a few bars of Fels-Naptha from your grocer—have your laundress try it. We're sure she will like its *extra* help. And we believe you too will have a definite "soap prejudice"—a prejudice in favor of the Golden Bar, based on your pride in the whiteness of your clothes.

Have you a Chipper? We'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha into their washing machines, tubs, or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon now, with only three cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost.

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Q. A.-10-32

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose three cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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(Please print name and address completely)

'bad' instead of 'badly,' for the latter is often an adjective and means 'ill,' 'poorly,' which is much nearer to the desired meaning than is the usual connotation of 'bad.' There are several other adverbs of health which are also adjectives, such as 'well, poorly, sickly.' Although analogy in linguistics is deceptive, I think we have in the German *-lich* an analogue to *-ly*, and *-lich* is both an adjective and an adverb ending. When we attach these suffixes to adjectives it is as if we said colloquially 'bad-like,' 'sick-like,' 'poor-like.' This makes the suffix a weakener, detracting a little from the stronger meaning of the base adjective, as does *-oid* (whose etymologic meaning is also 'of the appearance of,' 'like').

It may be that I am stranded at present in one of Mr. Robertson's zones of certainty, from which emerging into a zone of greater knowledge I shall have strong doubts of this interpretation; but now my allegiance is with 'badly,' as an adjective.

OSCAR BLOCH, JR.
Waverley Hills, Kentucky

'Pork' and 'beef.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Reading Clinton W. Gilbert's informative article, 'The People against Pork,' in your August issue, I could not help thinking that we ought to draw a clearer line of demarcation between 'pork' and those unavoidable tasks of government which are to the public welfare what good solid beef is to a famished man. Of pork there has been too much. No excuse can be found for the padded pay rolls of political bureaus, lack of discrimination in the management of veterans' affairs, cement bottoms for unnavigable rivers, and countless other similar items. It seems highly desirable, however, that the distinctly social services which the government can perform better than any other agency should be, not curtailed, but gradually extended as the heavy burden of armaments is reduced.

In the current hue and cry to 'take the government out of business,' are we not in danger of going too far? It is an evidence of confused thinking to label as 'pork' the relief bill which gives aid to states and municipalities when there are obviously so much more unemployment and distress than private philanthropy and local funds can deal with. In Kansas City recently we were visited by a Chicago business leader, Mr. Robert McCormick, who spoke on the sack of Rome and the sack of America — referring, of course, to the increase in taxes; but at the very same moment the collective strength of the nation was being marshaled through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation to save the largest of Chicago banks.

GUY V. PRICE
Teachers College, Kansas City, Missouri

The luxury of self-pity.

Dear Atlantic, —

How relative all things are! Even to another college graduate and former college teacher, also with professional ancestors, it would seem that the anonymous author of 'Caught in the Trough' in the June *Atlantic* does not realize the situation. A lawyer who in these days can open an office and within a short time collect $116 in fees in a month is surely not doing badly. A housewife who nowadays can begin tutoring and writing and average $100 a month in addition to doing all her housework is a marvel! Such a couple and their family, whatever their debts and anxieties, are so far from destitution that it is almost ludicrous to hold them up as objects of pity, unless it be pity for their state of mind.

As to that, most of us are suffering more or less in the same way. Even men in permanent positions, with no cuts in salary, worry and economize. Worry is in the air; it is contagious. Certainly we who class ourselves as cultured should fight this contagion as we do any dirt-disease; and we should also fight the idea that our standard of living is tied up with family silver and waxed floors, desirable though those are. The true standard of living of this author is lower than formerly because she is habituating herself to worry and self-pity.

AMY E. TANNER
Worcester, Massachusetts

Item from the President's mailbag.

Dear Atlantic, —

In reference to Mr. Kellogg's article in your July issue on President Hoover's 'warmth of heart' and 'his instant response to the simplest personal need,' I beg to enclose you a copy of my recent letter to him, which so far has not received any acknowledgment or service.

For the sake of truth, I am

Yours truly,
REV. DR. J. B. BLANCHET

The President,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

Hon. and dear Sir: —

Since the closing of our post office here nearly two years ago for route No. 2, not a piece of mail has been delivered in my rural box erected at the request of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, all my mail being detained at the Fort Myers post office eighteen miles away.

This is 'the simplest personal need' requiring 'warmth of heart' and an 'instant response.' Thank you.

Respectfully,
REV. DR. J. B. BLANCHET
Olga, Florida